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THE NEW YORKER

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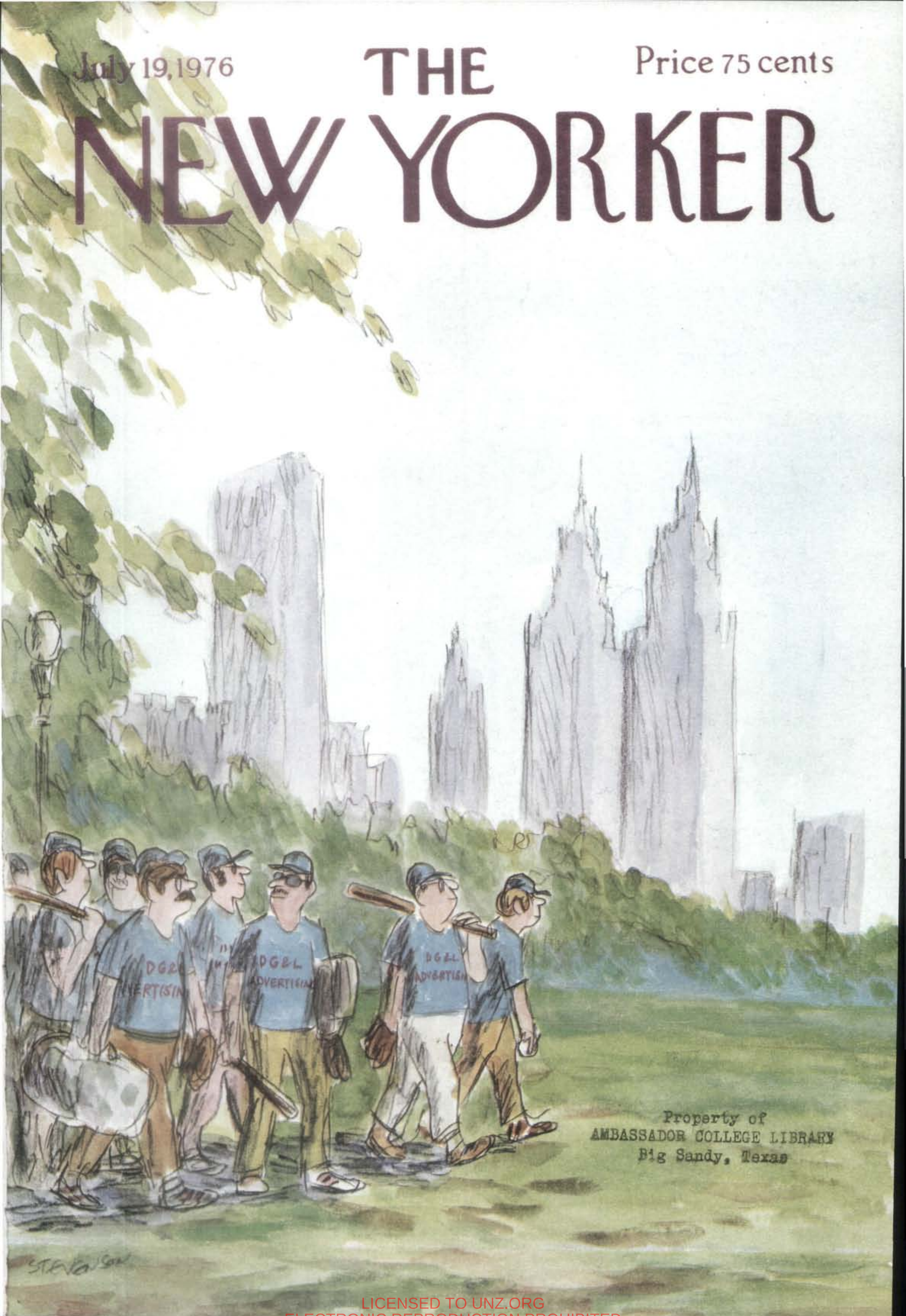
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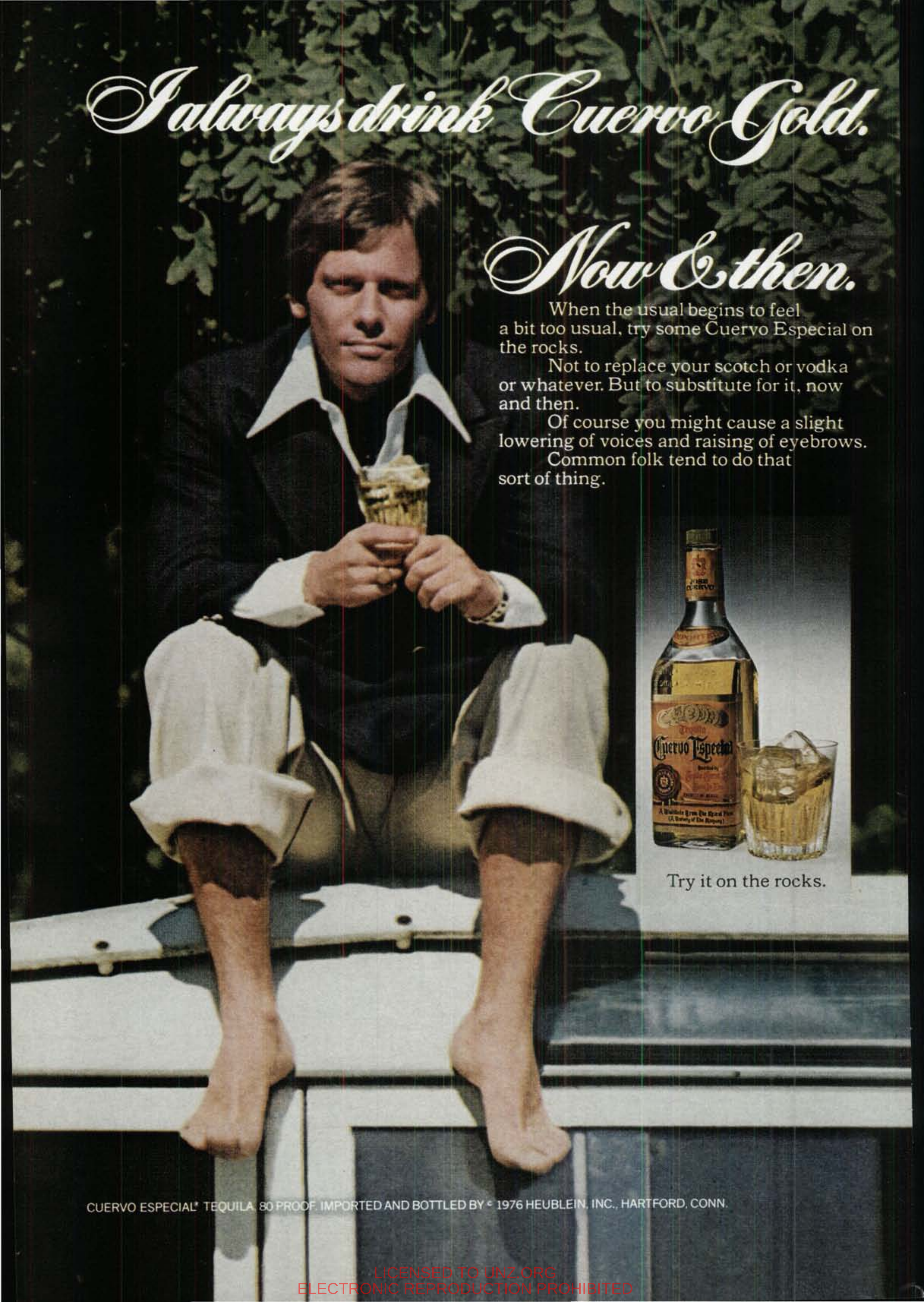
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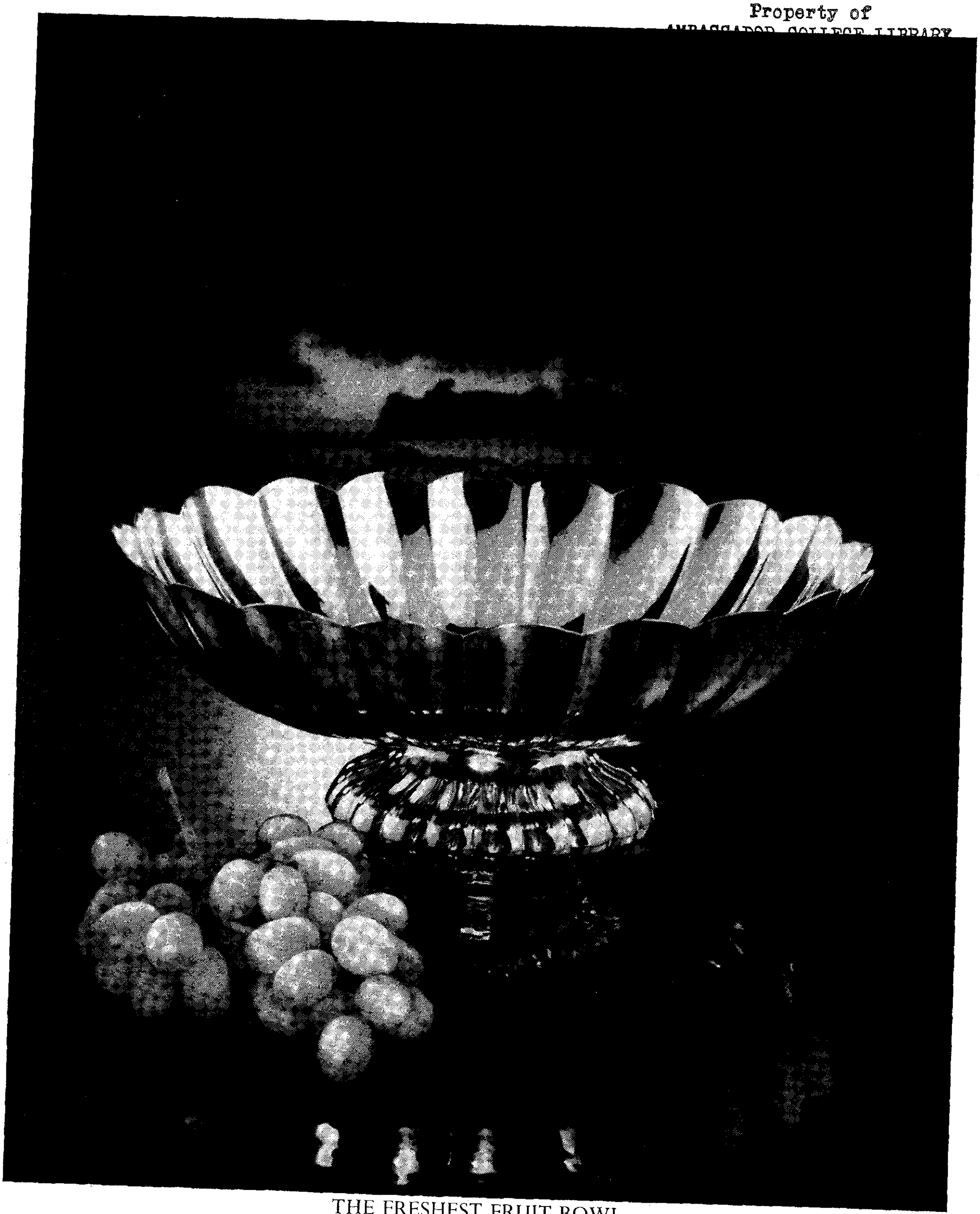

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Belle of Amherst—Julie Harris is all the people onstage in this sortie into the life of Emily Dickinson. Though never Miss Dickinson, Miss Harris reads the Dickinson verses well. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—*Down Memory Lane in* Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Eden—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerrilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast, headed by Graham Brown, is very good indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—An all-black production of Frank Loesser's musical (book by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows), with Norma Donaldson, Robert Guillaume, Ernestine Jackson, and James Randolph. Directed by Billy Wilson. Previews through Tuesday, July 20. Opens officially on Wednesday, July 21. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Livin' Fat—A satire, by Judi Ann Mason, played as a broad farce, about a young black janitor in a bank who "finds" a packet worth fifteen thousand dollars (after the bank has been robbed) and agrees to let his upright parents decide whether he may keep it. Much of the play is funny, as directed by Douglas Turner Ward and as performed by Frances Foster, Minnie Gentry, Frankie Faison, Joyce Sylvester, and (in the leading role) Dean Irby. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 18.)

Me and Bessie—A vigorous attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson). The attempt falls short, but there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

My Fair Lady—A flawless revival of a flawless musical. How did the world get along without it for fifteen thousand years? (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pal Joey—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with a book by John O'Hara, begins to show its age in this unsatisfactory production, but the score remains enchanting. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Royal Family—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is still very fresh and funny. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, and Sam Levene, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Friday and Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 18.)

The Runner Stumbles—A serious new play by Milan Stitt about a priest and a nun who fall in love and suffer unhappy consequences. *Directed by Austin Pendleton and starring* Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Something's Afoot—A dim-witted musical that claims to be a parody of Agatha Christie. The

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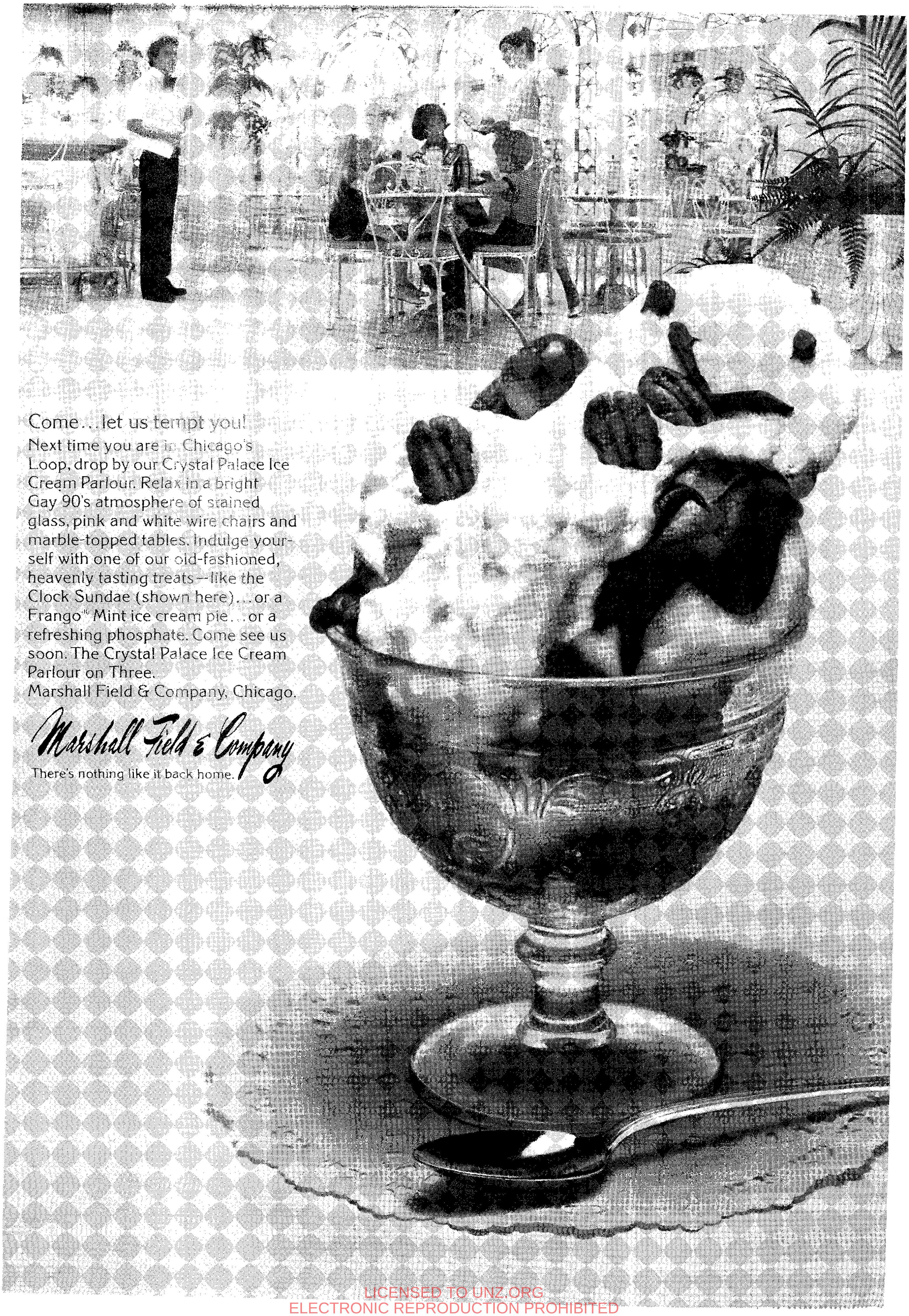

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star is Tessie O'Shea. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Raul Julia is a superb Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—A revival of a musical first seen on Broadway in 1915. The music, by Jerome Kern, is worth hearing, and a couple of the songs have lyrics by the godlike Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The World of Sholom Aleichem—A dramatization by Arnold Perl of four of the stories. This is one of the Roundabout's better efforts. The performances, under Larry Arrick's direction, range from fairly good to so-so, with one notable exception—that of Rita Karin, whose spirit and mischievous humor seem to embody the original itself. With Dick Shawn, Ed Hall, and Michele Shay, among others. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Aug. 1.)

Long Runs—**boy meets boy**: As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **chicago**: A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **equus**: Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Keith McDermott, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks**: 6,753 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **godspell**: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **grease**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the magic show**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **pippin**: A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **same time, next year**: A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **shenandoah**: Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the wiz**: An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée, July 14: "La Bayadère," "Fall River Legend," "Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 14: "La Bayadère," "Other Dances," "Fall River Legend," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 15: "Fancy Free," "Medea," and "The River." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 16; Saturday matinée and evening, July 17; and Monday evening, July 19: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 20: "Texas Fourth," "Pas de Deux," "At Midnight," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, July 21: "Texas Fourth," "Pas de Deux," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 21: "Texas Fourth," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 22: "Billy the Kid," "Three Virgins and a Devil," "At Midnight," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 23: "Gemini," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 24: "Concerto" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 24: "Fancy Free" and "La Sylphide." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Aug. 7.)

National Ballet of Canada—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Aug. 8, with Rudolf Nureyev dancing at all performances. Tuesday, July 20, at 7:30; Wednesday, July 21, at 8; and Saturday, July 24, at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, and Friday, July 23 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 593-8700), at 8: "Monument for a Dead Boy" and "La Sylphide." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880.)

Russian Festival of Music and Dance—Final performances of a three-week engagement by a company of a hundred and seventy-five, including the Piatnitsky Folk Choir and Dancers, Pavel Virsky's Ukrainian Dance Company, the Georgian State Dance Company, fifteen Eskimo dancers from Siberia, and the Komuzisty chamber ensemble from the Kirghiz Philharmonic. Produced and staged by Igor Moiseyev. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, July 17.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Known previously as Studio 77, this ground-floor loft space has reopened and been transformed into a comfortable, very high-ceilinged bar. The proprietor, all-out drummer **rashied ali**, is onstage with bassist Benny Wilson and pianist Don Pullen Thursdays through Sundays, from about ten.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **dardanelle** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and, on the bandstand, mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and always well-amplified jazz. Alto saxophonist, flutist, and contrabass clarinettist **anthony braxton** and three other highly regarded musicians are here through Saturday, July 17. Braxton, who is in his early thirties, has noted as his influences Ornette Coleman, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and Paul Desmond; his music—a stuffsack of new music and jazz—often swings but sometimes gets bogged down in musical mazes and ironies. For years, Braxton was viewed as *the* esoteric musician—he was part of the fertile new Chicago jazz community in the late sixties, spent time in Paris, and mostly confined his performances to loft spaces and vinyl. Lately, he's been playing the Bottom Line, the Newport Jazz Festival, and, now, Boomer's. If one didn't know better, one might wonder whether he were on the way up or down. On Monday and Tuesday, July 19-20, drummer **keno duke's** Contemporaries, a fine quintet, will step in, and on Wednesday, July 21, saxophonist **junior cook** will return with his first-rate group. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Something for nearly everyone. Folkies: Livingston Taylor, on Wednesday, July 14; Mary Travers, on Thursday, July 15; and Tom Paxton, on Friday, July 16. Cabaret singer Novella Nelson will perform

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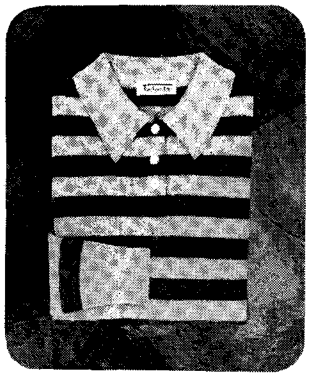

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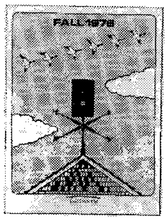

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

on Saturday, July 17. Opening the shows through Saturday, July 17, will be the Convention, a comedy revue. On Monday, July 19, pop-rock singer Tommy James and his band will turn up; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 20-21, rock singer Henry Gross will pass through; and beginning Friday, July 23, Chicago bluesman JAMES COTTON and his band will alternate with Terry Reid, a British blues enthusiast. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. Tom Garvin and George Mraz are here through Saturday, July 17; on Monday, July 19, JIMMY ROWLES will arrive with his bassist to take on the musical chores. The Sunday man is BARRY HARRIS, whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—BOBBY SHORT and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, wind up their season in the Café Carlyle. They're here just four more nights: Wednesday and Thursday, July 14-15, at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five and Friday and Saturday, July 16-17, at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Dwike Mitchell is at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow college-rustic bar—the place has a small-college-town-hangout feel to it—with rows of neon beer signs hanging from the ceiling. Onstage nightly are local, crude, and loud rock bands. There are no discreet sound checks, no roadies, no extensive (if any) record-company backing, no seating section for the music business, and, often, no place for *anyone* to sit. Music most nights from after nine-thirty; Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mondays through Saturdays, the forthright HELEN HUMES delivers delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs with backing from Jerry Wiggins and bassist Major Holley. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist SAMMY PRICE has the floor. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at eight-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. On Sunday, July 18, Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss will perform with their quintet from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-four-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier BROOKS KERR is the instigator of this swing revival, which can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. The other members of the group are SONNY GREER, eighty years old and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist and clarinettist RUSSELL PROCOPE, sixty-seven, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, vibraharpist WARREN CHIASSON and bassist WILBUR LITTLE work with guitarist CHUCK WAYNE. On Sunday, July 18, Chiasson and Little will team up with pianist Nina Sheldon from five to nine. Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neat staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Altoist PHIL WOODS winds up his bebop excavations with his trio on Wednesday, July 14. Pianist Monty Alexander will come in with a trio on Thursday, July 15. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

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Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—ROY ELDRIDGE is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Jonny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two, and on Mondays he fills in for Eldridge.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Pianist Andy Laverne plays Wednesdays through Sundays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. On Monday and Tuesday, July 19-20, Armen Donelian will take on the keyboard duties. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist Skitch Henderson is onstage working with a bassist, a drummer, and a string quartet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Comedian Mort Sahl ends his commentaries in the Bird Cage on Saturday, July 17. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups assemble under the canopied bandstand nearly every night. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—MICHAL URBANIAK, the fiery young jazz violinist, and his band, Fusion, depart after Sunday, July 18. On Wednesday, July 21, Bob Marley-inspired Martha Velez will begin singing some Kingston disco music. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Beginning Tuesday, July 20, drummer BOBBY ROSENGARDEN will bring in a nine-piece band. Singer MAXINE SULLIVAN will join in from time to time. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Cathy Chamberlain, a young singer who has an ample, crusty voice, does old songs like "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" and revivalist originals written in a similar, forty-year-old mode. She is on hand with a backup band that includes Freddie Moore, on drums, and Howard Johnson, on tuba, through Saturday, July 17. On Tuesday, July 20, folk and pop singer-guitarist Mirabai will arrive. Shows at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays in this appealing cabaret. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A sprawling, square downstairs room (beneath Frank's Place) that looks like a cross between an Ivy League dining commons and a cavalry outpost. The club is taking temporary leave of its last-minute scheduling because it was able to lure drummer and black belt BUDDY RICH and his big band in for a few nights—through Saturday, July 17, to be exact. Then, it's back to the musicians-in-transit policy in which the club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—This very pleasant upper West Side retreat presents a worthwhile assortment of jazz musicians every weeknight. On Mondays, DAVE MATTHEWS' twelve-piece aggregation squeezes into the nook that serves as a bandstand. On Wednesdays, guitarists CHUCK WAYNE and JOE PUMA exchange some lobbing, spinning, free-falling solos. Thursday through Saturday, July 15-17, saxophonist AL COHN will lead a quartet. Music weeknights from nine-thirty. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Yet another small and reliable place to hear jazz. Nina Sheldon, a lively singer and pianist, works with bassist Harvey Swartz through Saturday, July 17. Sunday through Tuesday, July 18-20, AL GAFA, Dizzy Gillespie's wonderful guitarist for the past few years, will trade solos with bassist BUSTER WILLIAMS. On Wednesday, July 21, JIMMY PONDER, another worthy guitarist, will come in with bassist REGGIE WORKMAN. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—A place that draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. CHARLES MINGUS fires up his quintet through Thursday, July 15. Friday through Sunday, July 16-18, altoist SONNY STITT will head up a quartet. On Tuesday, July 20, jazz-rock pianist Lonnie Liston Smith and his band, the Cosmic Echoes, will plug in. Music from ten. Snacks. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—SONNY FORTUNE, a driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist, heads up an exciting quintet through Sunday, July 18. On Tuesday, July 20, tenor saxophonist PHAROAH SANDERS, a musical humanist-explorer, will descend the murky staircase with his quintet. Pianist, composer, and sage GIL EVANS brings in his up-to-date big band for Monday-night workouts. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: On Wednesdays, saxophonist Harold Ashby is at the helm of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to a combo involving Ashby, Jim Roberts, Ronnie Cole, and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Tenor saxophonist HAROLD OUSLEY and his quartet perform Wednesday through Saturday, July 14-17; pianist Rio Clemente will return with a trio on Wednesday, July 21. On Sundays, the piano is left in the capable, versatile, and entertaining hands of JAKI BYARD, accompanied by bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. On Tuesdays, after ten-thirty, Dick Cone is in charge of a seventeen-piece band. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Shirley MacLaine—With her chorus-line "gypsies," in a two-week return engagement. (Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 24.)

Jethro Tull and Robin Trower—Shea Stadium. Friday, July 23, at 7. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Mongo Santamaria and Rahsaan Roland Kirk—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Saturday, July 24, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Giorgio de Chirico—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by this earliest of the

Surrealists, who is now in his eighty-eighth year and still turning out mystical landscapes inhabited by broken columns, galloping horses, and festive towers. Through July 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Cecily Firestein—More than thirty rubbings on hemp paper, taken from the decorative surfaces of churches, hotels, manhole covers, and other shards of this city's civilization. Through Aug. 27. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Sante Graziani—This artist is having a great year, since he specializes in star-spangled, red-white-and-blue compositions built around portraits of George Washington, with Martha occasionally also present (not to mention Abraham Lincoln). Through July 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—A scattering of watercolors and oils by the German Expressionist. Through July 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and works on paper by Golda Lewis, William McCartin, Alice Valenstein, and others. Through July 30. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Works on paper and paintings, most of them by early-twentieth-century artists (Kirchner, Max Ernst, and Moore among them). Through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Among the contributors to a show of drawings are Robert Barry, Hanne Darboven, and Edward Ruscha. Through July 30. . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Two of Margaret Israel's distinctive ceramic-and-wood sculptures, one of Fritz Scholder's enigmatic Indians ("Buffalo Dancer"), and a large oil by a young French artist called Dado which seems at first glance to be a study of a stone wall but turns out to be a welter of babies (the title is "Slaughter of the Innocents") are among the works on exhibition now. Through Friday, July 16. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Tony DeLap, David Roth, John Wesley, and others. Through Sept. 30. . . . **FINDLAY**, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings by contemporary American and European artists mostly (Ida Kohlmeyer and Maurice Brianchon, for instance), together with several small-scale bronzes by Henry Moore. Through July 30. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Small, happy-looking collages by Herbert Schneider, incorporating sheets from antique German songbooks; two ovate bronze pieces with lesser ovals cut out and painted white by the late Barbara Hepworth; and a large silk-screened drawing of a reclining figure by Henry Moore are among the high spots in this show of gallery regulars. Through July 30. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Odd little porcelain reliefs, with sketchy figures outlined in color, by Alexa Grace; free-form collages made of strips of torn paper assembled and painted to depict rocky canyons by Anne Elliott; and small, striking landscapes (like condensed Vlamincks), done in several mediums, by Phyllis Yampolsky are among the works on exhibition in this summer show. Through July 30. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Two exhibits, one of French and American Impressionists, such as Bonnard and Twachtman, and the other of recent works by gallery artists Will Barnet, Ogden Pleissner, and others. Through Friday, July 16. . . . **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by gallery members Jules Olitski, Larry Poons, Robert Goodnough, and others. Through July 30. . . . **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.: In the summer exhibition here are a large four-panel study of a dinner table crowded with white china on white napery (one of the white bowls contains a clutch of white eggs) by Kaffe Fassett; one of Peter Miller's quilt-like oils made up of her own hex symbols; and a surrealist sort of work by Gordon Russell depicting a rickety wagon perched on the tip end of an equally rickety masonry structure. Rockwell Kent and Leonid are also among the artists represented. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons, *New Yorker* covers, and watercolors by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, William Cotton, and others. Through Friday, July 16. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: A show of drawings by gallery artists, among them Douglas Cumming and Louisa Matthiasdottir. Through Friday, July 16.

Sculpture—Martin Chirino, Ilya Bolotowsky, José de Rivera, and six other artists showing metal and wood pieces. Through July 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

The Cuzco Circle—Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Peruvian paintings, done by colonials and mestizos in the rococo way that their religious teachers (Spanish, Italian, and Flemish) taught them. Through July 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Martha Diamond / Rodney Ripps—Small abstractions, mostly egg-shaped, done in oil, and nicely situated on expanses of heavy oatmeal-colored Dutch linen paper several times as big as the composition. / Small-scale, three-dimensional squiggles meant to hang on the wall and made of crumpled foil, modelling plastic, and cloth, all heavily coated with oil paint as thick as insulation. Through July 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Georges—Large social-protest works, several of them in the allegorical manner of Poussin; one, based on the shootings at Kent State, shows a sylvan campus where policemen firing pistols have treed a classical figure (Art? Freedom?) whose escorting cupids are firing back with their bows and arrows. Through July 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Paintings of outsize and rather threatening-looking dahlias, tulips, lilies, anemones, and other garden flowers, plus a recently done portrait of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, another in this artist's series of our local river crossings. Through July 31. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 4:30.)

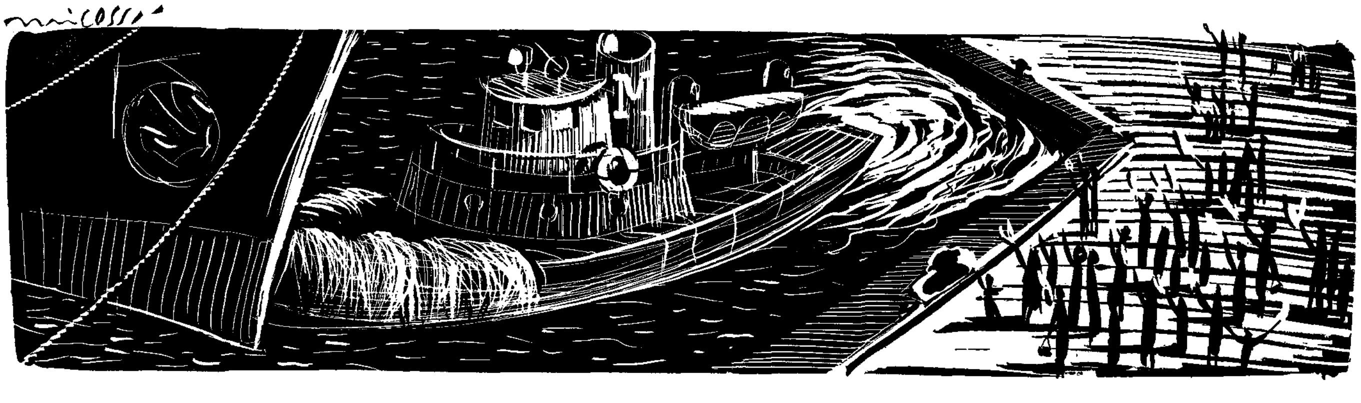
Ruckus Manhattan—Red Grooms' three-dimensional caricature of New York City, which can be touched, climbed on, and walked through. A benefit show. Through Friday, July 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: A couple of hundred etchings, engravings, and woodcuts dating from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth by Cranach, Tiepolo, Callot, and others. Through July 30. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by the gallery regulars being shown in the summer exhibition here include a slat-legged ten-foot wooden Dutch boy (he has a paintbrush in his hand), by William King; some street scenes full of Robert Gwathmey's angular, sinewy black people; and one or two of Philip Evergood's Love-Thy-Neighbor homilies in gouache or oil. Through Aug. 27. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and other works (by, among others, William Fares, Michael Vessa, and Nina Yankowitz), all of which are small in size. Through Aug. 13. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Peter Saul, Michael Isen, and Joan Brown are three of the contributors to an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and other works all taking the Bicentennial as their theme. Through July 30. (Opens at noon.) . . . **GENESIS**, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by contemporary British artists, including works by Hubert Pattison, whose colored drawing of a red-eyed crying young woman stands out, and John Howard, who paints the élite at their cocktails. Through Sept. 11. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St.: "Impressions of New York City" begins (chronologically, at least) with a view of the Plaza, circa 1905, by A. C. Goodwin; moves on through striking vistas of the metropolis by Marin, Guy Pène du Bois, Reginald Marsh, Sheeler, a handful of the Ashcan School, and so on; and winds up with a sidewalk-crowd study by Yan Hsia that is a 1976 Photo-Realist echo of Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase," which caused all that uproar at the Armory Show here back in 1913. Through Aug. 18. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century American realists and social realists, among them Edward Hopper, Winslow Homer, and Abraham Rattner. Through Sept. 11. . . . **KORNBLEE**, 20 W. 57th St.: Outsize pastel closeups of apples by Paul Linfante; abstract, cushion-like forms in pastel by Gail Flanery; watercolors done around Roxbury, Connecticut, by Mary Kelsey; and colored-pencil drawings of friends by Polly Kraft are included in this group show of works on paper. Through Friday, July 16. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Among the works by gallery regulars now on exhibit are a tempera painting of a nun in a huge white headpiece standing in an arbor where yellow butterflies are flitting around, by Robert Vickrey; a pink cyclamen done in oil, by Julien Binford; and a tempera painting of a remembered place in the mountains, by Ethel Magafan—not to mention canvases by Isabel Bishop, William Thon, and Paul Cadmus. Through July 30. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: A selection of works by gallery artists includes sculptures by Louise Nevelson and Guy Dill and paintings by Lee Krasner and Jack Youngerman. Through Sept. 24. . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Latin-American painters and sculptors. Through Aug. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Models, drawings, and other materials related to the outdoor sculptures of Lloyd Hamrol, Anne Healy, and Athena Tacha. Through July 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Nancy Genn—Rectangles of heavy, handmade paper, several layers thick and each layer a different color, enabling the artist to obtain a collage effect by tearing thin strips from one or more of the outer sheets. Some of the papers are laced with colored threads, which enhance the effect. Through July 30. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Donald Judd, Richard Serra, Frank Stella, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: A selection of paintings and sculptures by gallery members John Okulick, Su-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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san Hall, Jack Tworkov, and others. Through July 30. . . . **HUNDRED ACRES,** 456 West Broadway: A drawing of a casually hung denim jacket in unbelievably fine colored-ink cross-hatching, by Dalia Ramanauskas; a colored diagram that looks like a carefully detailed engineering plan but was just made up out of the artist's head, by Mark Wilson; and four slender six-foot ornamental rods, made of wood and metal and covered with suède, by Benigna Chilla, are prominent in a group show at this gallery. Through Friday, July 16. (Opens at noon.). . . **KNOWLTON,** 153 Prince St.: Saul Steinberg and Tom Wesselmann are two of the artists in a show of drawings, paintings, and other works. Through Friday, July 23. (Opens at noon.). . . **O. K. HARRIS,** 383 West Broadway: A group show of works by a dozen artists here includes boxes made of raw wood, twenty inches square and eighteen inches deep, lined with mirrors and each containing a much smaller (embryonic?) box, by Irene Krugman; large color-field paintings in gray with a rippled impasto by David Budd; and eager-beaver yet appealing color photographs of his own bar mitzvah, taken with the use of a self-timer when he was thirteen, by the painter Big Jim Jacobs. Through Friday, July 23. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

MINORU NIIZUMA—Fourteen pieces of abstract marble sculpture that offer subtle sermons on the relationships between the rude, unfinished stone and the polished surfaces that can be obtained from it, plus a tall bronze column of a style and aspect that remind one that the artist was born in Tokyo. Through Saturday, July 24. (Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

MICHAEL TODD—Three welded-steel sculptures through which it is possible to walk. Through Sept. 4. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

JAMES ABBE (1883-1973)—Fashion photographs made in the twenties. Through Friday, July 23. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDOUARD BOUBAT—More than a hundred prints by a contemporary French photographer who concentrates on portraits of women and children. Through July 31. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

WILLIAM EGGLESTON—Color photographs (figures, still-lifes, landscapes) taken in Tennessee and northern Mississippi. Through Aug. 1. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

LATON HUFFMAN (1854-1931)—Photographs of the American frontier. Through Friday, July 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER (1852-1934) **AND CLARENCE H. WHITE** (1871-1925)—Photogravures, along with vintage photographs, by two of the founding members of the Photo-Secession. Through Sept. 18. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

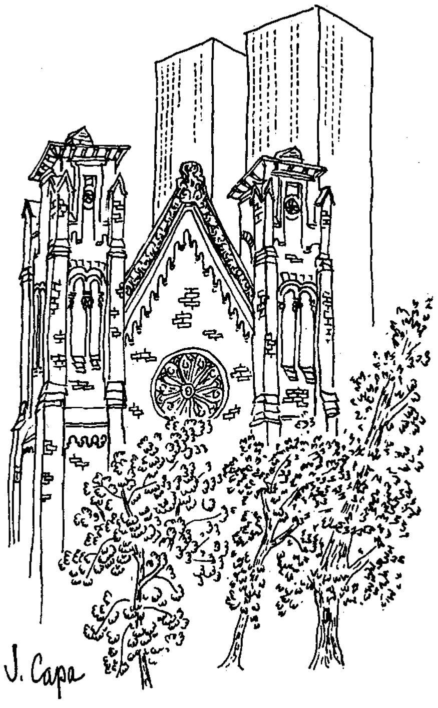
GROUP SHOWS—At **ASIA HOUSE,** 112 E. 64th St.: More than a hundred photographs that were taken in India, primarily by British photographers, between 1840 and 1910. The exhibit includes a series of studio portraits of maharajas and of British military officers, a group of Samuel Bourne landscapes of the Himalayas, as well as photographs recording leisure activities of British subjects. Through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **HARLOW,** 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A show of portraits, including examples by Nadar, Carjat, and Adam-Salomon. Through July 30. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays.). . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Four exhibits are on view through Sunday, July 18. One show, "The Alaska Gold Rush," consists of prints made from the original glass plates of photographer E. A. Hegg. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.). . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: Civil War photographs, some of them taken by Mathew Brady. Through July 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.: An exhibit made up of submissions to Volume III of "The Black Photographers' Annual." It includes works by Mickey Mathis and James Van DerZee. Through July 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Eight Goya paintings, selected to represent the high points in the artist's career, on loan from the Prado and including both of the celebrated Majas, clad and un. Through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ A show of ninety drawings by Europeans from the Robert Lehman collection, many of which have not previously been on view. Through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ "American Ephemera" is a display of posters, valentines, advertisements, and other items (all dated before 1935) from the museum's print collections. Through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—who were noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Aug. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than eighty paintings as well as a group of drawings are included in a retrospective exhibition of the Surrealist André Masson. Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Five taxicabs, new in design, built by two American and three European car manufacturers to specifications developed by the museum. Also a 1968 London cab. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Photographs by William Eggleston. Through Aug. 1. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.). . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal keyboard recitals of works by contemporary American composers Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Twenty-five of the abstract sculptures and reliefs of Jean Arp, assembled to mark the tenth anniversary of his death. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)



WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads and other naïve works. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of watercolors and pastels (late eighteenth century to the present) by American artists, including Homer, Sargent, Burchfield, Avery, and O'Keeffe. Through Sept. 19. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such stones as the Golden Hope (a 44.35 carat yellow diamond set in a pin), the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred and fifty historical documents includes the only surviving copy of the first printed Thanksgiving Proclamation, signed by George Washington in 1789. Through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Political cartoons, newspapers, pamphlets, campaign buttons, posters, and sheet music in support of the Presidential campaigns of candidates from New York State in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

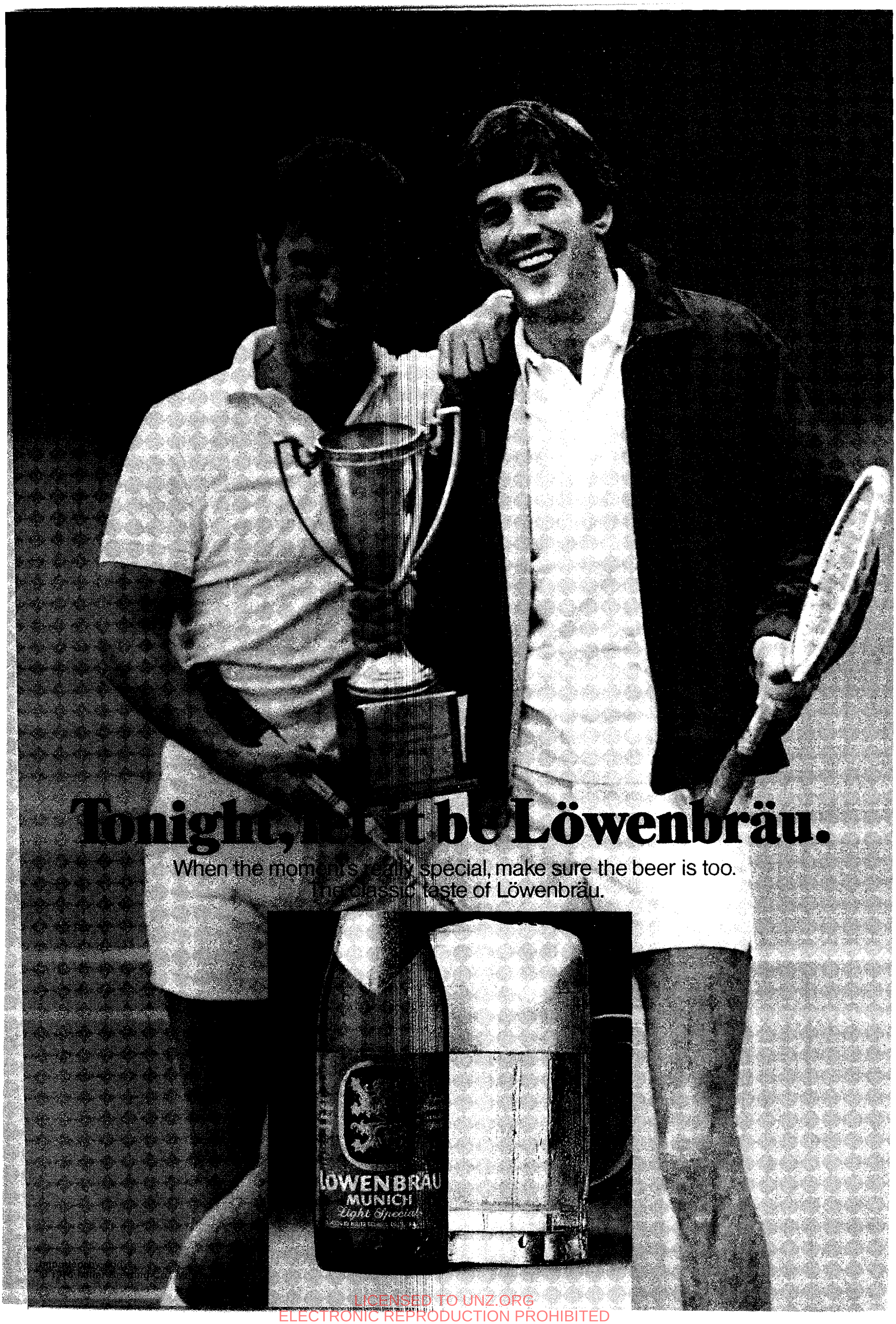
MUSIC

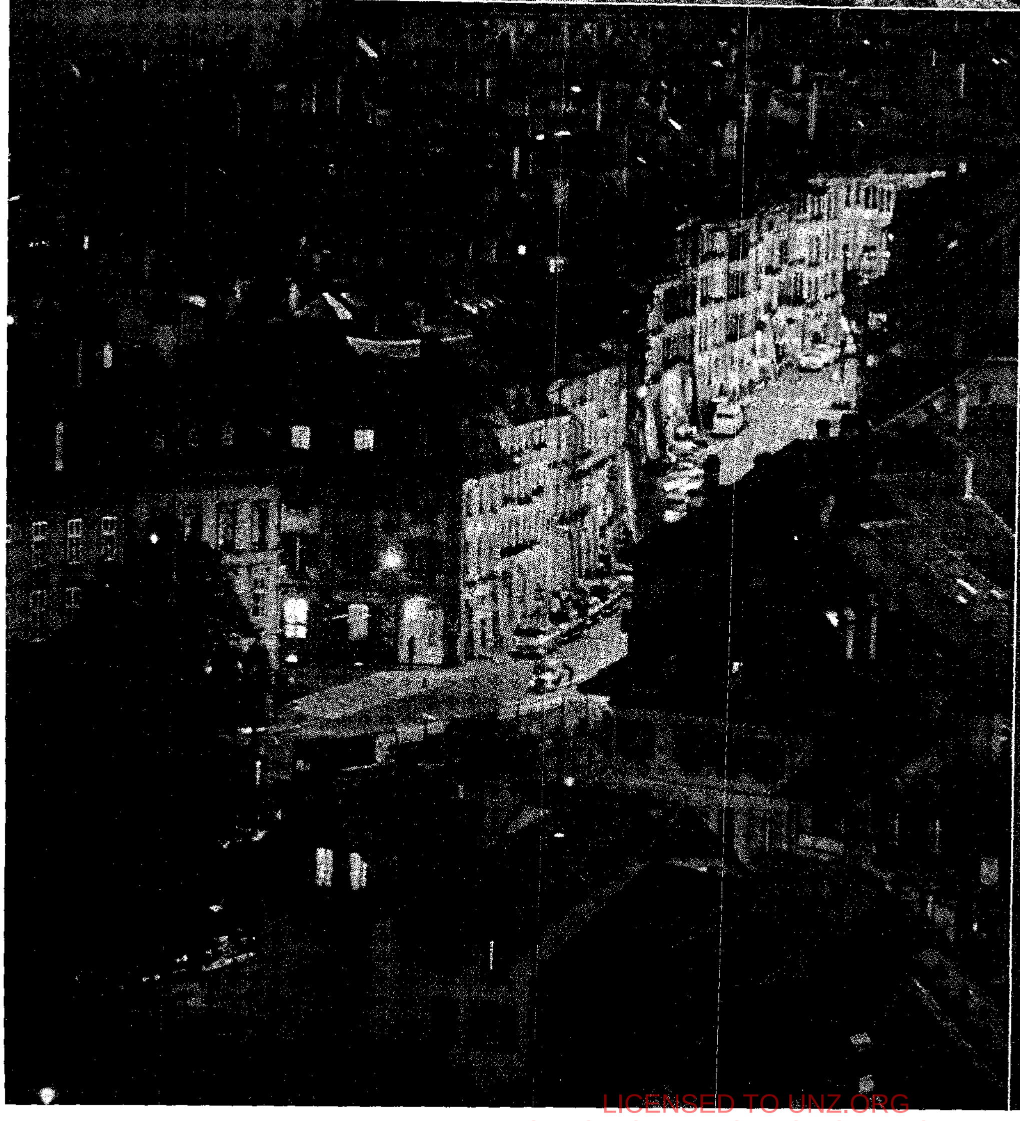
MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A nine-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, July 14, and Friday and Saturday, July 16-17: James Conlon conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 15: Helmut Müller-Brühl conducting the Cologne Chamber Orchestra, with Michel Beroff, piano, and Ransom Wilson, flute. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18: Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, pianos. . . . ¶ Monday, July 19; Wednesday, July 21; and Friday and Saturday, July 23-24: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 20, and Thursday, July 22: The Messrs. Zukerman and Kalichstein; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and Samuel Sanders, also piano. (Alice Tully Hall, 362-1911. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 28.)

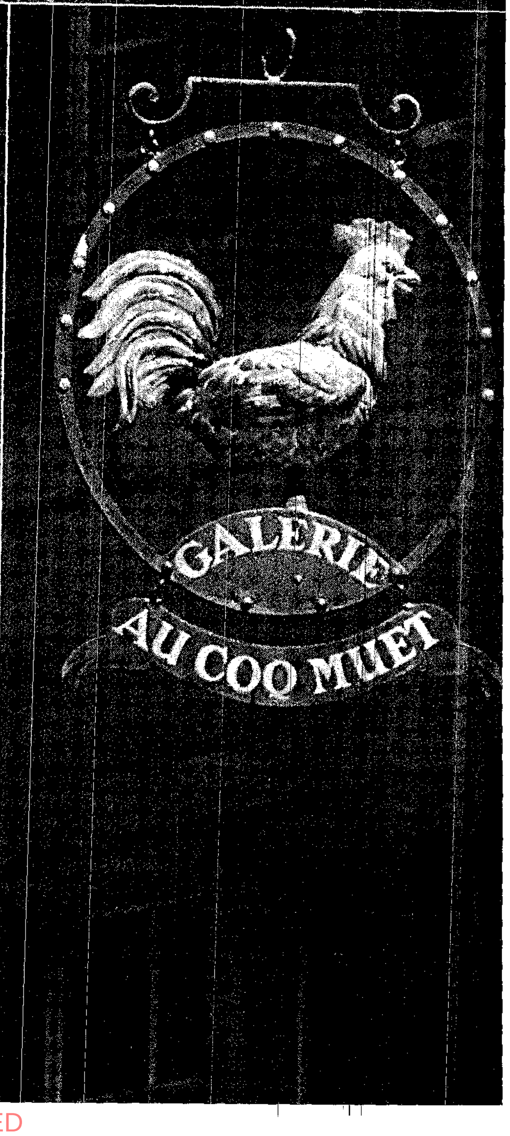
SCOTTISH NATIONAL ORCHESTRA CHORUS—John Currie directing. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Monday, July 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 16, at 7: Gilbert Kalish in a recital of Haydn piano sonatas. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Vivaldi program, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Enoch Sherman, tenor; Barry McDaniel, baritone; Joseph Silverstein, violin; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8:30: Neville Marriner conducting an all-Bach program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing an all-Haydn program, with the Misses Bryn-Julson and Killebrew; the Messrs. Sherman and McDaniel; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23, at 7: Phyllis Curtin, soprano, in a program of American songs. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Stravinsky program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein directing an all-Liszt program,


Tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.
When the moment's really special, make sure the beer is too.
The classic taste of Löwenbräu.
LÖWENBRAU
MUNICH
Light Special




GALERIE
AU COQ MUET

Switzerland has more going for it in the fall than most countries do at the height of the season.

September and October are two of the best reasons for visiting Switzerland. Travel literature refers to those months as the "off-season," but the only thing that's "off" are the prices.

Airfares go down as much as 26% in September. A special one-week fare begins on the fifteenth of the month. And many hotels reduce their rates.

Those are the practical reasons for saving some of your vacation for autumn. Now we can start being emotional. All the things you've seen and heard about Switzerland are still there to be seen and heard in the fall. With fewer tourists to walk in front of your camera.

Our Alps are just as high. Our valleys just as lush. And our cities as sophisticated as in July and August.

The Castle of Chillon still rises majestically from the tranquil shores of Lake Geneva. The cheeses of Appenzell are ripe. And the vineyards of Locarno should be ready for harvest around the third week of September. (Being Swiss, we estimate 9:07 P.M. on the 21st. Give or take a few minutes.)

It's all there. Resorts like St. Moritz, Gstaad and Zermatt may not be in-season, but they're never out-of-season.

Medieval towns like Regensberg haven't gotten any more modern. And the Rhine still undulates as gracefully as ever through the reds, greens, and yellows of the countryside.

There's a lot more we could tell you. About fairs, festivals, pageants. And if you write to the Swiss National Tourist Office at 608 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020, we'll send you all that information.

Because even if you plan to take a vacation this summer, you should save some time for Switzerland in the fall.

Swiss National Tourist Office.

When it comes to Body English, I'm fluent. Always have been. This time I'm coming across in a fluidity of stripes—beige, brick and black on white Antron® nylon, cinched with a webbed belt. Sizes small, medium or large, $40. Innovations For Young Dimensions, Seventh Floor. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

That's me, coming out with all the best lines and they're at Saks Fifth Avenue

with Kenneth Riegel, tenor, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a varied program, with Ondeko Za, Japanese drummers. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Friday, July 16, at 8:30: An all-Beethoven program performed by Peter Serkin, piano; Fred Sherry, cello; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; Allan Vogel, oboe; Robert Routch, horn; and Bill Douglas, bassoon. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, and Friday, July 23, at 8:30: Julius Rudel directing the Caramoor Festival Chorus and Orchestra in a performance of Lehár's "The Merry Widow," in concert form and in English, with Catherine Christensen and Marianna Christos, sopranos; Charles Roe and Gene Bullard, tenors; and James Billings and Jack Harrold, baritones. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 5:30: The Bach Aria Group in a program of arias and duets from the cantatas of J.S. Bach. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra in a varied program, with Young-Uck Kim, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 5:30: A recital by Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Katonah, N. Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 22. On Saturdays and Friday, July 23, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the New York City Ballet of a three-week season that ends on Saturday, July 31—Wednesday, July 14, at 8:15; Thursday, July 15, at 2 and 8:15; Friday, July 16, at 8:15; and Saturday, July 17, at 2 and 8:15: "The Nutcracker.". . . [NOTE: A special concert will be given by James Taylor on Sunday, July 18, at 7.]. . . ¶ Tuesday, July 20, at 8:15: "Fanfare," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Tzigane," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 21, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Four Temperaments," "Sonatine," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 2: "Four Temperaments," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Pas de Deux," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 8:15: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Friday, July 23, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Tzigane," and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 2: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:15: "In G Major," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Symphony in Three Movements." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 17: The Maria Alba Spanish Dance Company, with Luis Rivera and Roberto Lorca. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 20-24: The Nikolais Dance Theatre. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Friday and Saturday, July 16-17: Nikolais Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Sunday and Monday, July 18-19: Mabou Mines. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 23-24: Bella Lewitzky Dance Company. (Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Evenings at 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Thursday and Friday, July 15-16, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 17, at 4:05 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 2:30, and will include a couple of innings in which representatives from New York's National League teams of the past—the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants—as well as former Met players will participate). . . . ¶ Atlanta, Sunday, July 18, at 2:05, and Monday, July 19, at 8:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Wednesday, July 21, at 8, and Thursday, July 22, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston, Friday, July 23, at 8, and Saturday, July 24, at 2.

GOLF—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, July 15-18.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 31. The Astoria, Wednesday, July 14; the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 17; the Tremont, Wednesday, July 21; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 24. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Nov. 13. The Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, July 24. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thursdays, at 7:15, through Saturday, Oct. 2.

SOCCER—At Yankee Stadium—Cosmos vs. Tampa, Wednesday, July 14, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Washington, Sunday, July 18, at 2. (For tickets, call 484-6010.)

TENNIS—**PROFESSIONAL MATCHES**: World Team Tennis. Sets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, July 14. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Golden Gate, Saturday, July 17. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, July 21. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Cleveland, Friday, July 23. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.). . . **AMATEUR MATCHES**: U.S.T.A. Men's and Women's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Through Sunday, July 18.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, July 17. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, July 19, through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 17, through Saturday, July 24.)

ET ALIA

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION—Continues at Madison Square Garden, through Thursday, July 15.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **HENRY V**. Philip Bosco is strong, funny, and Shakespearean as that usual bore Pistol; Meryl Streep is a charming, lyric Princess Katherine; and Michael Moriarty makes a casually persuasive Chorus, but the show never takes off, and one is left with the impression of a lot of good actors—Paul Rudd, Lenny Baker, Sasha von Scherler, and Walter McGinn among them—at loose ends, never quite certain what is required of them. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 25. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 15.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—A performance of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century music by the After Dinner Opera Company will be the first in a series of five varied programs of American music. (Tuesday, July 20, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 14, at 6: Stanley Turrentine and Freddie Hubbard. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 6: Toots & the Maytals. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 6:30: The Earl Scruggs Revue and Asleep at the Wheel. . . . ¶ Monday, July 19, at 6: Donald Byrd & the Blackbyrds and Al Jarreau. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 21, at 6:30: Donovan. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, at 6:30: Judy Collins. (Through Saturday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

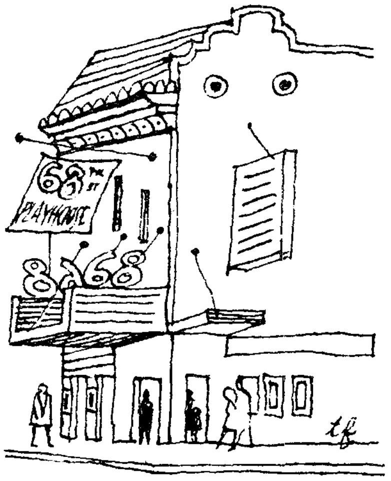
JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **SHOWBOAT**, with Robert Peterson, Barbara Meister, Max Showalter, and Beth Fowler, is this summer's production. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets call 516 221-1000.)

MOVIES IN THE PARK—A program of conventional and experimental films is being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Sundays through Thursdays and Friday, July 16; through Aug. 5. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Murder by Death."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through July 20: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot."
From July 21: To be announced.

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through July 20: "The Devil Within Her" and "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud."
From July 21 (tentative): "Godzilla vs. Megalon" and "King Kong Escapes."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 20: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."
From July 21: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 20: "End of the Game" and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."
From July 21: "The Story of Adele H." and "Amarcord."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through July 15: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The Apple Dumpling Gang."
From July 16: "101 Dalmatians" and "Ride a Wild Pony."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 15: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."
From July 16: "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Omen."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Tunnelvision."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Big Bus." (No evening performances on Thursday, July 22.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Midway."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Le Magnifique."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder by Death."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Omen."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Silent Movie."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Silent Movie."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through July 20: "Lipstick" and "Death Wish."
From July 21: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"All the President's Men."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face." (No evening performances on Wednesday, July 21.)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 17: "Véronique; or, The Summer of My 13th Year."
From July 18: "My Friends."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Tenant."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 20: "Mother, Jugs & Speed."
From July 21: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"All the President's Men."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Logan's Run."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Omen."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Midway."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through July 15: "A Small Town in Texas" and "Sunday in the Country."
From July 16: "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through July 15: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The Apple Dumpling Gang."
From July 16: "101 Dalmatians" and "Ride a Wild Pony."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"All the President's Men."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Omen."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Tunnelvision."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: Through July 16: "Duel in the Sun" and "Portrait of Jennie." July 17-21: "Spellbound" and "Notorious." From July 22: "A Bill of Divorcement" and "The Garden of Allah."
Theatre 3: "The Tenant."
Theatre 4: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through July 20: "Hawmps."
From July 21: To be announced.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Harry and Walter Go to New York."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment, Part 2."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 15: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The Apple Dumpling Gang."
From July 16: "101 Dalmatians" and "Ride a Wild Pony."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 20: "Seven Beauties" and "Where's Poppa?"
From July 21: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Murder by Death."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Children of Paradise."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 20: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
From July 21: "The Story of Adèle H." and "The Romantic Englishwoman."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 20: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."
From July 21: To be announced.

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 15: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The Apple Dumpling Gang." From July 16: "101 Dalmatians" and "Ride a Wild Pony."
Theatre 2: Through July 15: "A Small Town in Texas" and "Sunday in the Country." From July 16: "The Food of the Gods."
Theatre 3: "The Tenant."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"All the President's Men."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 20: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
From July 21: "A Boy and His Dog" and "Barbarella."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 14: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
July 15: "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.
July 16: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.
July 17: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Casque d'Or" (1952), in French, directed by Jacques Becker, with Simone Signoret, Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot.
July 18: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.
July 19: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (†) and "Nosferatu." (†)
July 20: "Playtime" (1968) and "Traffic" (1971), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.
July 21: "Rashomon" (1951) and "The Idiot" (1951), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
July 22: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1967), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Marina Vlady; and "Tout Va Bien" (1972), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin and Jean-Luc Godard, with Yves Montand and Jane Fonda.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 14: "My Darling Clementine" (1946), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, Victor Mature, and Walter Brennan; and "Fort Apache" (1948), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Shirley Temple, and John Agar.
July 15: "The Senator Was Indiscreet" (1947), directed by George S. Kaufman, with William Powell, Ella Raines, and Peter Lind Hayes; and "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (1956), directed by Richard Quine, with Judy Holliday, Paul Douglas, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman, and John Williams.
July 16: "City Lights" (1931), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "Boudu Saved from Drowning." (†)
July 17: "Z" (†) and "State of Siege." (†)
July 18: "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed

by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn.

July 19: "The Conversation" (†) and "The Passenger." (†)

July 20: "Fixed Bayonets" (†) and "Fires on the Plain." (†)

July 21: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" (1949), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Victor McLaglen, John Agar, and Joanne Dru; and "Wagonmaster." (†)

July 22: "The Best Man" (†) and "Advise and Consent." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

July 14: "The Samurai Trilogy, Parts I and II" (1954-56), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

July 15: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" (1963), directed by Stanley Kramer, with Spencer Tracy.

July 16: "The Fortune" (1975), directed by Mike Nichols, with Warren Beatty, Jack Nicholson, and Stockard Channing; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

July 17: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "The Night Porter" (1974), directed by Liliana Cavani, with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.

July 18: "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg; and "The White Dawn" (1974), directed by Philip Kaufman, with Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett.

July 19: "The Crazies" (1973), directed by George A. Romero, with Lane Carroll; and "Night of the Living Dead." (†)

July 20: "Les Enfants Terribles" (†) and "Just Before Nightfall." (†)

July 21: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part III" (1956) and "Samurai Saga" (1959), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

July 22: "Start the Revolution Without Me" (†); and "King of Hearts."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through July 15: "L'Avventura" (1959), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Gabriele Ferzetti; and "Casque d'Or" (1952), in French, directed by Jacques Becker, with Simone Signoret, Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot.

July 16-17: "Monika" (1952), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson; and "The Naked Night" (1953), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Ake Groenberg.

July 18-20: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Two English Girls." (†)

July 21-22: "Miss Julie" (1950), in Swedish, directed by Alf Sjöberg, with Anita Björk and Ulf Palme; and "Torment" (1947), in Swedish, directed by Alf Sjöberg, with Stig Järrel, Alf Kjellin, and Mai Zetterling.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 20: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Now, Voyager" (1942), directed by Irving Rapper, with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder.

From July 21: "Mildred Pierce" (†) and "Jezebel." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through July 17: "That Night in Rio" (1941), directed by Irving Cummings, with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda; and "Down Argentine Way" (1940), directed by Irving Cummings, with Betty Grable, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda, and Charlotte Greenwood.

July 18-20: "Laura" (†) and "Leave Her to Heaven." (†)

From July 21: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 15 at 2:30: "Bachelor Father" (1931), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Marion Davies, C. Aubrey Smith, Ralph Forbes, and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ July 15 at 6: "Flying High" (1931), directed by Charles F. Riesner, with Bert Lahr, Charlotte Greenwood, and Pat O'Brien. . . . ¶ July 15 at 8:30: "Goldie" (1931), directed by Benjamin Stoloff, with Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow; and "Jewel Robbery" (1932), directed by William Dieterle, with William Powell and Kay Francis. . . . ¶ July 16 at 2:30: "Oh, Sailor Behave!" (1931), directed by Archie Mayo, with Olsen and Johnson; and "The Heart of New York" (1932), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Smith and Dale, George Sidney, and Aline MacMahon. . . . ¶ July 16 at 6: "Prosperity" (1932), directed by Sam Wood, with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. . . . ¶ July 17 at noon: "The Devil's Brother" (1933), directed by Hal Roach and Charles Rogers, with Laurel and Hardy, Dennis King, Thelma Todd, and James Finlayson. . . . ¶ July 17 at 2:30: "Bachelor Father." . . . ¶ July 17 at 5: "Oh, Sailor Behave!" and "The Heart of New York." . . . ¶ July 18 at noon: "Elmer the Great" (1933), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Joe E. Brown, Patricia Ellis, and Sterling Holloway. . . . ¶ July 18 at 2:30: "The Guardsman" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. . . . ¶ July 18 at 5: "Pride of the Race" (1914), directed by Jay Hunt, with Sessue Hayakawa: and "Civilization" (1916), directed by Raymond B. West and Irvin Willat. . . . ¶ July 19 at noon: "Speak Easily" (1932), directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Buster Keaton, Jimmy Durante, and Thelma Todd. . . . ¶ July 19 at 2:30: "Elmer the Great." . . . ¶ July 19 at 6: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Miriam Hopkins, Herbert Marshall, and Kay Francis. . . . ¶ July 20 at noon: "Whistling in the Dark" (1933), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Ernest Truex, Una Merkel, and Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ July 20 at 2:30: "Three-Cornered Moon" (1933), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Claudette Colbert, Richard Arlen, and Mary Boland. . . . ¶ July 20 at 6: "Downstairs" (1932), directed by Monta Bell, with John Gilbert, Virginia Bruce, Paul Lukas, and Reginald Owen. . . . ¶ July 22 at 2:30: "Diplomaniacs" (1933), directed by William Seiter, with Wheeler and Woolsey, Louis Calhern, and Hugh Herbert; and "Meet the Baron" (1933), directed by Walter Lang, with Jack Pearl, Jimmy Durante, ZaSu Pitts, and Ted Healy and his Stooges. . . . ¶ July 22 at 6: "Whistling in the Dark." . . . ¶ July 22 at 8:30: "Speak Easily." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Advise and Consent (1962)—Mindless "inside" view of Washington political shenanigans, with Henry Fonda as Leffingwell, the nominee for Secretary of State; accused of having been a Communist, he perjures himself. Don Murray is a senator victimized because of a homosexual episode in his past; when he goes to a gay bar, it's such a lurid, evil place that this Otto Preminger movie seems almost grotesquely square. The huge cast includes noteworthy performances by Burgess Meredith, as Leffingwell's accuser, and by Franchot Tone, as the President; Charles Laughton is entertainingly flamboyant as a Southern senator. With Lew Ayres as the Vice-President, and Walter Pidgeon, Gene Tierney, Peter Lawford, Paul Ford, George Grizzard, Inga Swenson, Will Geer, Betty White, and some actual Washington personages. From Allen Drury's best-seller. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 22.)

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/76.) (Columbia I, U. A. East, Waverly, and Symphony.)

Amarcord (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Gramercy; starting July 21.)

The Apple Dumpling Gang (1975)—From the Disney studios, with Bill Bixby and Susan Clark, directed by Norman Tokar. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 15.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (Olympia; starting July 21.)

The Best Man (1964)—Gore Vidal's political melodrama is about a convention at which the two chief contestants for the party's nomination for the Presidency are an Adlai Stevenson type (Henry Fonda) and a Joe McCarthy type (Cliff Robertson). The film has a lot of verve, thanks to Haskell Wexler's black-and-white cinematography and Franklin Schaffner's clean direction, but Vidal sets the issues in terms of a slick, simplistic ends-and-means morality play, and throws in the kind of clever, self-congratulatory topical jokes that sound dated the first time you hear them. With Lee Tracy as the hard-bitten old-pro ex-President, Kevin McCarthy, Gene Raymond, and Shelley Berman, as an obsequious weakling. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 22.)

The Big Bus—A comedy, with Stockard Channing and Joe Bologna, directed by James Frawley. (Sutton. No evening performances on Thursday, July 22.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—The dialogue has the creaky sound of classy, overcivilized theatre; the film is just barely adapted from Clemence Dane's play about a father and daughter doomed by hereditary insanity—the kind of play in which the daughter is named Sydney Fairchild, her father Hilary Fairchild, and the daughter's boyfriend Kit. But as Sydney, Katharine Hepburn, in her film début, was like nothing that had ever been seen on the screen. It wasn't that she was good, exactly (in fact, her acting was mostly awful), but she was so angular and mannered, with her mouth a scar of suffering, that she was riveting. And John Barrymore, who plays the father, was a fairly riveting performer himself—though his role here is drearily subservient. Young George Cukor directed, in the insulated style all too appropriate to the vehicle. With David Manners (Kit, of course), Billie Burke, Bramwell Fletcher, and Elizabeth Patterson. (Quad Cinema; starting July 22.)

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings—With Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor; directed by John Badham. (Murray Hill, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting July 16.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 16.)

A Boy and His Dog—A futuristic film with Don Johnson, directed by L. Q. Jones. R-rated. (Olympia; starting July 21.)

Buffalo Bill and the Indians—A Robert Altman film, drawn from Arthur Kopit's play about frontier legend and how it is fed, perhaps, by wish. The setting is a Wild West Show. Buffalo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup, and a wig of long, fair hair; Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) is a totemistic figure, almost mute throughout; Annie Oakley is played by Geraldine Chaplin. Everything that Altman photographs is about stage heroics. Buffalo Bill is growing old, but refuses to take it in. There is a key scene between Buffalo Bill and Sitting Bull in which the actually dead Sitting Bull appears and disappears in apparition. This is not a picture about sociological differences between white men and Indians; it is about their different sorts of dream. (6/28/76) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Thalia. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through July 15.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world that a madman sees. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 19.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Paris.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 19.)

Death Wish (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. Directed by Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (First Avenue Cinema; through July 20.)

The Devil Within Her—With Joan Collins, Eileen Atkins, Ralph Bates, and Donald Pleasence. Directed by Peter Sasdy. (Reviewed in this issue.) (12th St. Cinema; through July 20.)

Duel in the Sun (1947)—Hilariously florid, sometimes called "Lust in the Dust." A Wagnerian Western, with Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones as lovers so passionate they kill each other. She's Pearl Chavez, a half-breed wench, and so, by Hollywood convention, uncontrollably sexy, and Peck actually manages to bestir himself enough to play a hunk of egotistic hot stuff—maybe the name Lewt McCanles got to him, or maybe the producer, David O. Selznick, used electric prods. Set in Texas, it's a lavish, sensual spectacle; the director, King Vidor, can't keep it from being absurdly hammy, but he gives much of it a bravura excitement, and the hokum is irresistibly entertaining. With Joseph Cotten, Charles Bickford, Lillian Gish, Butterfly McQueen, Walter Huston, Herbert Marshall, Lionel Barrymore, Harry Carey, Sidney Blackmer, and many other celebrated names. (Quad Cinema; through July 16.)

End of the Game—A suspense film, with Jon Voight, Jacqueline Bisset, Martin Ritt, and Robert Shaw. Directed by Maximilian Schell. (Gramercy; through July 20.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elisabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. In French. (Elgin; July 20.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman. No evening performances on Wednesday, July 21.)

Fires on the Plain (1959)—A very beautiful, furious picture by the great Japanese director Kon Ichikawa—perhaps too beautiful in the context of the story, which is a brutal meditation on the brutalizing effects of war. Set in the Philippines in 1945. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 20.)

Fixed Bayonets (1951)—A Samuel Fuller action picture, fairly routine, with Richard Basehart as a sensitive, nervous corporal in Korea; the sergeants in his platoon (Michael O'Shea and Gene Evans) are killed, and he has to develop the guts to become a leader. James Dean appears in a bit part. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 20.)

The Food of the Gods—With Marjoe Gortner and Pamela Franklin, directed by Bert I. Gordon. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 16.)

The Garden of Allah (1936)—Heavenly romantic kitsch, panting with eternal love, a moment's happiness, and spiritual anguish. Marlene Dietrich is the lonely, rich Domini, dressed in swirling chiffon as she seeks truth in the African desert. She meets Charles Boyer (whose eyes have never been darker or more liquid) and marries him. Then, right at the purple start of their desert honeymoon, his conscience and a Trappist liqueur combine to ruin everything, for he is a Trappist monk who has bolted the monastery and violated his vow of silence. Back he must go to repent. Taken from Robert Hichens' old squash pie of a novel, it's the juiciest tale of woe ever, and David O. Selznick produced it in poshly lurid color, with a Max Steiner score poured on top. Richard Boleslawsky directed; with Tilly Losch, who has a wild minute as an entertainer in an Algerian hot spot, and Basil Rathbone, John Carradine, Joseph Schildkraut, C. Aubrey Smith, and Lucile Watson. Just about perfection of its insanely goopy type. (Quad Cinema; starting July 22.)

Godzilla vs. Megalon—A Japanese movie, dubbed in English. The monster on the loose again. (12th St. Cinema; starting July 21, tentative.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Music Hall.)

Hawmps—A comedy of the Old West, when the cavalry tried using camels. With James Hampton, Christopher Connelly, and Slim Pickens. Directed by Joe Camp, who made "Benji." (Guild; through July 20.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. Highly recommended for everybody. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 16.)

Jezebel (1938)—Bette Davis at her dazzling best—as a Southern belle who confuses perversity with coquetry. A full-scale demonstration of the talent of a star who can act. William Wyler directed. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter. (Regency; starting July 21.)

Just Before Nightfall—Claude Chabrol's mask of prankish cynicism may be one of the most foxing visages in modern cinema. This film, written by him from a novel by Edouard Atiyah, is ostensibly about a sadomasochist killing by a rather down-at-the-mouth bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet), who strangles—at her request—the wife (Anna Douking) of his best male friend (François

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Périer). Charles' wife (the witty Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him, at his wordless bidding, a fatal dose of laudanum. So goes the schematic balancing of Chabrol's most ironic and chillingly blasé film. But it quickly turns out to be less about perverted sexuality than about the notions of heresy, reprisal, repentance, and redemption that have steadily fascinated Chabrol, who may be more serious in his seeming conceits about holy idiots than he has ever wanted us to believe. In French. (8/4/75) (Elgin; July 20.)

King Kong Escapes (1968)—A Japanese movie, dubbed in English. With Rhodes Reason. (12th St. Cinema; starting July 21, tentative.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 15.)

Laura (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors. Dana Andrews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective, and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. Directed by Otto Preminger. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 18-20.)

Leave Her to Heaven (1945)—Gothic psychologizing melodrama, so preposterously full-blown and straight-faced that it's entertaining. Evil, beautiful Ellen (Gene Tierney) hoards her father's ashes and has a penchant for eliminating people who clutter up her life. There are howling scenes: Ellen impassively watching her brother-in-law drown; Ellen flinging herself down a flight of stairs to terminate an annoying pregnancy; Ellen going lickety-split on a charger, tossing father's remains around the Technicolored New Mexico landscape; Ellen's long-suffering writer-husband (Cornel Wilde) remarking, "When I looked at you, exotic words drifted across the mirror of my mind like clouds across the summer sky." John M. Stahl directed this adaptation of the Ben Ames Williams best-seller; with Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, and Ray Collins. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 18-20.)

Lipstick—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (First Avenue Cinema; through July 20.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be living under opaque, hermetically sealed domes in the midst of the devastation of what in these mid-twentieth-century days we know as Earth. We shall dress in vaguely Greek tunics; men will wear as much jewelry as women; people will speak in the voice of the Midwestern disc jockey—even Michael York, the English actor who plays the hero, Logan—and the only inhabitants left will be under thirty. The few fugitives are called "runners." They make for a place called "sanctuary," outside the domes, which seems to be a Washington dripping with ivy. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the detritus of the past. Never was a sci-fi film so infected with the ruling national belief that young is beautiful. The lines in the old man's face are made to seem an offense against aesthetics. (7/5/76) (Loews Orpheum.)

Le Magnifique—With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jacqueline Bisset, directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Plaza, and Paramount.)

The Man Who Skied Down Everest—An Oscar-winning Japanese documentary about the celebrated skier Miura, who toiled most of the way up Everest with a caravan of Sherpas and scientists, and then skied down part of it, at a hundred miles an hour. Six Sherpas died. There is a difference between an endeavor and a feat. (6/7/76) (D. W. Griffith.)

Midway—Henry Fonda, Charlton Heston, and Robert Mitchum in a noisy, flag-waving film, directed by Jack Smight, about a key Pacific maneuver of the Second World War. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East.)

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Mildred Pierce (1945)—Joan Crawford rises from poverty to affluence and then suffers glamorously in beach house, roadhouse, and mansion from the nasty semi-incestuous goings on of her cad husband (Zachary Scott) and her spoiled daughter (Ann Blyth). Miss Crawford's heavy breathing was certified as acting when she won an Academy Award for her performance here. Michael Curtiz directed this glossy adaptation of the James M. Cain novel. (Regency; starting July 21.)

Mother, Jugs & Speed—A comedy-adventure about an ambulance company in Los Angeles. With Bill Cosby, Raquel Welch, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Peter Yates. (72nd Street East; through July 20.)

Murder by Death—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Art, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

My Friends—With Ugo Tognazzi and Philippe Noiret, directed by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (68th St. Playhouse; starting July 18.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Gramercy; through July 20.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever made in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living. Duane Jones is the lead; George A. Romero photographed and directed. There's no point pretending that he doesn't have talent. (Elgin; July 19.)

Nosferatu (1922)—F. W. Murnau's famous vampire movie—part of everyone's moviegoing subconscious of bite tactics and of disposal methods for the prone-to-be-bitten. Wonderfully photographed: Murnau gave distinction to dross. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 19.)

Notorious (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: Will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. With Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, and Madame Konstantin; script by Ben Hecht. Great trash, great fun. (Quad Cinema; July 17-21.)

The Omen—Directed by Richard Donner, starring a very sonorous and vapid Gregory Peck, who tells his wife (well played by Lee Remick) that she is talking to the future Ambassador to the Court of St. James. The plot involves the replacing of Lee Remick's stillborn baby with an orphan who turns out to be the child of Satan. There are quite a number of silly scares about priests in the pay of the Devil, and animal skeletons under what are purported to be human gravestones in an Italian cemetery—not to speak of a number of variously horrid deaths. The cult of Satanism may be the "Jaws" of next year. (7/5/76) (34th St. East, Coronet, Loews Ciné, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 20. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting July 21.)

The Passenger (1975)—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (4/14/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 19.)

Portrait of Jennie (1949)—At the start, a glorious con of a preface, designed to soften the audience for the fantasy to come, states, "Since the beginning, Man has looked into the awesome reaches of infinity. . . . Out of the shadows of knowledge, and out of the painting that hung on a museum wall comes our story, the truth of which lies not on our screen but in your heart." What follows is a story about a painter (Joseph Cotton) who spends his life in love with the spirit of a dead girl (Jennifer Jones). David O. Selznick's de-luxe exercise in mystical romanticism is taken from a Robert Nathan novel. William Dieterle directed, but Selznick poured on the gloppy grandeur—a Dimitri Tiomkin score based on themes from Debussy, an impressively large-scale skating scene, a hyperdramatic hurricane sequence—and though the story may not make much sense, the pyrotechnics, joined to the dumbfounding silliness, keep one watching. Cinematography by Joseph August; with Ethel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Cecil Kellaway, David Wayne, Florence Bates, Henry Hull, and Felix Bressart. (Quad Cinema; through July 16.)

The Reincarnation of Peter Proud (1975)—With Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (12th St. Cinema; through July 20.)

Ride a Wild Pony—From the Disney studios, with Michael Craig, directed by Don Chaffey. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 16.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo intruder. Directed by Joseph Losey. (12/8/75) (Cinema Studio; starting July 21.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Columbia II, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through July 20.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. (2/16/76) (In Italian, with subtitles, at the Quad Cinema; at the Cinema Studio, and Olympia, through July 20; and at the First Avenue Cinema, starting July 21. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Playboy; through July 20.)

Shampoo (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (2/17/75) (Cinema Village; through July 20.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Cinema I, and Cinema II.)

A Small Town in Texas—With Timothy Bottoms and Susan George, directed by Jack Starrett. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 15.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out in 1945 by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is the analyst, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. With all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklos Rozsa. (Quad Cinema; July 17-21.)

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas, but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Elgin; July 22.)

State of Siege (1973)—Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political trilogy—"Z" and "The Confession." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 17.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Gramercy, and Cinema Studio; starting July 21.)

Sunday in the Country—With Ernest Borgnine and Michael J. Pollard, directed by John Trent. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 15.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio, and Olympia; through July 20. . . . ¶ First Avenue Cinema; starting July 21.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Cinema Village; through July 20.)

The Tenant—Directed by Roman Polanski, written by Gérard Brach and Polanski, with Polanski himself as the hero. His name is Trelkovsky, a small-boned, easily wounded Pole who lives in Paris. One feels that he has only a lease on his own identity. It seems no longer his property. We see it being made available to the artistry of drag; even his gender seems a matter of rental. This film is no piece of whimsey and shock, as Polanski's latest films have been; it is a serious, exact film about the ache of exile, photographed by Sven Nykvist, most famous as Bergman's cameraman, who gives the film the look of something by Dostoevski. "The Tenant" is a poetic nightmare about punishment imposed on an unguilty man who merely entertains great fear of guilt. (7/5/76) (Loews Tower East, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A=A sort. Highly recommended for children, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Ziegfeld.)

Thunderbolt and Lightfoot (1974)—Clint Eastwood, Jeff Bridges, George Kennedy, and Geoffrey Lewis as a quartet of thieves. Written and directed by Michael Cimino. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 20.)

Tunnelvision—With Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor, directed by Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel. (Eastside Cinema, and Greenwich.)

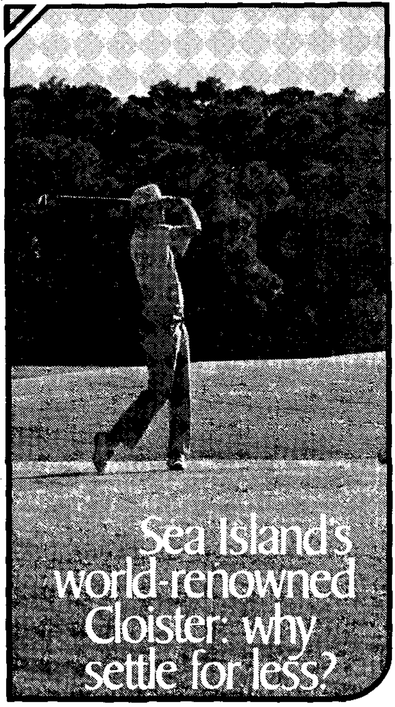
Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (New Yorker; July 18-20.)

Véronique; or, The Summer of My 13th Year—A first film by Claudine Guilmain, who was once assistant to Eric Rohmer. It is the chronicle of a girl of method—before dinner, she arranges her own bed for sleep—and the record of a change in her life as the result of an idyllic summer in which she deals with her first love and observes the frets and passionate reconciliations of the godparents who have taken her on holiday in southwestern France. The film is gentle and very observant, with something of Rohmer's interest in the sways of adult mood. In French. (7/12/76) (68th St. Playhouse; through July 17.)

Wagonmaster (1950)—Mormons in the eighteen-seventies in search of new land to settle; the film is about what happens to their wagon train, and the director, John Ford, is as deeply involved in the characters as he is in the encounters with Indians, the romances, the dealings with mysterious strangers. He draws heavily on his earlier films; as a result, this seems one of his most personal works. It's a John Ford ballad, with his limitations showing as well as his poetic strength. With Ben Johnson, Joanne Dru, Harry Carey, Jr., Ward Bond, and Jane Darwell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 21.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Playboy; through July 20.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 17.)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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Fourth of July, 1976, was unlike any other day we can remember. It was as if a day had descended upon our nation from somewhere else. Yet it was ours. It couldn't be mistaken for anything but an American day. People had been talking about it for months in advance, but when it came, it came unannounced. No one had foreseen this particular day. It had an unplanned, unarranged quality—homemade, do-it-yourself. Government officials took their modest place in the background. Public-relations and promotion people bowed out altogether. Television and press people became self-effacing. People normally drawn to the limelight lay low. And the country's citizens, on their own, took to celebrating a birthday they all shared and suddenly understood. The idea of freedom hung in the air; and the idea of peace. We were at peace with the world, we were at peace with each other, and, unaccountably, we seemed to be at peace within ourselves. No one was telling us what to think, how to feel, where to go. Mostly, we went outdoors—into the streets, into the parks, down to the riverbanks—just in order to be with one another; and we thought our individual thoughts (thankful ones, very likely); and we felt good. Political rhetoric was held to a minimum, but the words we did hear sounded true. There was little flag-waving, but the flag was once more recognizable and thrilling. Our parades were weak on firepower and strong on high-school bands. It was a blithe day, a gentle day, a curiously lighthearted day. It was a holiday.

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The Fourth

SOMEONE in this office claims he knows a fellow who didn't enjoy himself in New York City on July 4th—the details are vague—but everyone we've run across in the past few days or read about in the papers is still humming. People all seem to have vividly happy memories of our two-hundredth birthday, and some are even wondering whether there's really any operative reason not to pursue happiness in a human and reasonable fashion every day from here on out. For the first time in our memory, "Did you have a nice holiday?" is a question that ignites friendly conversation. It turns out that the various scare stories of only a week ago (you remember those rumors about crumbling Palisades and sagging balconies?) were just New Yorkers knocking on wood. Because, you see, it seems that everyone at once wanted to have a good time. More people went outside, more sunlight, air, beer, and vittles were consumed, more firecrackers were detonated, and more rockets glared red than on any previous day in the city's illustrious history. Liz DeCarlo, the cleaning woman on the eighteenth floor, who was out a couple of weeks last month after a picture (not ours) fell on her foot, walked three and a half miles in Bay Ridge to get to the perfect place to see the aircraft carrier Forrestal booming its salute to the Tall Ships; our friend the old curmudgeon gave a party for the first time in fifteen years; the Mayor announced, "I'm really proud to be the Mayor at this time;" the *Times* the next day used the word "joyously" in a banner headline for the first time, as far as anyone knows, in its entire one hundred and twenty-five years of publication ("Nation and Millions in City Joyously Hail Bicentennial"). As for us, why, we had as much fun as a fireboat in full spout. For one thing, like Liz DeCarlo, we got more exercise than we'd had in a long time. We'd been invited to a party on the thirty-eighth floor of Independence Plaza, the big, new, handsome apartment complex overlooking the harbor north of the World Trade Center and just east of Landfill City, as we call it—the site of Battery Park City. (Independence Plaza is on the edge of the Butter and Egg District, where the old Washington Market used to be.) Since it was a sunny morning, we decided to hoof it all the way downtown. It has been estimated that in addition to us something like two million people spent the day south of Fifty-ninth Street in Manhattan. The total population of the united thirteen colonies was slightly over two and a half million on the day Independence was declared. Other statistics of Bicentennial Day, while we're on the subject: Six million people, including the President, the Vice-President, the Secretary of State, and the First and Second Ladies, came to town (although the President set foot only on a couple of warships). Ditto more than two hundred and twenty sailing ships, under thirty-one flags. Ditto fifty warships, under twenty-three flags. There were at least ten thousand pleasure boats in our harbor. The pleasure boat that took the Mayor and the Police Commissioner to see the fireworks was hauled off by the Coast Guard for getting too near the fireworks. (Police Commissioner Michael Codd's statement to the press: "*I* was not arrested. The *boat* was arrested.")

Scenes on our way south: A group from an Italian-American society with a large hand-lettered sign saying "AMERICA: WE DISCOVERED IT. WE NAMED IT. WE BUILT IT." Crowds of New Yorkers, who usually never go near the place, pouring into City Hall. City Hall guards, who usually ask visitors to state their business, pointing out the exact spot where Abe Lincoln's body lay in state in April, 1865. Four businessmen from Taiwan taking snaps of each other as they stood in turn in front of the statue of George Washington in the City Hall rotunda. (The Mayor held a champagne reception for Operation Sail in the rotunda a couple of days later, though it had been scheduled for the City Council chamber. Reason: Part of the City Council chamber's ceiling had collapsed.) Crowds lining up outside City Hall to inscribe their John Hancocks in two enormous books as a personal endorsement of the Declaration of Independence. Crowds pouring through a hole in the Anchor chain-link fence surrounding forty acres of sand at the north end of Landfill City. Policemen at first dissuading these crowds, then turning their backs politely, then even more politely holding the fence so the crowds could get in faster. Finally: crowds of partygoers lining up and waiting as much as two hours just to get into Independence Plaza. We joined this queue for a while and inched toward the three of four elevators in the building which were operative—but only until we spied the topgallants of Eagle, the Op Sail host ship, peeking over the West Side Highway. The Tall Ships are here! Elevators unavailable? Let's walk up! We began the ascent, stopping every ten floors for a breather. Thank God for the low ceilings in new buildings! Up on the thirty-eighth floor, the party was in full swing. Good party: lots of chairs, eats, drinks, binoculars, and a spyglass. We looked out the south window and saw, first, massed terraces to east and west stretching down thirty-odd floors. On the terrace to the west, they were eating fried chicken. On the terrace to the east, they were eating fried eggs. Then we picked up the spyglass and glommed the nearest Tall Ship. Avast. It was the Italian ship, with all the sailors standing on the ratlines and in the lifeboats, in the best grand-opera tradition. We turned back into the room. On the north side, a Sony Trinitron showed a picture of Walter Cronkite sitting in front of a TV monitor showing a picture of the Italian ship. We looked out the window again. A cool thirty-eighth-story breeze. People up on the old observation deck on top of the Woolworth building. People on the top balcony of just about every building with a top balcony. Way down below, the line of people waiting to take the elevators. Landfill City covered with people. Level sand, a few pup tents, and some concrete foundations in one place, with Tall Ships gliding by—looked like a Currier & Ives print of the beginning of construction for the first tower of the Brooklyn Bridge. Centuries all mixed up. Very nice.

When the ships had passed, we curled up on a cushion for a half-hour nap. Best move all day. Waking refreshed, we took an elevator down and strolled about among the twenty-one lower-Manhattan ethnic minifestivals. All automobiles banned below Fulton Street for the day. A conga line in the German knackwurst-and-beer tent outside Fraunces Tavern. Out-of-towners telling each other how glad they were they hadn't listened to the warnings not to come to New York. Bastille Day on Broadway—dancing in the street to music from two huge loudspeakers set up near Trinity Church. Then a parade on Broadway: smiling Chinese children; also the Spirit of '76 Ancient Fife and Drum Corps. Games of skill and chance over near South Street Seaport. We watched some men playing a goldfish game. Tiny goldfish in small tubs. Throw a Ping-Pong ball into the tub and win a goldfish. Six balls for a quarter.

Back over toward Independence Plaza for the fireworks, and up onto the West Side Highway, by then open to strollers. The police had apparently relaxed yet another notch. From here, the Landfill City crowd looked vaster than ever, rippling like a horse's flank under the half moon. A lambent throng. The noise of a hundred thousand waiting-time conversations created a faint aural pointillism. To the right, little silhouettes filled every balcony of Independence Plaza—"100% RENTED," said a sign on the building, as we could now see. Small-gauge bottle rockets and fireworks launched from many balconies and windows popped and fizzed with an Alka-Seltzerlike quality, as if the towers of Independence Plaza were dissolving in the Bicentennial air. Leaning next to us on the highway railing was a young man from Ohio, who said that he was in town just for the day, that his job was driving around his state setting up pet-food displays in supermarkets, that he was trying to drink seventeen hundred and seventy-six ounces of beer for the Bicentennial, which worked out to almost a hundred and fifty bottles, and he didn't think he was going to make it. Two bald hippies came by, walking their ten-speed Peugeot bikes. One said, "Is this bigger than Woodstock?"

After the satisfactory fireworks display—the Statue of Liberty was engulfed in flames at one point—tides of people washed over and through the by now discouraged Anchor chain-link fence around Landfill City. "Holy humanity!" said a voice to our right. We went down into the crowd. Everyone was taking very small steps, arms at his or her sides, but no one was frantic. Everyone was just looking, listening, sensing, moving, quietly percolating. The remarks we overheard were all patriotic in nature: "What other country . . ." "I don't care what they say, this country is . . ." "I'm really glad that America . . ." The one word we heard most frequently was "people." It was necessary to hop a lot in Chinatown, because of the telephone-book-size bricks of firecrackers going off everywhere; and in Little Italy people were throwing firecrackers into bonfires burning in intersections; and there was a massive traffic jam on Hubert Street, a street whose name we'd never even heard before. So we went home and opened a cold beer.

"Where else" but in New York, *Newsday* had asked, editorially and rhetorically, the day before, "could you find the enthusiasm, the energy, the ideas, the facilities and, yes, the fortitude to invite the world to stop by for the weekend?" Well, maybe a lot of places, but it happened here. The programmed urgings of the politicians—"Bring Us Together," "Come Home, America"—hadn't worked, but something had. At some point during the day, a new game had been rung up on the pinball machine, and the odometer had turned all zeros, and it was pleasant to sit with a cold drink in hand and both feet firmly on the floor.

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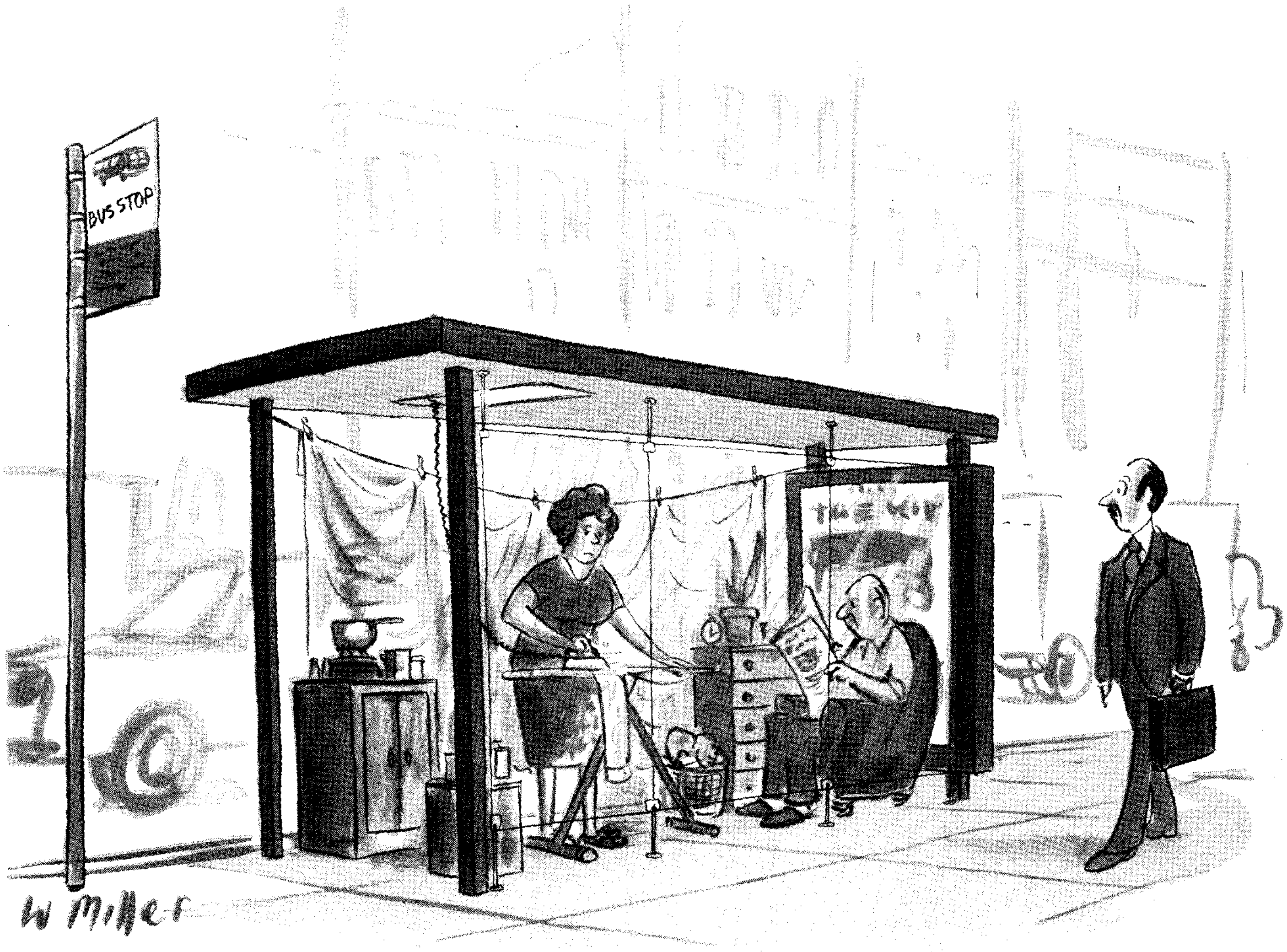
Dr. Amolak Ram Mehta, an elderly gentleman friend of ours from India, who is eighty, has been visiting the city for a few weeks, and, perturbed about the crush of vigorous holiday New Yorkers, he spent the day in his hotel room on East Seventy-fourth Street, off Fifth Avenue, intermittently dozing and watching television. By evening, he felt so cooped up that he decided to risk the streets. He slipped on his favorite blue-and-white checked raw-silk jacket and went out for his usual constitutional. He found himself among a flock of surprisingly tame, ordinary New York pedestrians on Fifth Avenue. They all, however, seemed to be going to the same place, and, curious, he followed them, into Central Park. He was astonished to come upon an entire symphony orchestra warming up for a concert in the middle of a big, flat meadow. There seemed to be no tickets, no reservations, and plenty of space for everyone. He hesitated, then took off his raw-silk jacket, carefully folded it inside out, and, using it as a pillow, lay down to hear the concert. An American lady with a friendly smile and a solicitous manner addressed him from a blanket she was sitting on. "Sir, why should



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you spoil your beautiful jacket?" she said. "You're welcome to use part of my blanket." Our Indian gentleman friend was very much flattered and pleased, and accepted. He complimented the lady on American hospitality, and was just beginning to show her pictures of his family in India when there was a sudden hush and a sharp burst of applause, and a man who looked rather old to our friend in the evening light energetically stepped onto the podium. The Indian gentleman never did catch the name of the conductor or understand much about the three "tunes" he managed to recline through—the Western music he heard sounded strange and overwhelming to him. But he walked back to his hotel in a happy trance, quite sure that his own little Bicentennial experience was something he would never forget.

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A NAUTICAL friend writes:

I watched the parade of Tall Ships on Sunday from within the parade itself; it was the sail of a lifetime for me. I hadn't been able to decide where to watch from, and then a friend called up and asked me on his boat, which he was taking in the parade for a group of Sea Scouts whose own boat was in drydock. I've built models all my life—some of them of the very ships that would be taking part in the parade—and I dearly wanted to see in three or four hundred feet what I'd built in eighteen inches: sixteen of the last big square-rigged ships in the world. And there would be a host of smaller ones I'd never even heard of, many of them training ships, like the big ones, and many others privately owned by lovers of great ships with more money than I can begin to imagine. It was the elect of American sail—indeed, of world sail—and I suppose I shall never see its like again. I was at Pier 59, at the foot of West Eighteenth Street, by seven-thirty Sunday morning. The sun was bright, the pier was an open one, and over a dozen small boats—several with Sea Scout flags—were bobbing up and down on the waves. There was a good breeze from the east. Everything glistened in the sun. Some of the boats were "dressed" with flags from end to end, going up the masts and down. The boats were tied up two deep—this is called "rafting up"—and my friend's boat, Tyehee, was one of the outboard ones. It is a schooner; I'll say more about it later. On boats, everything has a name that it has only on boats, and no other will do. Left is port, right is starboard, the front is the bow and the back is the stern, which is also aft. (I learned during the day that the Scouts have to put money in a kitty every time they use a wrong term.) I put my bag downstairs, which is below, and had a cup of coffee aft. The crew were just finishing breakfast. Besides my friend the captain, there were his wife and two children, two mates (experienced sailors and friends of the captain), six Sea Scouts (two girls and four boys of high-school age), and two other guests. It was a little crowded after we started moving, because the captain kept telling all of us to sit in the middle. But then every boat we saw was crowded, and the Staten Island ferries were listing way over because so many people wanted to see out the same side.

We left at nine, under engine power, for the Verrazano Bridge, where the parade was to start. The boat bounced a lot, from all the waves being made by motorboats and charter boats and Coast Guard and police boats; a McAllister tugboat almost hit us, and our captain swore and blew his horn at it. The harbor was full of warships. I didn't like them; they were gray and grim. The Scouts raised our sails in the harbor—six of them—and now I'll describe Tyehee. It was a miniature Gloucester fisherman (did you ever read "Captains Courageous"?), two-masted, thirty-seven feet long—about halfway between my models and the real thing—painted very dark "fisherman" green, with a yellow stripe for decoration and with white rails. We saw lots of white rails; traditional boats have them more often than not. With the sails up, Tyehee leaned over and didn't bounce as much. The square-rigged ships were all anchored beyond the bridge, and we headed for them. Out in a gray mist was a mass of ships, so many that I couldn't pick out single ones yet, but the masts, a dense thicket of them, with their yardarms, stood out singly against the gray sky. It was like some old Dutch painting; suddenly we were entering eighteenth-century Rotterdam or London. Then some of the largest ships began moving toward us, spreading out their sails as they came. The first was the United States Coast Guard ship Eagle—white, with a vast orange stripe. And the next ship was white, and so was the next one after that. Bruce, one of the mates, who had directed the Scouts putting up the sails, told them that those two ships were the Danish ship Danmark and the Norwegian ship Christian Radich. As we got closer, I saw that there was a line of ships stretching back until it disappeared in the mist. Two enormous ones, painted black with white stripes along their sides, were still anchored; they were the Russian Kruzenshtern and the Italian Amerigo Vespucci. Again, with the anchored fleet and the ships coming out in a line, I thought of some historic moment—was it Trafalgar? The sky was wonderfully coöperative that day, producing a range of effects from clear blues to luminous grays and massive, threatening thunderheads.

Then the first big ships were passing us. High up, there were men in white uniforms standing at the ends of each long yardarm. Some of them must have been more than a hundred feet above the water and almost fifty feet away from the masts; the men highest up looked very small. A flotilla of powerboats flanking the big ships was approaching us at high speed, and it seemed they would run us down, since everyone aboard them was looking up instead of forward. They all narrowly missed us, though. Our captain muttered, "It's not as bad as Long Island Sound on a weekend," but he was spending all his time steering and did very little talking. For a while, in fact, no one said anything. Everyone just looked at the ships. There were tall ones and short ones, a few almost four hundred feet long and one under thirty feet, some with four masts and some with one. On all sides, sails fluttered in the breeze as they were hauled up masts. Our schooner overtook and passed another schooner, about twenty feet longer. Everyone waved. Someone on the other boat shouted "Beautiful!" Someone on Tyehee shouted "Beautiful!" Everyone waved some more and made approving gestures. We passed barks and brigs and barkentines and brigantines pulling up their anchors and starting toward the parade; the differences between them, which have to do with the number of masts and how many of the masts have square sails on them, were explained to us by a very excited girl. Many of the ships had brownish sails, some reddish-brown ones, and a few red or pale-green ones—colored by tar or other preservatives they had been treated with against rot and mildew. I liked the Portuguese bark Sagres, which had Maltese crosses on its square sails. Most of the ships I saw were black (with white rails) and had a well-worn look. Their sides were not smooth and featureless, like those of many new yachts, but were covered with utilitarian projections: rub rails to protect against pilings and docks; chain plates to hold the rigging; and deadeyes and lanyards like the ones I'd rigged on models, but big ones, actually doing work—and all this on over a hundred ships. One ship, named Freelance, had an exuberant West Indian crew, a steel band tuning up as the sails were hoisted, and a big banner between masts which said "ANTIGUA." We sailed around Bluenose II, from Canada—a huge schooner, a hundred and forty-three feet long. Her crew lined the rail as we passed, and one of them shouted for us to come nearer and flung something at us, which pattered on the deck and turned out to be Canadian-flag lapel pins.

We were still sailing toward the bridge to take our place in the parade, and we arrived after one o'clock. Once in the parade, we found ourselves among a crowd of milling sailboats, and moving faster than most of them. The captain turned the engine on and put it in reverse to counter the sails. A few minutes later, the other boats were all going faster than we were, so he turned it off again. There were spectator boats on all sides, some anchored and some racing along. Our boat rocked and pitched from their waves, and some of the water came across the deck, getting everyone wet. Sometimes someone would shout "Wave coming!" and we would jump up while the wave washed across. Sometimes there was no warning. You had to be on your toes. Coast Guard boats were patrolling alongside us like guard dogs, chasing away any unauthorized boats that got too close. At a point where we had an aircraft carrier on one side of us and something almost as big and just as naval on the other, all the boats ahead slowed up, and some even stopped, very suddenly. In front of us as we waited to find out why was a Viking ship—a perfect replica, to my eye—with a striped sail, and the Vikings rowing it were cursing the boats whose waves were sloshing over them. Around us were a Chinese junk, a French training ship, several Polish ships, two brigs, and two Dutch sailing barges. Then a Coast Guard boat went roaring past, a man in the stern with a bullhorn shouting at us to make more room for a Navy ship coming toward us. It was the cruiser Wainwright. "There's Nelson Rockefeller!" one of our crew exclaimed. No sooner had all the boats squeezed over toward the Statue of Liberty to make way for Nelson Rockefeller than a fireboat sitting straight ahead, with all its geysers going, forced us all to squeeze back over to the Battery, which was dark with people and loud with exploding firecrackers. Everywhere there were flags. Color, color, color! New York had never looked or felt more festive to me. The very skyscrapers of downtown looked welcoming.

As we started up the Hudson, Mike, the other mate, who had a drooping mustache and could have walked off any pirate ship but was actually commanding the Sea Scouts, said, "Looks like a squall." The sky was black ahead, and the water was beginning to urn dark before it. Off Pier 40, the ain began. The captain ordered the ails lowered, and they were down in few minutes. Other boats had theirs own, and some were scurrying for helter. Eagle, Danmark, and Sir Winston Churchill, all big ships, came hurning downriver with their sails own and their engines going, but four dentical little blue yawls with big blue-nd-gold balloon sails were still sailng upriver behind us. Then a solid heet of rain like a waterfall was upon s. There were three bursts of it, and fterward the wind veered from behind s to in front of us. When the squall passed and the sky cleared, at about Fiftieth Street, most of the boats round us had vanished. Only the four blue yawls had kept sailing, in close ormation; they were from the U. S. Naval Academy Sailing Squadron, we earned later. Our sails were up again by Sixtieth Street. Ahead, some of the quare-riggers were coming down under full sail, catching the gleam of the eturning sun. Tyehee zigzagged up he river—which you have to do to sail nto the wind—and the tide helped her along. The first square-rigger was getting very close—the German bark Gorch Fock. As it passed our boat, its crew and ours shouted and waved at each other. We sailed under the George Washington Bridge, turned around with a group of brigs and barkentines above the Cloisters, and sailed back down the river. At last, in he twilight, we reached Pier 59, where our boat was to tie up—I mean raft up.

The fireworks began almost as soon as we were docked, and I walked out to the end of the pier and watched. It was the final painting of the day, one of Turner's battle paintings: a blaze of fire like burning ships, with rockets flying out of it and the light glinting off actual ships.

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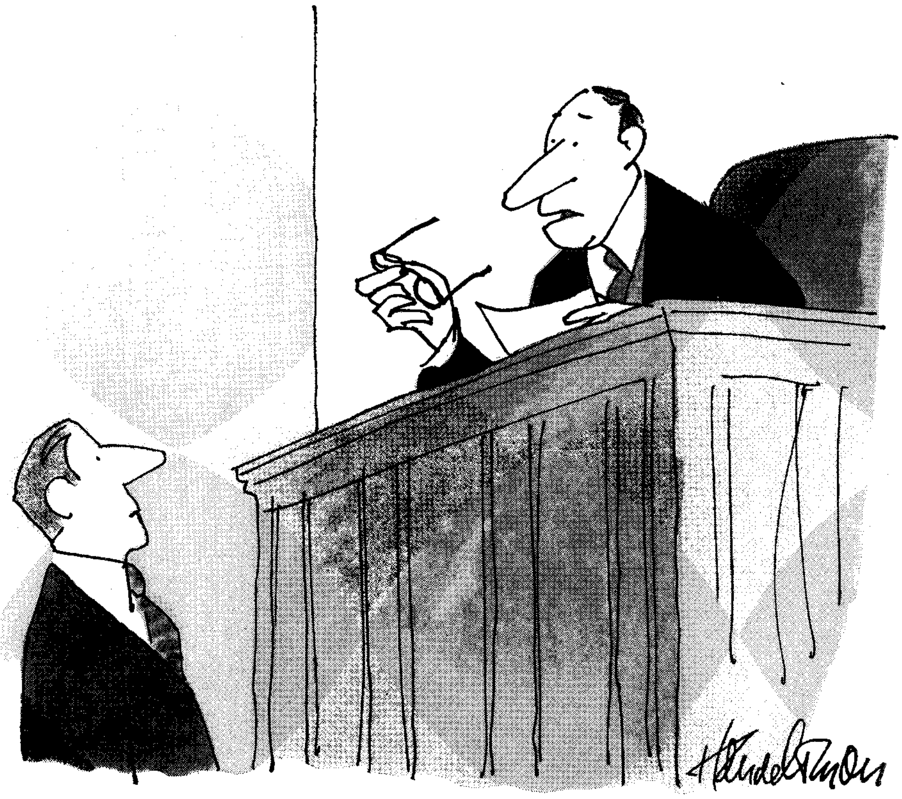
REPORT from our friend Jamaica Kincaid:

I love America and Americans, because my father, who was an Antiguan, and who had worked as a civilian carpenter on the American base in Antigua during the Second World War, used to tell me how funny and great Abbott and Costello were, how funny and great the "Road" pictures with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope were, and how funny and great and attractive and smart Americans in general were. He would tell me all sorts of stories about Americans, who were always named Bud or Dick, and always the Americans were funnier, greater, smarter, and more attractive than anybody else, including him. At the end of every story about Americans, whom he always referred to as the Yanks, he would say, "Oh, the Yanks are a crazy bunch, but they have ideas, and you can't stop a man when he has ideas." But the thing my father said about Americans that made me love them the most was "The Yanks are great. Listen, if a Yank ever asks you if you can do something and you can't do it, don't say 'No,' say 'I'll try.' " My father was a snobby, critical, dignified man, who usually said very little about anything. It was from him that I got the full meaning of the term "It doesn't measure up." And I knew that if he felt the way he did about Americans, you could forget everything else. When I was nine years old, I added an extra plea to my prayers. Up to then, I would say the Twenty-third Psalm and the Lord's Prayer, and I would pray that God would bless my mother and father and make them live long enough to see me become a grown woman, and would bless me and help me to be a good girl. But when I was nine years old I started adding, "And please, God, let me go to America." I did this for six years straight. As I grew older, I got my own ideas about why I wanted to go to America. It had to do with pink refrigerators; shoes that fall apart if you get caught in the rain (because that way you can get a new and different pair); the flip in Sandra Dee's blond hair as she played a pregnant teen-ager in the movie "A Summer Place;" Doris Troy, the way she looked and the way she sang "Just One Look;" and, of course, Negroes, because any place that Negroes are is cool.

On Sunday, I thought about all those things. I thought about them because it was the Fourth of July and America was two hundred years old and I found myself among millions of Americans celebrating it by looking at a bunch of ships sail up a river. It sounds silly, but that is one of the coolest things I have ever done. I walked around and I saw some French sailors mistakenly walk into an all-male bar on lower Tenth Avenue looking for girls. I saw a group of black boys climb all the way to the very top of a steel arch on the abandoned West Side Highway to get a better view of things. They looked so neat—like a Cartier-Bresson photograph. And I met four natives of Poland who told me that after spending a week in New York they were sailing down the Mississippi to make a documentary on Mark Twain for Polish television. I felt tremendous, and for the first time in the eleven years I have lived here I felt like an American. I am very grateful to my father, who told me in his special way that, no matter what, I should always go with the cool people.



"By doing what you did, you brought disgrace on yourself, your family and friends, and everyone born under Aquarius."

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UNTITLED

–INK ON PAPER–

HE thinks it’s because of Grave 7. He thinks: She’s been crazy before; everything goes back to the past. *He* thinks it’s because of Grave 7, too, for the same reason, but from a different perspective. There are two hes just as there are (at last count) two mes: the one who is married to him, and the one who is a patient of *his*. The two of them think there’s only one me, because they’re both reductionists. I haven’t let on, because it’s something that has to be picked up intuitively; if you have to explain, it’s already too late.

I have problems like the following with *him: He’ll* ask me something like “How do you feel?” and there will be a pause, and then I’ll answer, “I feel like the second movement of the Marcello Oboe Concerto in C Minor.” And then *he’ll* say, “Don’t be obscure.” And then I’ll respond, “It’s not obscure; that’s exactly how I feel.” Then *he’ll* either remain silent, or *he’ll* let on that *he’s* unfamiliar with the Marcello Oboe Concerto in C Minor and I will therefore have to be more specific. As in Verbalize instead of Allude. Then I’ll remain silent, because I can’t do that.

With him, on the other hand, problems like the following are more common: I’ll open my mouth, the way people do when they’re about to speak, and he’ll say, “Take it up with *him*.” So between the two of them, there isn’t any alternative but to go back to Grave 7. Sometimes I take the Marcello with me, sometimes not. It helps to have accompaniment when you’re looking for something. I should explain: I go there, but I’ve never been there. Grave 7 has no marker; I just found out, after twenty-seven years. It was such a shock, I go there almost every night now, trying to find out if it’s really true. I have no intention of taking Mr. Vernon’s word for it. The word of a man who would name himself after his own cemetery is just about as suspect as anything can be. However, for the sake of justice, his word should be included in the discussion; truth is arrived at by the inclusion of as many different perspectives as possible. I’d be a fool to pretend otherwise. I try hard to be fair.

> Your mother’s remains were interred in Grave 7, Lot 279, Section 1, Mt. Vernon Memorial Park, in 1947.

Those weren’t his entire words; no one gets to tell his or her entire story. There isn’t enough space. But the marker business is important, so—Mr. Vernon again:

> I might also mention that there is no marker on your mother’s grave, and if funds are available it would be nice . . .

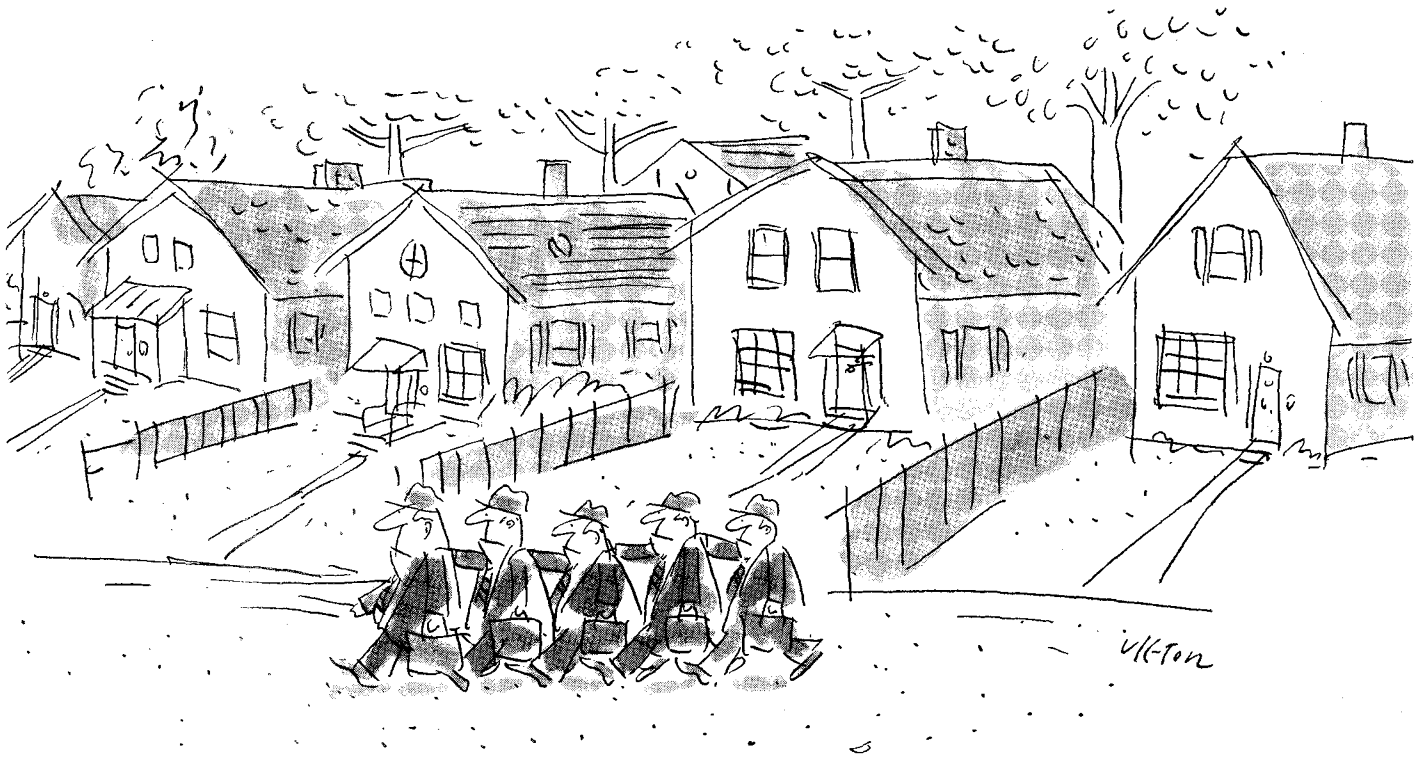
Shove it, Mr. Vernon. Nice. Nice. Go on back in your vault and have yourself a little necrophilia. (Over easy; sunny-side up—courtesy Sunnyside Casket Co.; well *done!*) What a life; you could drop dead from the choices.

“There she goes again,” he says, throwing his hands in the air, twisting the cork off another half gallon of Almadén Chablis. That’s all he gets now that I’ve stopped feeding him. I never missed a meal, three times a day for fourteen years, until I heard about Grave 7. There was something about Grave 7 that reminded me of something long forgotten; someone out there who was supposed to feed *me* but got sidetracked in that maze Mr. Vernon now refers to as Grave 7, Lot 279, Section 1. I’ve just got to find HER, there are no two ways about it. Mr. Vernon didn’t include a map with his letter, but I know instinctively that if he had it would stagger the imagination and be impossible to decipher. You know those things without being told.

“I’m trying to understand, but you’ll have to be more specific,” *he* says, shifting *his* position in the chair, eying the clock. “I can’t do something like that in fifty minutes,” I answer. “I was only ten when it happened.” The response appears, on the surface, to indicate risk, a willingness to fight amnesia; but all along, all three of us know it (*him*, me, and me), it’s just another opportunity for *him* to think to *himself*, or imply, Well, isn’t there a parallel here: SHE stopped feeding you; you’ve stopped feeding him. That’s what I meant earlier about reductionism. The shortest distance between two points is the line connecting A with B. It’s an easy way out, especially when time is running short and *he’s* only allowed a half hour for lunch. I haven’t yet found just the right explanation—the one that would let *him* know *he’s* missed the point—but I’m working on it. I’ve thrown out a few clues, such as: It’s always been like this between us; I’ve always known, just never realized; or, He’s never fed me, not real food. I’ve just realized that, too, and *that’s* the main reason I’ve decided to stop feeding him. But I don’t think *he* heard me. I know as well as the next person that “tomorrow’s another day,” and I’ll get another crack at it. But it’s common knowledge that it’s the nights that give the most trouble; it’s those spaces in between that wear you down and compromise your best intentions. Even the living get sidetracked from time to time.

They both have a point, of course. Grave 7 is certainly in there, you can’t deny that. Just what amount of weight, unit of measurement, percentage of importance to ascribe to it, however, remains a mystery. *He’s* doing his damnedest, I suppose, to decipher the mystery, in *his* way. And, for his part, he’s really counting on *him* to discover that Grave 7, in fact, carries a lot of weight, because this would let him off the hook, clear everything up, and get me back in the kitchen where I belong. I’m the fly in the ointment. I’ve had it with the kitchen; just can’t stand the heat. I’m spending the days now trying to get my bill out of committee—the one that would give wives a depletion allowance—and nights looking for Grave 7. The neighbors think I’ve abandoned my role; but looking through windows you miss certain nuances, such as sound, and therefore never acquire the whole picture. None of us has it, either, and we’re on the inside, so to speak.

Looming just ahead is a sign; it says, “Don’t forget HIM.” HE’S in the picture, too. Well, I should have known it without the sign. But when you’re just beginning to realize things, vision isn’t as clear as you would wish. That makes three hes now, two mes, and one HER. It’s getting crowded. Yes, of course, HE’S in the picture; HE precipitated the whole thing, after a fashion. HIS death left me with the dilemma of how to dispose of the ashes. And that led me to write to Mr. Vernon, which led to the discovery of Grave 7. I knew it was there, otherwise I wouldn’t have known where to write; I knew HE was pressed for funds at the time (1947), but I didn’t know about the absent marker. Actually, it’s legal to scatter in this state, but it isn’t in Mr. Vernon’s. It would be so much easier just to spread HIM over some cow pasture and forget the whole thing. I can give myself no logical reason for wanting to put THEM together again; THEY managed apart for twenty-seven years. Still, in matters where you don’t get second chances, it pays to consider things carefully. Do I want THEM to mingle? Or do I want the concrete container for HIM? Since SHE was



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there first, does that mean HE would be interred in the missionary position?

The law permits placement of cremated remains in an occupied grave if the family so desires.

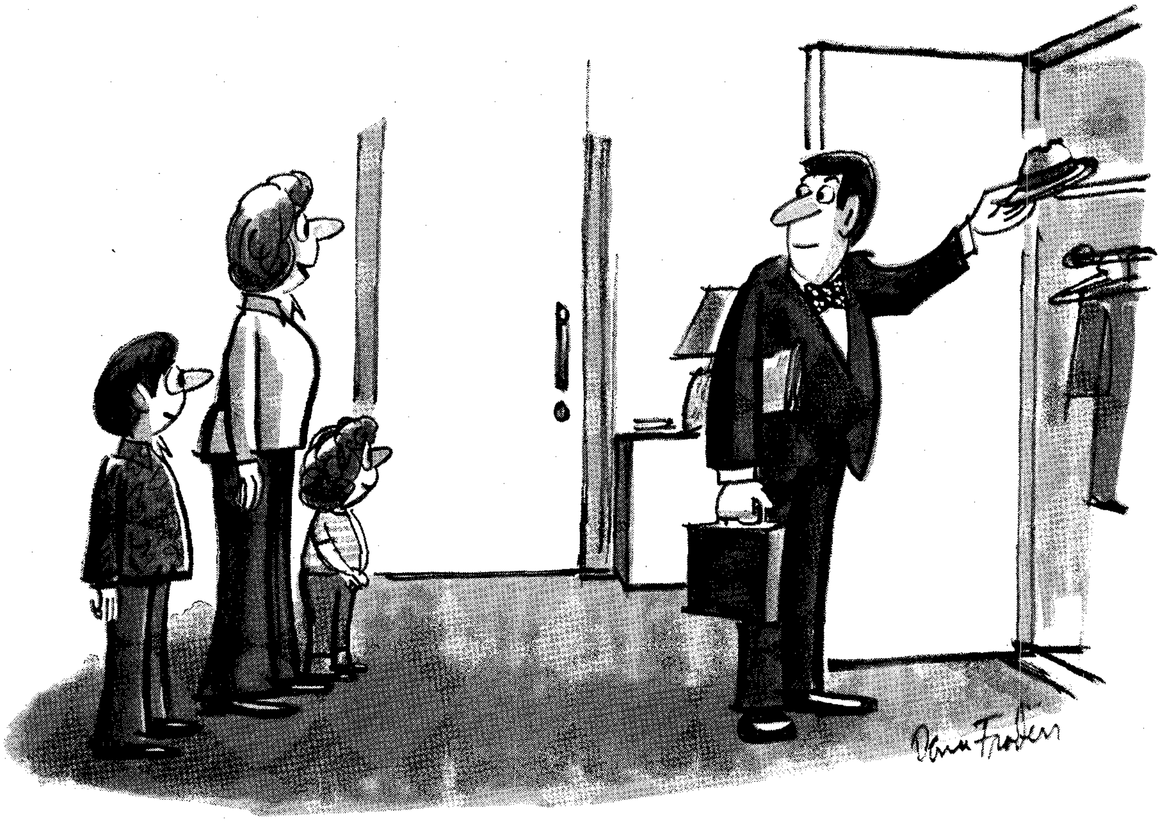
If I say "No, Mr. Vernon, I do *not* think it would be nice to have a 'permanent double-inscription marker' for the two of THEM," would that make me a bad daughter? And even if it did, to whom would it matter now? I'm already a bad wife, though I'm still a good mother; I feed them three times a day, all they can eat, in addition to the snacks. But he's always standing around with his mouth open, too, and that's where Grave 7 tipped the scales. How thin can you spread yourself? I asked, once I knew. He's a grown man; he can feed himself. I'd even forgive him for not feeding me if he'd just get off my back.

Well, look. You've got all these pressures on you, all these bizarre decisions to make, it's no wonder. . . . This is what *he* is thinking to *himself* now, but I set *him* straight right away. I move fast because, although the time is running out (as it's wont to do), it isn't up yet. I say, "It sometimes takes just these kinds of things to make a person realize what she's been missing, hasn't been getting, and needs. You can't demand it of the dead, even if you could find the marker, so is it unfair to expect it of the living—especially the one who is living with you?" No, I stand firm; my vision isn't completely clear yet, but I can see that far, at least. He never did the feeding because he always assumed—and I concurred, until just recently—that it was his role to pay the bills. I was the one who was supposed to serve up all the meals. I'm not having any more of that, because the Marcello is unequivocal on the matter; it says: You lost it then, you don't have it now, and you've just got to get it somehow if you want to stay alive.

EVEN if I find Grave 7, what could I say to HER? You did your best while you were around? I don't blame you for dying; how could any reasonable person do a thing like that? "But you were only ten," *he* is bound to say. "A child cannot be expected to be reasonable." Well never mind, you may be right, but I can't remember. Getting back to the present, can I blame him for not being able to give what SHE gave, which was good while it lasted but in the end not enough? And can he hold me accountable for not being able to give what *SHE*— Hold it, hold it. Who?— Christ. O.K. Now that *SHE'S* here, you've got to introduce *HER*. *SHE* is the one who fed him before I came into the picture.

I keep wondering if the canvas is big enough to support all these occupants. Recent astrophysical findings, referring to the universe, suggest that space itself expands, carrying its galaxies with it. Every time I start to address myself to the question of whether such findings can be applied to human relationships, he says things like "Your mind is in outer space; it's destroying this family." The first time it happened, I admired his cleverness—was awed, in fact, by the accuracy of it: to have known just where my mind was without my having opened my mouth. They're not often able to do that; in fact, it's usually the other way around. Don't I know—after fourteen years of "What *do* they want?" and "What's eating you?" It's only been recently that I've told him, using words, not symbols, what I want. He didn't get the message, so I've placed an ad for an interpreter but haven't had any responses yet. The eating question was more difficult, it always is. "*You're* what's eating me!" I said, but he had a quick answer to that. "You're insane, you bitch; take a look at me: I'm starving." As yet, I haven't found a way to argue with logic as unassailable as that. It's probably got something to do with all the other things on my mind, like Grave 7, Lot 279, and so forth. If I ever got really technical—such as pointing out that in addition to the me who is married to him and the me who is a patient of *his* there is also the me who is the mother of them, and the me (it was just recently rediscovered) who is the daughter of HIM and HER—it would blow everything apart. So I just keep quietly to myself (insofar as that's possible in this menagerie), prowling the cemetery at night like Anubis, the ancient Egyptian jackal god, searching for food, markers, insight, evidence, whatever is out there that would throw some light on things and maybe also sustain.

He doesn't have to worry about markers and things like that because his



"Shall we go to Burger Joint, Burger King, Hamburger Hut, McDonald's, or do you want to stay home and have a hamburger?"

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HE and *SHE* aren't in the ground; *THEY'RE* still in the Bronx, feeding on each other in a way so familiar *THEY* no longer notice. There isn't much of *THEM* left, but *THEY'RE* still hanging on, providing a buffer for him between birth and death. When you have a generation above you, it acts as a cushion between you and all that space; you don't have to concern yourself with questions of mortality and infinity. That's why it's impossible for him to understand my preoccupation; he sees it as withdrawal of love, and that increases his hunger. They say adversity makes you strong (except in those cases where it makes you go under). I refuse to take this rap. Yes, I know Grave 7 is standing out like a sore thumb, and it's only a matter of time before *he* starts going up there, too, prowling around, looking for evidence which will support *his* case. That's precisely why I insist that *SHE* be represented in the picture, and not over in the margin somewhere. *SHE* overfed him; not only did it disagree with him, it was the wrong formula. He still calls *HER* long distance once a month, and never lets on.

When I tell *him* I want to divorce him, *his* lips move slightly and, reading them, I make out something that looks like "Let's find Grave 7 first." *He's* a pretty good salesman, I'm impressed with *his* line, but haven't decided yet whether or not to buy. *He* sells other things besides ears. One of *his* specialties—you pick up right away that it's *his* favorite—is suspension of judgment. It's a sound product, except in cases where you've been using it all your life and feel the need to switch to something new. If you apply something like that to yourself indefinitely, the effect can lead to permanent paralysis. The F.D.A. hasn't required that fact to be listed on the label, but any reasonably intelligent consumer can figure it out alone. The major issue still waiting to be settled, in my mind, at any rate, is whether all this has more to do with *HER* or with Grave 7. My natural skepticism would lead me to question whether issues like that can ever be "settled;" but I'm willing to sample suspended judgment—until Grave 7 has been exhumed. That doesn't mean I'm all reason—not by a long shot. At least once a week I bring up the subject of divorce, saying, "If I have to be alone, then I'd rather be alone *alone*," or something to that effect. He always says that was Marilyn Monroe's line, she said it first, it is not original with me. He's always trying to distract me, weaken my resolve with put-downs like that. But it doesn't bother me; I haven't read Marilyn Monroe, so as far as I'm concerned it originated with me, regardless of who might have "said" it first. It's nit-picking like this that drives me to the brink. It makes no difference if a thousand women said it; surely every human being has the right to express identical or universal feelings without being charged with plagiarism or infringement of copyright.

I THINK I'm beginning to go under. The effort required to be fair to him, *him*, HIM, HER, and them—not to mention me and me—imposes the kind of strain that sometimes results in cheating. The last two nights out there in Section 1 were particularly bad; they had me reaching for the Librium, the effect of which cheats *him*, eases things temporarily for him and them, helps me and me in the short run but cheats both of us in the long run, and has no effect whatsoever on HER or HIM. HE'S on ice for the moment, the crematorium having agreed to hold HIM without charge for thirty days while I make up my mind. The time is running out, which increases the pressure. The Librium is inimical to searches and decision-making alike, but it gets you over the rough spots and through the night. Just before I reached for the pills, I was walking through the cemetery as usual, with my divining rod, calling "Mother!," tripping over all those other markers in the dark, when I thought I heard a voice whisper, "Over here!" But since the stick wasn't pointing down at the time, how could I be sure?

He's doing all *he* can to help, but *he* can't feed me. *He* hands me computer printouts from time to time. They say things like I*N*S*I*G*H*T, K*N*O*W*L*E*D*G*E, or U*N*D*E*R*S*T*A*N*D*I*N*G. They're not to be sneezed at, and *he* hands them over gently. But they are meant to sustain a different part of you than you think needs sustaining at the time. It takes everything I have to refrain from reaching for *his* hand instead of the message. I'm getting very desperate; I think: *Where am I going to get it?* Not from *him*; it's against the rules. Not from him; he's either holding it back, or hasn't got it, or has drawn the line at doing it in graveyards. Not from them; they're too little—they have to be filled up by me; when it reaches the top and starts spilling over, then they can give some back, but not before. Not from HIM; no way has been discovered to make ashes say "I love you." And not from HER.

In the dead of night at Mt. Vernon Memorial Park, it is very still but not completely silent. Deep in the folds of that manicured rolling earth, if you are patient and really have your ear to the ground, you can hear a voice. "I would hold you if I could," it whispers, "but you can understand my position." I think I've found HER! I would recognize that voice anywhere, even after twenty-seven years. Where is it coming from? Over there? Or is it there? Without a marker, it's hard to be sure, but I think I'm getting warm. Wait. There it is again. "Have you come to give me my marker? I've waited so long. You're the only one left who can give me what I need." Or did SHE say "HIM! You're bringing HIM back to me, at last!" No, I think it was "You're going to put HIM in here with *me*? After I had to *die* to get HIM off my back? Listen! Please . . . Don't you understand? I can't go through that again. HE never fed me! Let me R.I.P." Is it HER voice? Or someone else's? It must be HERS, all the others have markers; and it's obvious, even in the dark, only someone without a marker would need to call out in order to be recognized. What should I do? SHE'S not making any sense at all. And there's no one to ask this time of night. Mr. Vernon, he's down in the vault slipping it to some fresh corpse; who'd trust his judgment anyway? And he's asleep, he gets irritated if you wake him for no good reason; the kindest thing he'd say is "Take it up with *him*," but it's after office hours. They're asleep, too, but even if they weren't, they'd just say something like "Put THEM together so THEY'LL be happy." What do children know about these things? Most of their sweetest thoughts are based on absolute ignorance. It's becoming harder and harder to deny that I'm here; I've found Grave 7, even without the marker. I'd consider it an achievement if I knew what to do next. What a place; you could drop dead from the choices.

—Sheila Ballantyne

THE LULL

Through a loose camouflage
Of maples bowing gravely to everyone
In the neighborhood, and the soft, remote barrage
Of waterfalls or whispers, a stippled sun
Staggers about our garden, high
On the clear morning wines of mid-July.

Caught on a lifting tide
Above a spill of doubloons that drift together
Through the lawn's shoals and shadows, branches ride
The sways of lime and gold, or dip and feather
The millrace waterways to soar
Over a tiled and tessellated floor.

A casual, leafy sprawl
Of floated lights, of waverings, these are
Swags of mimosan gentleness, and all
The quiet, bourgeois riches of Bonnard.
Or were, until just now the air
Came to a sudden hush, and everywhere

Things harden to an etched
And iron immobility, as day
Fades from a scurry of color to cross-hatched,
Sullen industrial tones of snapshot gray.
Instinctively the mind withdraws
To airports, depots, the long, plotless pause

Between the acts of a play,
Those neuter, intermediary states
Of vacancy and tedium and delay
When it must wait and wait, as now it waits
For a Wagnerian storm to roll
Thunder along the street and drench the soul.

Meanwhile, the trustful eye,
Content to notice merely what is there,
Remarks the ghostly phosphors of the sky,
The cast of mercury vapor everywhere—
Some shadowless, unfocussed light
In which all things come into their own right,

Pebble and weed and leaf
Distinct, refreshed, and cleanly self-defined,
Rapt in a trance of stillness, in a brief
Mood of serenity, as if designed
To be here now, and manifest
The deep, unvexed composure of the blessed.

The seamed, impastoed bark,
The cool, imperial certainty of stone,
Antique leaf-lace, all these are bathed in a dark
Mushroom and mineral odor of their own,
Their inwardness made clear and sure
As voice and fingerprint and signature.

The rain, of course, will come
With grandstand flourishes and hullabaloo,
The silvered streets, flashbulb and kettledrum,
To douse and rouse the citizens, to strew
Its rhinestones randomly, piecemeal.
But for the moment the whole world is real.

—Anthony Hecht

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LEPER

OCT. 31. I have long been a potter, a bachelor, and a leper. Leprosy is not exactly what I have, but what in the Bible is called leprosy (see Leviticus 13, Exodus 4:6, Luke 5:12-13) was probably this thing, which has a twisty Greek name it pains me to write. The form of the disease is as follows: spots, plaques, and avalanches of excess skin, manufactured by the dermis through some trifling but persistent error in its metabolic instructions, expand and slowly migrate across the body like lichen on a tombstone. I am silvery, scaly. Puddles of flakes form wherever I rest my flesh. Each morning, I vacuum my bed. My torture is skin deep: there is no pain, not even itching; we lepers live a long time, and are ironically healthy in other respects. Lusty, though we are loathsome to love. Keen-sighted, though we hate to look upon ourselves. The name of the disease, spiritually speaking, is Humiliation.

I have come back from Copley Square, to this basement where I pot. Himmelfahrer was here this morning, and praised my work, touching the glazes and rims in a bliss erotic and financial both. He is my retailer, my link with the world, my nurturing umbilicus. Thanks to him I can crouch unseen in clayey, kiln-lit dimness. His shop is on Newbury Street. Everything there is beautiful, expensive, blemishless; but nothing more so than my ceramics. If the merest pimple of a captured dust mote reveal itself to my caress, I smash the bowl. The vaguest wobble in the banding, and damnation and destruction ensue. He calls me a genius. I call myself a leper. I should have been smashed at birth.

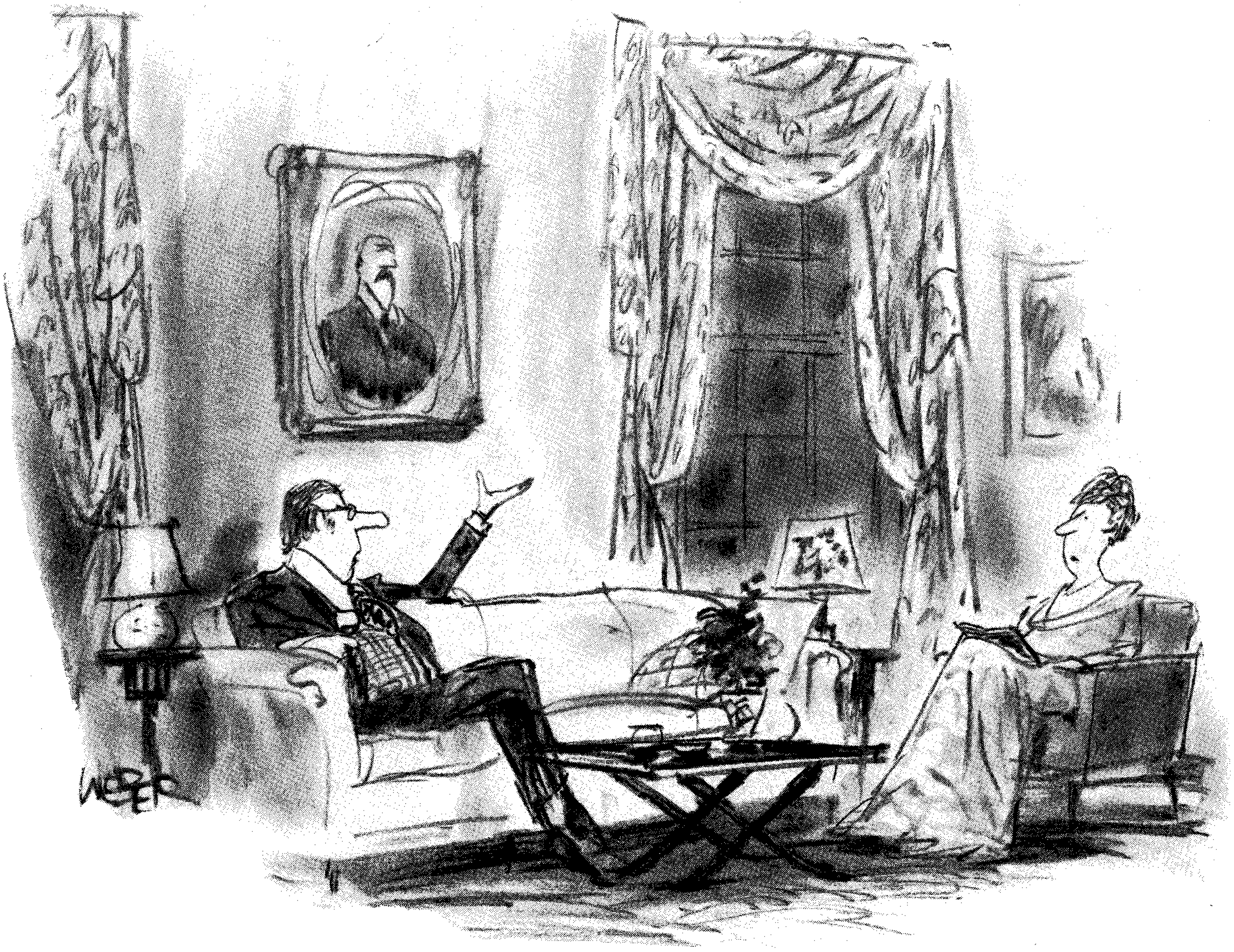
Tomorrow begins my cure. I ventured out for lunch to celebrate this, and to deposit Himmelfahrer's mammoth check. Boston was impeccable in the cold October sunlight, glazed and hardened by summer. The blue skin of the proud new Hancock folly rose sheer and unfractured into a sky of the same blue, mirrored. For a time, the building had shed windows as I shed scales, and with more legal reverberation, but it has been cured, they say. I look toward it still, hoping to see some panes missing, its perfection still vulnerable. The strange yellow insect that cleans its windows is at work. In its lower surfaces Trinity Church, a Venetian fantasy composed of two tones of tawny stones, admires itself, undulating. The Square itself, a cruel slab laid upon Back Bay's heart, is speckled with survivors—the season's last bongo drummer, the last shell-necklace seller, the last saffron frond of Hare Krishna chanters. They glance at me and glance away, pained. My hands and my face mark me. In a month I can wear gloves, but even then my face will shout, *Enormity:* the livid spots beside my nose, the crumbs in my eyelashes, the scurvy patch skipping along my left cheek, the silver cupped in my ears. A bleary rummy in a flapping overcoat comes up to me and halts his beggar's snarl, gazing at my visage amazed. I give him a handful of coin nonetheless. Light beats on my face mercilessly.

In the shadows of Ken's, I order matzo-ball soup and find it tepid. Still, it is delicious to be out. The waitress is glorious, her arms pure kaolin, her chiselled pout as she scribbles my order a masterpiece of Sèvres biscuit. When she bends over, setting my pastrami sandwich before me, I want to hide forever between her cool, perfect, yet flexible breasts. She glances at me and does not know I am a leper. If I bared my arms and chest she would run screaming. A few integuments of wool and synthetic fibre save me from her horror; my enrollment in humanity is so perilous. No wonder I despise and adore my fellow-men—adore them for their normal human plainness, despise them for not detecting and destroying me. My hands would act as betrayers, but while eating I move them constantly, to blur them. Picking the sandwich up, my right hand freezes; I had forgotten how hideous it was. Usually, when I look down, it is covered with clay. It has two garish spots, one large and one small, and in the same relation to one another as Australia and Tasmania. The woman next to me at the counter, a hag in pancake makeup and mink, glances down with me. Involuntarily she starts. Her fork clatters to the floor. Deftly I pick it up and place it on the Formica between us, so she does not have to touch me. Even so, she asks for another.

NOV. 1. The doctor whistles when I take off my clothes. "Quite a case." But he is sure I will respond. "We have this type of light now." He is from Australia, oddly, but does not linger over the spots on my hand. "First, a few photographs." The floor of his office, I notice, is sprinkled with flakes. There are other lepers. At last, I am not alone. He squints and squats and clicks and clucks. "Good seventy per cent I would say." He has me turn around, and whistles again, more softly. "Then some blood tests, *pro forma*." He explains the treatment. Internal medication will open me like a flower to lengthening doses of light. His own skin bears the dusty-rose ebb of a summer's tan. His scalp is flawlessly bald and dreamily smooth. I wonder what perversity drove him into dermatology. "When you clear," he says casually, toward the end. When I clear! The concept is staggering. I want to swoon, I want to embrace him, as one embraces, in primitive societies, a madman. On his desk there is a tawdry flesh-pink mug with a tea bag in it, and I vow to make him a perfect teacup if he makes good his promise. "Nasty turn in the weather today," he offers, buttoning up his camera; but it is a lame and somehow bestial business, polite conversation between two men of whom one is dressed and the other is naked. As I drag my clothes on, a shower of silver falls to the floor. He calls it, professionally, "scale." I call it, inwardly, filth.

I told Carlotta tonight of his casual promise to make me "clear." She says she loves me the way I am. "How *can* you!" I blurt. She shrugs. She was late this evening, having been hours at devotions. It is All Saints' Day. We make love. Stroking her buttocks, I think of the doctor's skull.

NOV. 8. First treatment. The "light box" has six sides lined with vertical tubes. A hexagonal prism, as the Hancock Tower is a rhomboidal prism and a Toblerone chocolate bar is a triangular one. A roaring when it switches on, so one has astronautical sensations; also sensations of absurdity, standing nude as in a "daring" play where the stage lights have consumed the audience. The attendant, a tremulous young man with a diabolically pointed beard, gave me goggles to protect my retinas; I look down. I am on fire! In this kiln my feet, my legs, my arms, wherever there are scales, glow with a violet-white intensity like nothing but certain moments of developing prints in a darkroom pan. To make sure the legs are mine, I do a little dance. The Dance of Shiva, his body smeared with ashes, his hair matted and foul. My legs, chalky as logs about to fall into embers, vibrate and swing in the cleansing fire. The dance is short-lived; the first dose



"Evelyn, tonight I want to talk about some gut issues. First of all, I've never liked these draperies."

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is but a minute. The box has a nasty, rebuking snort when it shuts off.

Dressed, stepping out from behind the curtain, I make future arrangements with the attendant and wonder what has led him into work of this sort. Dealing with people like me is a foul business, I am certain.

Nov. 12. No perceptible change. Carlotta tells me to relax. Dr. Aus (his real name keeps escaping me) says two weeks pass before the first noticeable effects. Himmelfahrer tells me Christmas is coming. I work past midnight on an epic course of vases, rimmed and banded with a very thin slip tinctured with cobalt oxide. The decoration should not strike the appraiser at first glance; he should think first "vase," and then "blue," and then "blue and not-blue." The Chinese knew how to imbue this mystery, this blush in the glaze, this plenitude of nothingness. I scorn incision, sgraffito, wax resist, relief. Smoothness is the essence, the fingers must not be perturbed. The wheel turns. My hand vanishes up past the wrist into the orifice of whistling, whispering clay, confiding the slither of its womb-wall to me, while the previous vase dries.

My dose was two minutes today.

The disease is frightened. Its surface feigns indifference, but deeper it itches with subtle rage, so that I cannot sleep. It has spread across my shoulders, to the insides of my arms, to my fingernails, whitening and warping them with ridges that grow out from beneath the cuticle like buried terrors coming to light.

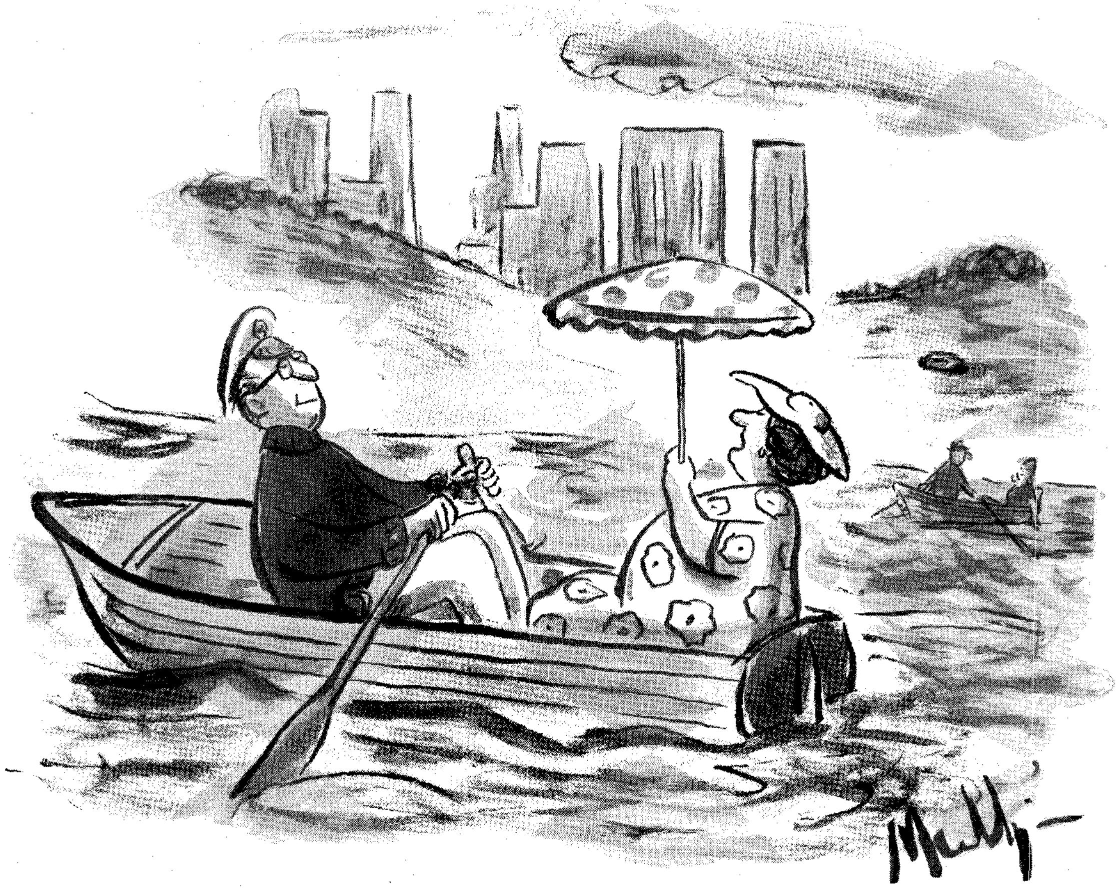
Nov. 13. I have been taken off the treatment!

A leper among lepers, doubly untouchable.

Aus says my antibody count is sinisterly high. "A few more tests, to be on the safe side." Tells me stories of other lepers—cardiac patients, claustrophobes, arthritics—who had to be excluded. "Don't want to cure the disease and kill the patient." Please do, I beg him. He tut-tuts, his Commonwealth sanity recoiling from our dark American streak. Tells me that like all lepers I have very naturally "fallen in love with the lights."

I cannot work, I cannot smile.

I know now the box *exists*, that is the torture. It is there, out there, a magical prism in this city of dungeons and coffins and telephone booths. Boston, that honeycomb of hospitals, has a single hexagon of divine nectar, a decompression chamber admitting me to Paradise, and it is locked. I marvel at, in the long history of trapped mankind, the inability of our thoughts to transport bodies, to remove them cell by cell from the burning attic, the sunk submarine. Mine is the ancient prayer, *Deliver me.* Carlotta says that all her prayers are that I be granted the strength and grace to bear my disappointments. A vapid petition, I narrowly refrain from telling her. Confession-



"So this is your mistress, the sea."

als, lavatories, one-room apartments, tellers' booths—they rattle through my mind like dud machine-gun cartridges. I want to be in my light box.

Nov. 15. Blood tests all morning. The nurse drawing the samples from my veins looms comely as the dawn, solid-muscled as a young puma. She handles my horrible arm without comment. I glance down and imagine that the leprosy on its underside shines less brightly. She chatters over my head to a sister nurse of childish things, of downtown movies and horny internes and TV talk shows, her slender jaw ruminating on a wad of chewing gum. In her forgetfulness of me, as I fill vial after vial, her breasts drift in their starched carapace inches from my nose. I want to nurse, to counteract the outward flow of my blood. Yin and yang, mutually feeding.

Carlotta, coming tonight to console me, finds me almost excessively *manly*.

Nov. 18. Dreams. I am skiing on a white slope, beneath a white sky. I look down at my feet and they are also white, and my skis are engulfed by the powder. I am exhilarated. Then the dream transfers me to an interior, a ski hut where the white walls merge into the domed ceiling indistinguishably. There is an Eskimo maiden, muscular, brown, naked. I am dressed like a doctor, but more stiffly, in large white cards. I awaken, immensely ashamed.

In the negative print of this dream, I am sitting on a white bowl and my excrement overflows, unstoppably, unwipably, engulfing my feet, my thighs in patches I try to scrape. I awaken and am relieved to be in bed, between clean sheets. Then I look at my arms in the half-light of dawn and a nightmarish horror sweeps over me. This is real. This skin is me, I can't get out.

Himmelfahrer adores my new vases. He fairly danced with anticipation of his profit, stroked their surface—mat white and finely crackled à la early T'ang ware—as if touching something holy. I feel his visits indignantly, as invasions of my cave of dimness. I wear gloves at all times now, save when molding the clay. If I could only wear a mask—ski, African, Halloween—my costume would be impregnable.

3 A.M. I was in a dark room. A narrow crack of light marked a doorway. I tiptoed near, seeking escape, and there is no door to open; the light is a long fluorescent tube. I grip it and it is my own phallus.

Nov. 22. Miracle!

Aus called before nine and said the tests appear normal; the first must have been a lab error. It showed, he confessed, that I was fatally ill with lupus, and ultraviolet light was pure poison to me. I am reinstated. Come Thursday and resume.

Carlotta brings champagne this evening to celebrate, and I am secretly offended. She does *not* love me the way I am, apparently. She shyly asks if I want to give thanks and I coldly reply, "To whom?"

Nov. 25. The attendant welcomed me back without enthusiasm or acknowledgment of my hiatus. His face pale as candle tallow above the wispy inverted flame of his beard. I scan the remnant of his face left beardless and detect no trace of leprosy. Also, my fellow-lepers, piled like so many overcoats in the tiny anteroom, waiting for their minutes of light, have perfect skin to my eyes. Most are men: squat, swarthy, ostentatiously dapper types—rug or insurance salesmen, their out-of-season tans bespeaking connections in Florida. There is a youngish woman, too. Her skin is so deeply brown her lips look pale by contrast. She sits primly, as before confession. Her plump throat, her tapered fingers and round wrists betray a sumptuous body—the brown vision of my Eskimo maiden, adipose to withstand the embrace of ice. I follow her in with my eyes, see her feet step out of their shoes beneath the white curtain, and then be disengaged by a naked hand from the silken tangle of fallen tights. Desire fills me. I take my own turn, in an adjacent box, with some impatience, as something my due, like breathing, like walking on unbroken legs. My time is two minutes—where I left off. It seems longer. I fall to counting the tubes, and notice that one is burnt out. I discover, touching it to effect a repair, that all the tubes are touchable, they are not the skin of the sun. I tell the attendant of the malfunctioning tube, and he nods bleakly.

And walking home, through the

twilight that comes earlier and earlier, I look up and see that a pane has fallen from my beloved, vexed Hancock Tower. It wasn't in the newspapers.

And Himmelfahrer, his rather abrasive voice close to tears, calls to cry that two of the vases have turned up cracked in his storeroom. In the mood of benevolence that the renewal of my treatment has imbued me with, I volunteer that the flaw may have been in my firing, and we agree to share the loss. He is grateful.

Dec. 7. I am up to eight minutes. Carlotta says that my skin feels different. She confesses that my bumps had become a pattern in her mind, that my shoulders had felt as dry and ragged to her fingers as unplaned lumber, that she had had to steel herself to touch me ardently, fearful that I would hurt. It had startled her, she says, to wake up in the morning and find herself dusted with my flakes. She confides all this lightly, uncomplainingly, but her tone of relaxation implies that a trial for her is past. I had dared dream that I was beautiful, if not in her eyes and to her touch, then in her heart, in the glowing heart of her love. But even there, I see now, I was a leper, loved in one of those acts of inner surmounting that are the pride and the insufferable vanity of the female race. Drunk on wine, I had an urge to pollute her, and I glazed her breasts with an *englobe* of honey, peanut butter, and California Chablis.

In the mirror I see little visible change—just a grudging sort of darkening in the isthmuses of normal skin between the continental daubs of silver and scarlet. The cure is quackery. I am a slave of quackery and crockery. And lechery. I long to see again the lovely female leper, whose ankles, as I remember my glimpse beneath the curtain, bore a feathery hint of scaliness. Papagena. We are all dreadful, but how worse to be a woman, when men have so little capacity for inner surmounting. Yet how correspondingly grateful and ardent to be touched. Yet she is never there. If there is any pattern in their appointments, it is that no leper sees another more than once.

In the corridors, though, we see cripples and comatose post-operatics being wheeled from the elevator, the dwarfed and the maimed, the drugged and the baffled, the sick and the relatives of the sick, bearing flowers and complaints. The visitors bring into the halls chill whiffs of the city, and a snuffly air of having been wronged; they merge indistinguishably with the sick, and altogether these crowds, lifted by the random hand of misfortune from the streets, make in these overburdened halls a metropolis of their own. A strange, medieval effect of *thronging*. Of Judgment Day and of humanity posing for the panoramic camera disaster carries. Monstrous moving clumps of faces, granular, asymmetrical, earthen.

Dec. 12. Small bowls on the little wheel all week, and some commissioned eggshell cups and saucers. The handles no thicker than a grape tendril. Stacking the kiln a tricky, teetery business. The bisque firing on Tuesday, and then the glaze: feldspar and kaolin for body, frits and colemanite for flux, seven-per-cent zircopax for semi-opacity, a touch of nickel oxide for the aloof, timeless gray I visualize. Kiln up to 2250°; Cone No. 6 doffed its tip in the peephole, Cone 5 melted on its side, Cone 7 upright, an impervious soldier at attention in Hell. Turned kiln off at midnight. Eyes smarting, dots dancing. Nicest time to sleep, while kiln cools, the stoneware tucked safe into its fixed extremity of hardness.

In the morning, the gray a touch more urgent, less aloof than I had hoped. Two rims crystallized. Smashed these, then five more of the twenty, favoring the palest. Held the eighth in my hand, remembering my impulse to give a teacup to Dr. Aus. He has kept his promise. The mirror notices a difference, so does Carlotta. I find something crass lately in her needs, her bestowals, her observations. She says my tan is exciting, on my bottom as well, like a man in a blue movie. We used to go to blue movies, the darkest theatres, to hide me; I would marvel at all the skin. A strange recurring fantasy: when we spend the night together her skin and mine will melt together, like the glazes of two pots set too close together in the kiln.

Dec. 13. St. Lucy's Day. The saint of dim-sightedness, of the winter dark, Carlotta tells me. My stomach feels queasy—perhaps the pills that compel my skin to interact with the light. Couldn't get going all day. My brain feels soft.

Dec. 16. Aus whistles when I take off my clothes. "Quite an improvement." Yet he scarcely examines me, smiles dismissively when I try to show him the recalcitrant spots, the uneven topography of the healing. "You've forgotten the shape you were in, my friend." It is true. My life up to now has been unreal, a nightmare. He offers to show me the "snaps" he took. I say no. He takes new photographs. I elaborate my sensation that the leprosy, chased from my

GRIMOIRE

ENVY

You invite me to a banquet in your honor;
I bring my own dinner: ash and vinegar.

You won a prize
where I wasn't a judge.

I put on the news of your success
like a coat of nails.
Each step I take
is another reason to hate you.

GRIEF

Trying to remember you
is like carrying water
in my hands a long distance
across sand. Somewhere
people are waiting.
They have drunk nothing for days.

Your name was the food I lived on;
now my mouth is full of dirt and ash.
To say your name was to be surrounded
by feathers and silk; now, reaching out,
I touch glass and barbed wire.
Your name was the thread connecting my life;
now I am fragments on a tailor's floor.

I was dancing when I
learned of your death; may
my feet be severed from my body.

SPITE

I steal your mailbox, leave
gum on your sidewalk. I
seduce your sister, ignore your wife.
I tear one page from each of your books.
I convince you that I am your friend.

When people ask about you,
I shake my head. When they
tell about you, I nod.

Today, I hang myself
from a greased flagpole
outside your picture window.
Yesterday, I stole your curtains.

SILENCE

I am the music you were born to.
Then you put me aside, wanting your own;
like sticks scratching together, you wanted your own.
I am the song you will sing longest.

I am the clothing you were born in.
Then you changed me for bright reds and blues;
like a clown or bridegroom you wanted everything perfect.
Death is a marriage; you will wear me to the wedding.

I am the house you were born in.
Then you left me and went travelling;
like a child without parents or fortune you went travelling.
I am where you are going.

—Stephen Dobyns

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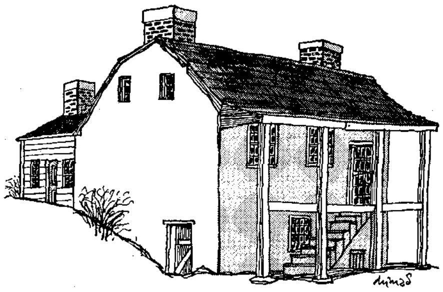
skin, is fleeing to deeper tissue, and will wait there to be reborn, in more loathsome and devilish form. He scorns this notion. "All you lepers get greedy." A clinical stage, evidently, like anger in the dying. I am *good enough*, his manner states. He accepts the teacup indifferently, with a grazing glance. "My wife'll adore it." My stomach turns. I should have saved out two. It never occurred to me he was married. Did he choose her, I wonder, for her pelt? One of the wonders of our world: the love life of gynecologists, etc.

Dec. 17. When I ask Himmelfahrer how our Beacon Hill patroness liked the cups, he replies she was rapturous. But his manner of relating this is not rapturous. He seems dull, I feel dull. Instead of working the afternoon through, I leave a few pieces to air-dry and walk in the city, parading my passable face, my fair hands. I tend to underdress these days. I have caught cold. I never catch colds.

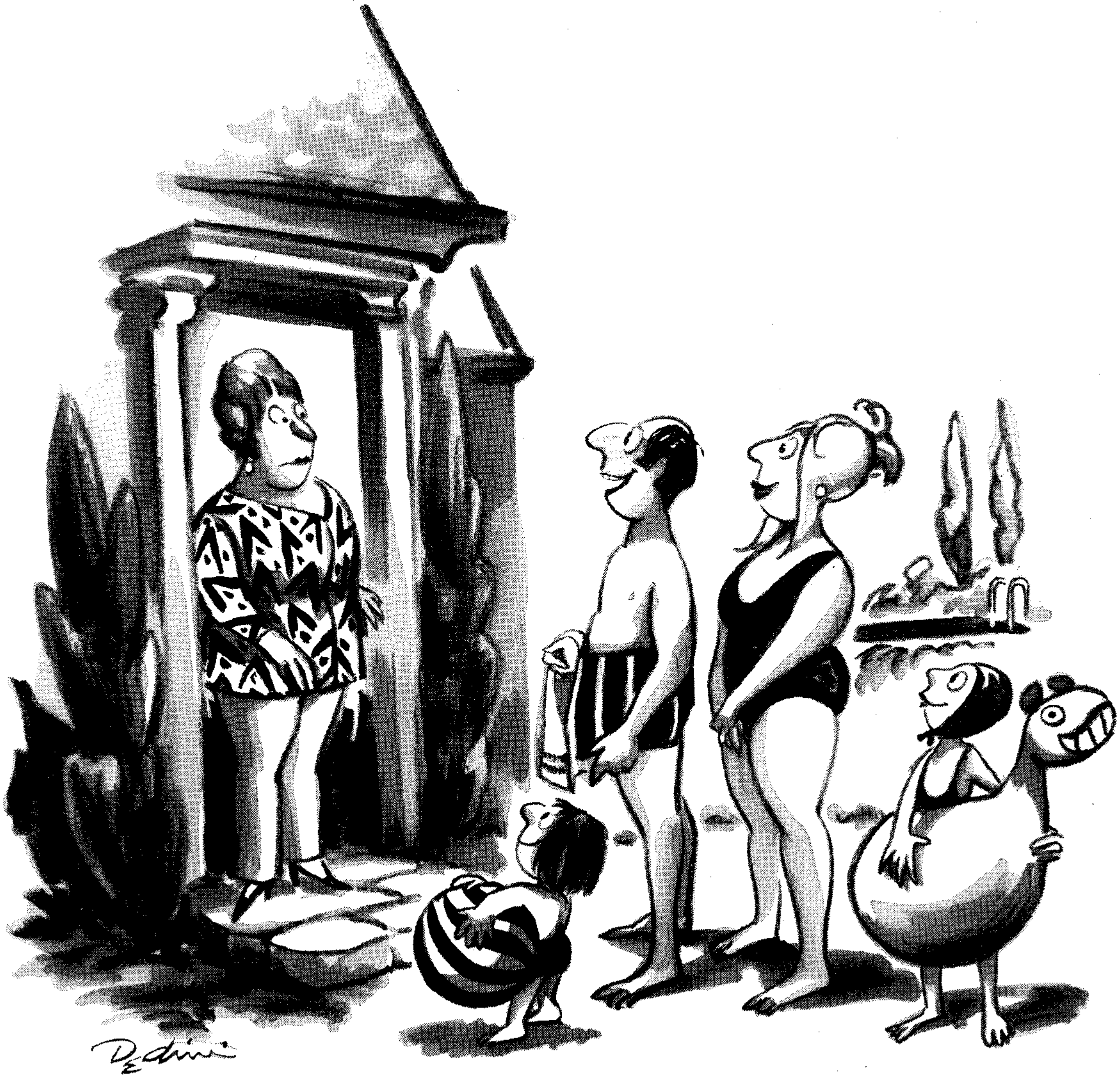
Dec. 21. The nadir of the year. The faces in Copley Square are winter-thinned and opaque. I miss the thronging, gaudy effect of the hospital halls. Here, on the pavements, the faces drift like newspapers of two days ago, printed in a language we will never take the trouble to learn. Their death masks settle upon their features, the curve toward disintegration implicit in the present fit. I used to love people; they seemed lordly, in permitting me to walk among them, a spy from the scabrous surface of another planet. Now I am aware of loving only the Hancock Tower, which has had its missing pane restored and is again perfect, unoccupied, changeably blue, taking upon itself the insubstantial shapes of clouds, their porcelain gauze, their adamant dreaming. I reflect that all art, all beauty, is reflection. The faces on Boylston Street appear to me sodden, spongy, drenched with time, self-absorbed. The waitress at Ken's, whom I once thought exquisite, seems sullen and doughy. Her chest is pale blubber. The matzo-ball soup is so tepid I push it away, into the arm of the man next to me at the counter. I wait for him to apologize, and he does. Afterward, picking the pastrami from between my teeth, I cross Copley Square and look at myself in the Hancock panes. There I am, distorted so that parts of me seem a yard broad and others narrow as the waist of an hourglass. I look up and the foreshortened height of the structure, along its acute angle, looms like the lifted prow of a ship. I wait for it to topple, and *it doesn't*.



Carlotta tells me I am less passionate. It is morning. She has just left, leaving behind her a musky afterscent of dissatisfaction.

Dec. 25. I am beautiful. I keep unwrapping myself to be sure. Even on my shins leprosy has vanished, leaving a fine crackle of dry skin, à la T'ang ware, that bath oil will ease. On my thighs, a faint pink shadow such as a whiff of copper oxide produces in a reduction atmosphere. The skin looks babyish, startled, disarmed: the well-known blankness of health. I feel between my self and my epiderm a gap, a thin space where a wedge of spiritual dissociation could be set. I have a thin headache, from last eve's boozy spat with Carlotta. And a tooth that is shrinking away from its porcelain filling seems to be dying; at least there is a neuralgic soft spot under my cheekbone. Perhaps, too, it hurts me to be alone. The light box is closed for the holiday. Carlotta is spending Christmas in religious retreat with an order of Episcopalian nuns on Louisburg Square.

Notes for a new line of stoneware: bigger, rougher, rude, with granulations and leonine stains of iron oxide.



"*We were just passing by and saw your pool.*"

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DEC. 29. Caressing Carlotta, my fingertips discovered a pimple at the nape of her neck. Taking her to the window, I saw that the skin of her upper chest, stretched taut across the clavicles, was marred by a hundred imperfections—freckles, inflamed follicles, a mole with a hair like a clot of earth supporting the stem of a single dead flower, the red indentations left by the chain of her crucifix, the whitish trace of an old wound or boil, indescribably fine curdlings and mottlings. My hand in contrast bore nothing of the kind; even the ghostly shadow of my Australia-shaped lesion had been smoothed away. We discovered, Carlotta and I, that while examining her shoulders I had lost my readiness for love; nothing we did could will it back. An incident unprecedented in our relationship. She seized the opportunity to exercise her womanly capacity for forgiveness, but I was not gulled, knowing who, at bottom, was to blame. Her spots danced on the insides of my lids.

JAN. 6. Dr. Aus has pronounced me "clear." He, by the way, is going home for a month, during which time I am to be given, like a new car, "maintenance checks." He takes my photographs for his collection, and looks forward to being away. It will be high summer Down Under. "We live on the beaches." I picture him suspended upside down in a parallelepiped of intense white sun, and feel abandoned.

JAN. 11. Carlotta says we should cool it. She has been seeing another man, a lay priest. I have been impotent with her twice since the initial fiasco, but she says that is not it. She will always love me, it is just that a woman needs to be needed, if I can understand. I pretend that I do. A worse blow falls when Himmelfahrer visits. He surveys my new work, pyramids of it, some of it still warm from the kiln, which I have enlarged. He appears disconsolate. He agrees to take only half, and that on consignment. He says it is the slow season. He touches a gargoylish pitcher (the spout a snout, the handle a tail) and observes there has been a change. I say the design is a joke, a fancy. He says he is speaking not of intent but of texture. He says these are good pots but not fanatic, that in today's highly competitive world you got to be fanatic to be even good. He is a heavy gray man, who moves with many leaden sighs. I feel a pang of guilt, knowing that I spend fewer hours than formerly in my studio, preferring to walk out into the city, clad as lightly as the cold allows, immersing myself in mankind and in the snow, which has been falling abundantly. A contagion of bliss in a city, in its air of digested disaster—the sirens wailing from the rooftops, the unexplained volume of smoke down the block, the blotchy-faced drunk shrieking at phantoms and hawking into the war-memorial urn.

Himmelfahrer apologizes for his own disappointment, and relents. He offers to take this new batch on our former terms if I will revert to my former small scale and muted tone and exquisite finish. I spurn him, of course. I see the plot. He and Carlotta are trying to make me again their own, their toy within the gilded cage of my disease. No more. I am free, as other men. I am whole.

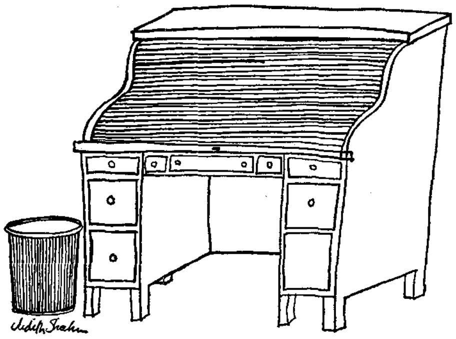
—JOHN UPDIKE

REFLECTIONS

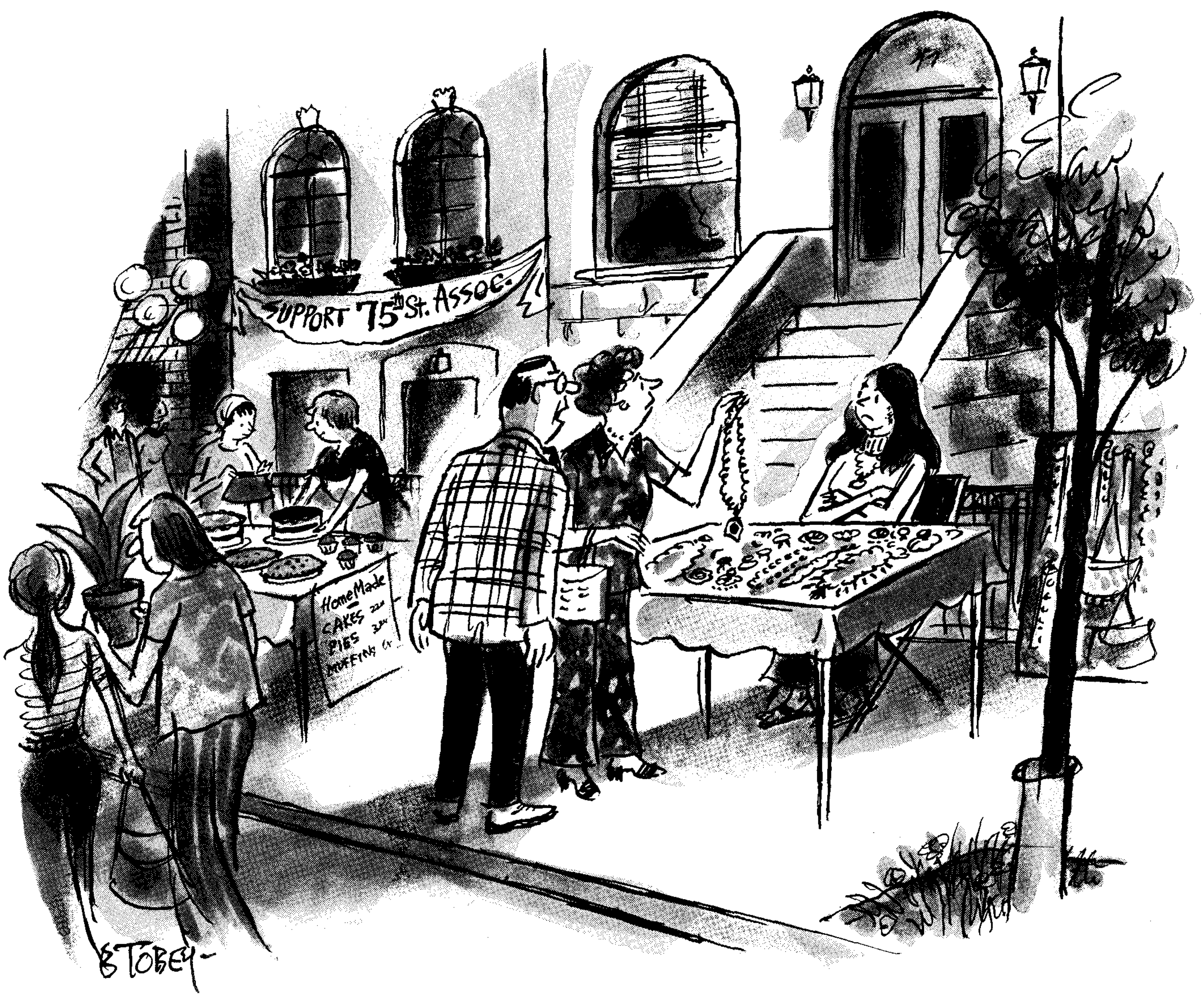
A STRICTLY PERSONAL SYLLABUS—II

At the Mishkenot Sha'ananim, the residence in which guests of Jerusalem are entertained, messages arrive continually from Mayor Teddy Kollek. He invites my wife, Alexandra, and me to a concert, to visit an archeological site, to have tea with the Greek Patriarch. He thinks of everything, never fails to consult you, remind you, thank you. His punctilious notes make me feel like a boor. Kollek is ponderous but moves quickly—a furiously active man. His is a hurtling, not a philosophical, soul. His face does not rest passively on its jowls; its creases are those of a shrewd man. His nose is straight, short, thick, and commanding; his color is ruddy; his reddish hair falls forward when he goes into action. Balzac would have taken to the Mayor. Kollek is to Jerusalem what Old Goriot was to daughters, what Cousin Pons was to art objects. But no category will hold a phenomenon of such force. On duty (he is never off), he bangs about the city in his car. He takes you on a tour of the new suburbs he has built in East Jerusalem. He arrives in the yellow bus belonging to the municipality, with several assistants—horticultural, sanitary, recreational—to show you the parks he has created in vacant lots everywhere. There is even a park for the blind, with Braille tablets to describe the view and the plants. A gardener himself, he seems to know every bush in the city. Besides which he knows the donors. Computerlike, he retrieves the names of philanthropists and his secretary writes them down. "We can fit a little playground into that space. Let's send So-and-So a letter about that." Kollek's acquaintance is international; he knows the rich, the great, and the glamorous everywhere. Everyone serves his ends and no one seems harmed by such serving. Kollek has a talent for speaking bluntly—his blue eyes plainly tell you that—but he observes formalities nevertheless. He turns a fine phrase, is a man of some culture. His manners are Viennese, with super-added British graces. He is fluent in English and speaks it with a slightly British accent. When he entertains scholarly English guests, he is expansively happy. With Sir Isaiah Berlin one day, he was in heaven. He gave him a glorious lunch that amounted to a banquet and made a learned pun on Kant and Königsberg. His memoirs, should he ever find time to write them, will fascinate the world. He had few kind words for Golda Meir's autobiography, recently published. A disappointing work. I agree with him. Mrs. Meir, a woman of powerful character, seems to have censored her strongest feelings and in her book has adopted the American-congressional-courtesy style—"the distinguished gentleman from the great State of Arkansas" kind of thing. Her motive is evidently political. Still thoroughly identified with the government of Israel, Mrs. Meir does not wish to give offense or make enemies among its American supporters. Her kind words about President Nixon and others are probably sincere, but they are tight and yield little information. One ranges behind them in vain, trying to learn what her deeper feelings are. I doubt that Kollek will impose similar restrictions on himself. A force of nature, without coaxing he makes his feelings clear.

In good weather, Kollek hurries about the city in Israeli style, shirt open at the throat. In December you may see him in a fur hat, with a knotted muffler, his vest buttoned, but never in an overcoat, for he moves fast and a coat would get in his way. Two elderly ladies told me how he had commandeered their taxicab. They had just asked the driver to take them to the Old City when a heavy stranger hurried out of the King David Hotel, sprang in beside the driver, and in a low peremptory voice gave him an address. One of the ladies was violently angry; the other laughed as she told me of the incident. "He didn't take us far out of the way," she said. The Mayor was pressed for time and made no excuses. Kollek, who knows how to be extravagantly polite, can also be a bear. Still, few mayors anywhere in the world are so personally attentive to the needs of their constituents. Elderly Mr. Freudenthal, the proprietor of the Graphos Stationery, told me that he was put out because the city, obliged to narrow the sidewalk, had blocked the entrance to his shop by installing a stoplight so near his door that customers had to sidle in. "I went to see the Mayor about this," he said. "And what did the Mayor do? He took his hat and came with me immediately to see what had been done. He agreed that it was terrible. He promised to move the traffic light." In this age of public relations, everyone is somewhat skeptical of such behavior. Worldliness demands that I be suspicious of Kollek. But I warn myself not to coarsen my perceptions. It's true that things are not what they seem. But things may disconcertingly become exactly what they seem. Mr. Freudenthal's request was met; the light was moved.



What is entirely genuine in Kollek, without admixture, is his love for the city. Not even his detractors deny it. Christians and Arabs may not accept the rule of Israel, but they are satisfied with the Kollek administration. I am told that without Arab votes Kollek would not have been reëlected. People jokingly speak of him as one of the Arab politicians. He is on excellent terms with Moslem religious leaders. They fare better with him than they did under Jordanian rule. Kollek adores addressing churchmen by their appropriately honorific, sonorous titles. He says "Your Beatitude," and his big face brightens with the relish of it. Echoes of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, probably—a feeling for tradition and hierarchy. Whatever it may be, Kollek loves it. It makes his day to greet the aged Greek Patriarch. It does a lot for me, too, I must say. The Patriarch is ancient, densely bearded up to the eye sockets, faltering a little as he walks toward us. He kisses Kollek on both cheeks, and with warmth. He sits in a comfortable chair to the left of his throne. We are served coffee and seven-star Greek brandy. The conversation, in French and English, is lively. His Beatitude shows fatigue. He has just returned from a conference with a bishop in Amman. It seems that the Pope has proposed a single date for the observance of Easter by both Churches, and the Greek bishop in Amman is ready to accept. The Patriarch appears uneasy lest the Roman Church come in the eyes of the world to stand as the single great representative of Christianity. There is a color photograph of the Patriarch with the Pope, taken when the Pope visited Jerusalem. When the Patriarch makes a particularly strong point about these Easter arrangements, he turns toward the picture as if to see what effect his argument is having. Learning that Alexandra, who



“Fifty-five dollars! What is *this, the West Seventy-fifth Street block party or Tiffany’s?”*

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is Rumanian, was born in the Greek faith, the Patriarch gives her a small gold cross. As he fastens it at the back of her neck, Kollek asks me, uneasily, “You don’t mind that, do you?” Have I any objection to such a gift? Not at all. I am very amused by the scene, and not least by Kollek’s concern for my religious sensibilities.

Like many thousands of Israelis, Kollek has intense and complex relations with the world outside. It seems to me often that life in this tiny country is a powerful stimulant but that only the devout are satisfied with what they can obtain within Israel’s borders. The Israelis are great travellers. They need the world. When they feel the need—and they feel it often—they are obliged to go far. The neighboring Arab countries are forbidden to them. They fly to Europe or America. If they are not to fall behind, hematologists, mathematicians, sociologists must go into the world. But it is more than professional necessity that impels them. Love and fascination mingle with practical considerations. From the eighteenth century, European Jews, when revolution began to release them from their ghettos, hastened to enter modern society; they adored and hungered for it—its cities, its political life, its culture, its great men, its personal opportunities. Even the Holocaust did not destroy this attraction. And now, carrying Israeli passports—Germans or Poles no longer—they are nearly as eager and starry-eyed about the great world as their ancestors.

The extent of Kollek’s international connections is fabulous. He knows the international corporations, the banks, the great universities, the political parties. He is in touch with Brazilians, Finns, Rhodesians, Washingtonians, Parisians. “Oh, Kim Roosevelt,” he says, or “Oh, Joe Alsop.” And also with Rothschilds and Warburgs, and even with Hapsburgs and Romanovs, I imagine. These acquaintances are seldom superficial. He gives one reason to think that he knows backstairs, attics, and cupboards as well as salons and boardrooms. It would be hard for a parvenu name-dropper to surprise him with a new rumor. He beams when the gossip is good; he can generally add to it. One of my friends in the forties used to say, “When I do it, it’s not gossip, it’s social history.” Yet in spite of the relish with which Kollek listens to social history he is a stainless idealist. He fights to preserve and expand and improve the city that holds the soul of his people.

The object of Kollek’s extensive building program is evidently to make Israeli possession of the city a *fait accompli.* Under heavy pressure he holds his ground admirably. Though he commandeers a cab in the street and runs off with two elderly ladies, his power is far from absolute. Right-wing Jewish groups give him as many headaches as the meddling of international institutes, prestigious visiting firemen, who damn him for disfiguring Jerusalem with new apartment buildings, or justice-

Donald Reilly

"I love your belt."

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loving Americans whose evenhandedness can be so deadly. There are hideous new buildings in Jerusalem, it is true. Kollek is, I think, humiliated by them. The Wolfson Condominium is most unattractive. The multitudinous windows of the new Hilton look to me like the heavy-lidded eyes of insomnia sufferers, aching for rest. Kollek, supported by an international advisory committee, has resisted the developers and their architects. Nevertheless, he has to yield to bankers and developers. Jerusalem has its eyesores, and there are some who see political and even military significance in the new structures. They say they are built like fortresses.

I can understand, on historical and psychological grounds (with some help from experts), the Moslem objections to a Jerusalem controlled by Israel. Christian attitudes can also be interpreted by a reasonable man determined to understand. Those who baffle me are the disinterested parties, themselves without religious beliefs, calling for this that or the other form of shared control, for a "free" city (I am old enough to remember the dismal history of the Free City of Danzig), or for a "neutral" Jerusalem. Jean-Paul Sartre, in one of his frequent interviews, favors the "neutral" position.

What would be the practical effect of such schemes, Kollek often asks. You sit down to lunch with him. He virtuously orders a salad; then a dish of sweets in pleated papers is set down, and he eats them all. Jerusalem in 1967 was chaotic. In 1976, this ancient place offers all the services you can find in the neatest of modern municipalities. His impartiality is not seriously questioned; he has built apartment houses, kindergartens, and schools for Jews and Arabs alike. Kollek learns what the latest things are and brings them here. Plays are performed for Arab children who never saw a theatre before. For the first time, the holy places are equally respected. Kollek is not so naïve as to expect gratitude and coöperation from the Arabs in return. For one thing, the Arab world would accuse grateful Arabs of betrayal, the extremists would mark them for punishment. And then he has been in politics long enough to understand that when people's daily needs are satisfied they are free to become ideological, and to assert their independence in hostile acts. Still, I often think that Kollek wants to show the world, and especially the Arab world, what good sense and liberality can do; he wants to persuade everyone that what is feasible on a small scale can be done wholesale. Arab demands for self-rule in Jerusalem will eventually have to be taken into account. Kollek is certainly aware of this, and my guess is that he is prepared to consider reasonable proposals for a shared administration. The Arabs know that there is no meanness or arbitrariness in him. He has shown by his fairness that coexistence is possible and desirable. He is Israel's most valuable political asset.

Even in the last century the Jewish Quarter of Jerusalem was, by all accounts, one of the filthiest places on earth. The shambles was there; rats and dogs dug into the offal and fought; the city threw its garbage into the Jewish streets. This had been the practice for a long time. When the Arabs captured the city in the seventh century, Professor David Landes, of Harvard, writes in a recent article in *Commentary*, they "found the rock on top of Mount Moriah, the old site of the Temple, covered with tons of garbage, laboriously hauled up and dumped there by way of insult and desecration. The Arabs cleared the rock and built the beautiful Mosque that we now know as the Dome of the Rock or Mosque of Omar. But the shambles was maintained, a lasting plague to the Jews of Jerusalem." Travellers like Pierre Loti, the French impressionist writer, were horrified by the Jews of Jerusalem, flittering batlike in their vaulted alleys. They must be perverse and wicked to deserve such a painful life, he felt. Here was evidence that they had indeed committed a great crime against the Redeemer who had arisen in their midst.

One no longer sees such Jews as Loti described. Kollek is building a new Jewish Quarter in the Old City. The principal relic of the ancient quarter is the ben-Zakkai synagogue, blown up by the Jordanians when they took over in 1948. Kollek does everything possible to avoid vengefulness. He is conciliatory, steadily reasonable. The cruel history of this city can have a stop, he seems to be saying. He is, in this respect, less a psychologist than a rationalist: How can people fail to recognize their own interests? What a Jewish question that is! Such an appeal to rational judgment attempts to go behind Arab history. I have been reading a document by Professor Yehoshafat Harkabi, of the Hebrew University, in which he suggests that Arab and Israeli scholars should coöperate in studying the conflict. "Perhaps this bespeaks an inordinate faith in the power of rationality," he says, "but I believe that this would be a step toward peace." Professor Harkabi informed me that his essay was published in Sartre's *Les Temps Modernes*. "It was published, too, in an Arabic translation in Tel Aviv," he writes, "but could not be distributed to the Arab countries."

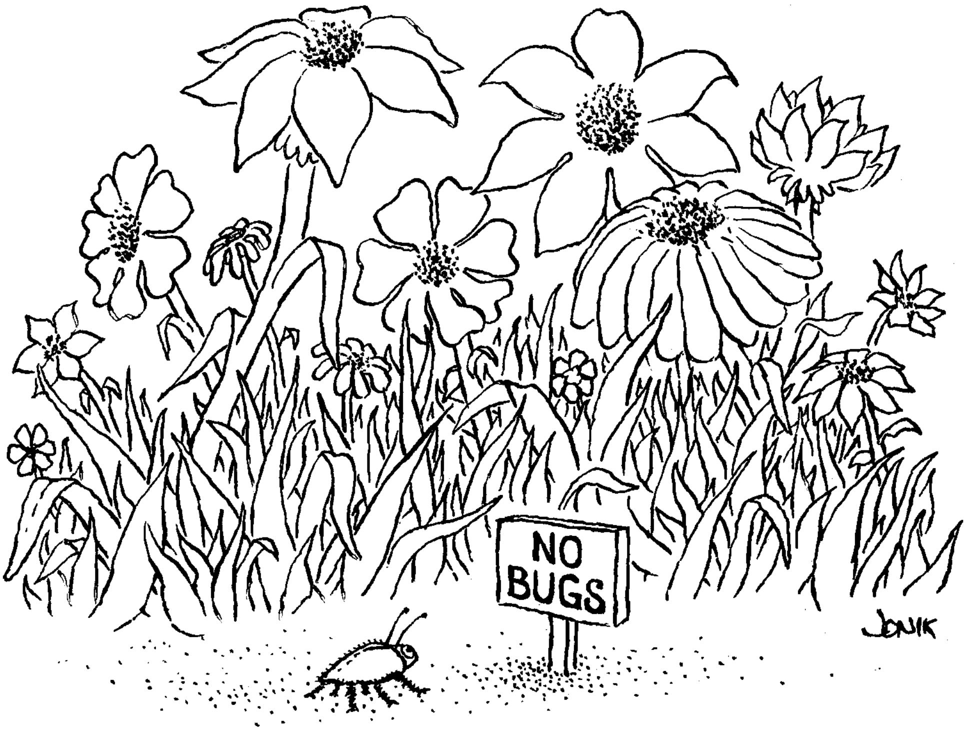
"An inordinate faith in the power of rationality"? The Professor might better have called it Jewish faith or Jewish longing or even Jewish transcendentalism.

DOUBLE window shades don't keep out the morning light. It wakes me and I go to fill the kettle. Shade flowers grow in the long corridor of the Mishkenot Sha'ananim. The kitchen window opens on a small garden—hardly that: a terrarium with glass walls, open at the top. The flowers are exotic birds-of-paradise, too flamboyant for my taste. The door stands open as we drink our tea, and we look across the Gai-Hinnom to Mt. Zion. David Shahar insists that the air of Jerusalem is mind-nourishing—one of the great rabbis believed this—and he mentions the psalm in which the psalmist sings of God's garment of light. You can take this seriously in Jerusalem. A character in one of Isaac Bashevis Singer's extraordinary stories thinks, looking at the sky in Israel, "No, this isn't just an ordinary khamsin but a flame from Sinai. The sky above is not just atmosphere but a heaven with angels, seraphim, God." This is Jewish transcendentalism, too, in a very different part of the mind. With Singer it comes out as though a spring were pressed at the appropriate moments in a story. My inclination is to resist the imagination when it moves in this direction. Yet I, too, feel that the light of Jerusalem has purifying powers and filters the blood and the thoughts; I don't forbid myself the reflection that light may be the outer garment of God.

I go to the door and look toward the Judean Desert. I see not so much the terrain as the form of some huge being. Its hide is gray. The distant small buildings are gray also. Letting down the barriers of rationality, I feel that I can *hear* Mt. Zion as well as see it. I have explored the hill. On the top is a church surrounded by scaffolding, masons at work on the walls. There are certain monastic buildings and many, many graves (the cellular subsurface of the city is filled with bones). On the dusty paths you see donkeys, occasionally a camel. The western part of the Old City's sixteenth-century wall comes to an end in a narrow paved road. There is no reason this hill should have a voice, emit a note audible only to a man facing it across the valley. What is there to communicate? It must be that a world from which mystery has been extirpated makes your modern heart ache and increases suggestibility. In poetry you welcome such suggestibility. When it erupts at the wrong time (in a rational context) you send for the police; these psychological police drive out your criminal "animism." Your respectable aridity is restored. Nevertheless, I will not forget that I was communicated with.

I enter a flagstoned court in the Greek portion of the Christian Quarter and see that it is covered by a grapevine. The single stem from which this wide, rich arbor grows rises from a little pit some feet below the pavement. Light shimmers through the leaf cover. I want to go no farther that day. I had the same feeling on a visit to the Armenian church when the old librarian showed me his collection of illuminated manuscripts. He explained that under the floor of the church was an ancient cistern, which provided exactly the necessary degree of humidity. As then, I am tempted to sit down and stay put for an aeon in the consummate mildness.

The origin of this desire is obvious—it comes from the contrast between politics and peace. The slightest return of beauty makes you aware how deep your social wounds are, how painful it is to think continually of nothing but aggression and defense, superpowers, diplomacy, terrorism, war. Such preoccupations shrink art to nothing. They endanger even the more ordinary kinds of aesthetic experience, the ability to react to what the philosopher David Wight Prall (whom I read in a course given in Wisconsin in 1937) called "aesthetic surfaces." Gore Vidal has noted in an interview the American weakness for nifty terms and I suppose I wouldn't be fully American if I didn't share it—hence "aesthetic surfaces." But Prall was speaking of ordinary life and common experiences, of a cup of coffee or the folds of a curtain, a bucket under the rain pipe: "Lingering, loving contemplation" of flavors, colors, shapes, fragrances. I believe that this ability has also been damaged. Something of the sort is felt by the Israeli writer A. B. Yehoshua. In "Unease in Zion," he says, mentioning the Arab-Israeli question, the moral question, the question of survival: "Our spiritual life today cannot revolve around anything but these questions. When you engage in

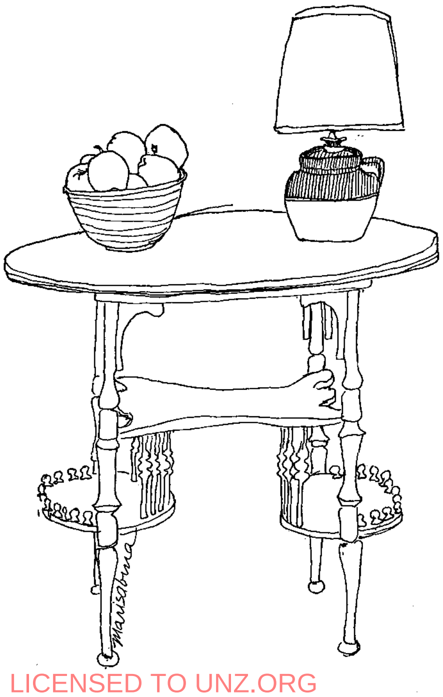


them without end you cannot spare yourself, spiritually, for other things. Nor can you attain the true solitude that is a condition and prerequisite of creation, the source and its strength. Rather, you are continuously summoned to solidarity, summoned from within yourself rather than by any external compulsion, because you live from one newscast to the next . . . and . . . live . . . in tension. Your emotional reactions to any piece of news about an Israeli casualty, a plane shot down, are predetermined. . . . Hence the lack of solitude, the inability to be alone in the spiritual sense, and to arrive at a life of intellectual creativity."

I close the door on Mt. Zion and go upstairs to the reception desk to get the morning papers. The Mishkenot is built on a slope, and the lobby is a floor above our apartment. Behind the desk stands Annie. She is a lovely, dark young woman, Moroccan by birth. She is not very happy these days. But dejection deepens her beauty. I wouldn't dream of telling her that. We exchange a few remarks. My old-fashioned French slang from the forties amuses her. Then she hands me the Jerusalem *Post* and the *International Herald Tribune*. I glance at the headlines, and a film comes between me and the light. My heart goes down an octave or more. I descend to the flat to see what has become of the Dutch hostages, the British hostages, the Lebanese, the Portuguese, the Angolans.

FROM a narrow window at the Van Leer Foundation I watch foreign dignitaries arriving next door, at the President's residence. There is a guard of honor, and the band plays "Hatikvah"—not the most cheerful of anthems. The limousines come and go, smooth and sombre, and the motorcycles, buzzing and rattling. I treat myself to a stroll in the New—or newer—City, and visit Mr. Herbert Stein's bookshop. Mr. Stein is a fine old-fashioned dealer—lean, pale, furrowed, wearing a large light-brown mustache. Unsorted at the rear of his shop are moldering heaps of books in German, Arabic, French, English, and Hebrew. Mr. Stein has little to offer the paperback-buying tourist. He is strong on historians, sages, mystics, and Talmudic commentators, and on German novels of the twenties beautifully printed on the sort of paper one doesn't see anymore. Also travel books, guidebooks, cookery books, and the best-sellers of my youth: Vicki Baum, George Warwick Deeping, Emil Ludwig—Richard Harding Davis, even.

Later in the day, my friend Professor Joseph Ben-David, of the Hebrew University, takes me to the swelling souk, the public market. On Fridays it closes early. We watch the last-minute pre-Sabbath rush. Perishables are cheap as zero hour approaches. We buy bananas and roses and tiny mandarins no bigger than walnuts. Ben-David has brought along a net bag to hold our purchases. Not a mile away from the commercial center of Jerusalem, but the Oriental and North African merchants and hucksters make it seem more distant. Boys push barrows, shouting "Hello! Hello!" to clear the path. As the stalls are closing, muffled beggar women come to pick through the refuse. The air is not clear this afternoon; it is gray, warm, and heavy. We lock the flowers and fruit in Ben-David's car and walk in the small streets. Those with cisterns underneath swell slightly in the middle, moundlike. A few adolescents are kicking their footballs in miniature playgrounds. In all communities—Kurdish, Yemenite, Yiddish-speaking Polish—everyone else is washing, sweeping, dressing, and preening for the Sabbath. Older men in their fur hats and long coats are already pacing slowly and with a special air toward their synagogues. All this will go, says Ben-David, as central Jerusalem expands. He knows these tiny communities well. Nearly thirty years ago he was a social worker in the neighborhood, rehabilitating young delinquents. I have learned to think twice before offering Ben-David an opinion on any matter, because his tolerance for vague views and inexact formulations is limited. He is a short, compact man. His blue gaze is mild enough, and he can even look contemplative and dreamy, but he fires up easily. Our discussions would turn into arguments if I didn't give ground, so, because I respect him, I invariably back off. Besides, I come from Chicago and will return to Chicago. Still, because he looks so mild, when we meet and he smiles and holds his hand out gently, I always note the hardness of his palm and the strength of his grip.



We go into a Yemenite synagogue. The early arrivals have left their shoes at the door, Arab style. Bearded, dark-faced, they sit along the wall. You see their stockinged feet on the footrests of their lecterns. It is traditional on Friday afternoons to read the Song of Songs aloud, and they are reciting or chanting it now, in long lines, un-European in intonation. This chanting resembles the collective recitations you hear when passing Arab schoolrooms.

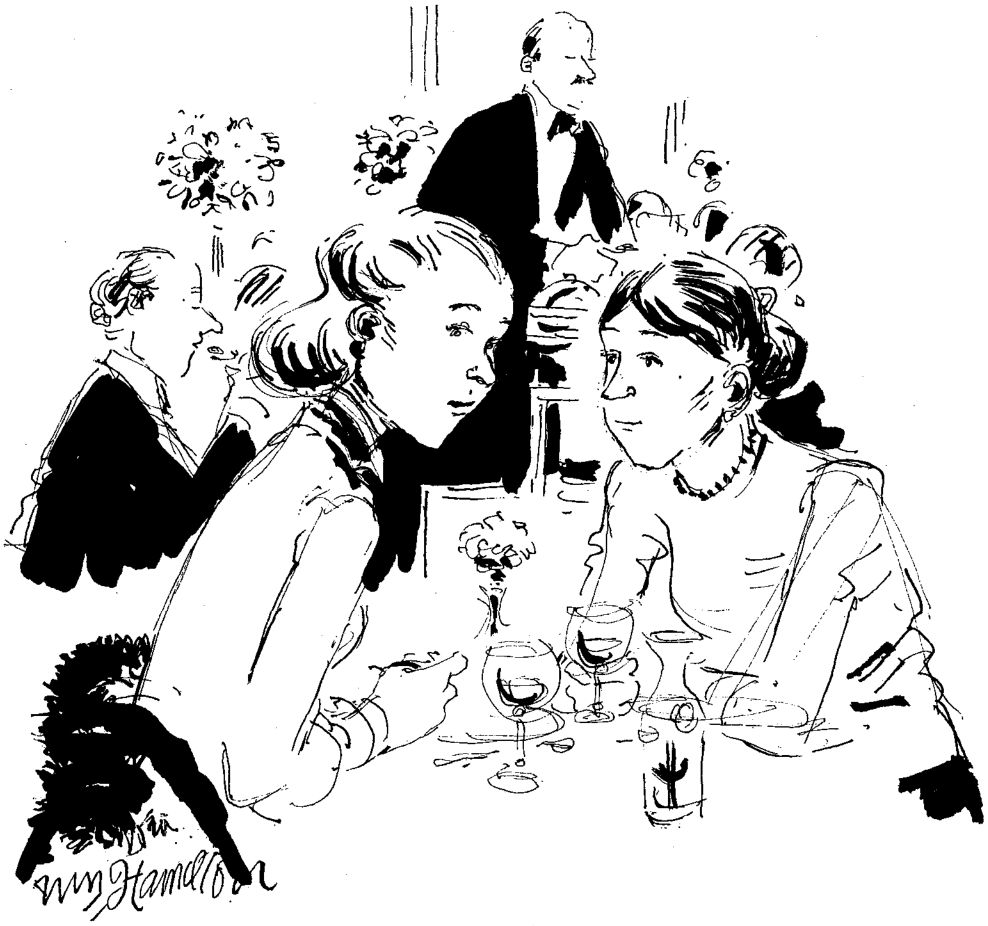
Ben-David knows a lot about the lives of Jews from the Arab countries. He often makes the point that they, too, are refugees who fled from persecution and whose property was confiscated. World opinion concentrates on the Palestinian refugees while these Oriental Jews—close to a million of them now—are given no consideration. It is inevitable that he and I should turn to politics. Sightseeing is all very well, but our heads are full of news, omens, and speculations. Ben-David, who closely follows the American news, says, "Congress seems to me to have gone wild on the Angolan question. It has cut across the President's power to act in foreign affairs. By refusing publicly to support him it has notified the Russians that they can do as they like. It goes over the head of the executive. It's nothing but appeasement, isn't it? The U.S. has no foreign policy anymore. It no longer behaves like a great power. Washington has let go the controls." What he is saying comes to this: Israel is dependent upon America for its very survival, and American foreign policy is in retreat. The agonized attention of Israelis is fixed upon developments in the U.S.A. Such concentrated attention comes close to being a sort of magical activity to avert a disaster. From the Congress Ben-David moves to Henry Kissinger: "The Russians have used his détente to change the balance of power in the world in their favor. He has no real policy." And, "What sort of person can he be? I think his personal taste is for the Jet Set. He is one of the beautiful people, as you call them."

We look into a few more synagogues, but I am no longer in a Sabbath mood. Ben-David has a genuine feeling

for the quarter and for the peace of the Sabbath, but he is evidently thinking of other things—of Russians and Arabs and petrodollars, of European indifference and American disorder and mindlessness. I go home to Alexandra and give her the roses. They are dark red, almost a black-crimson color. She is very pleased with them.

SUDDENLY I who never knew a thing about aircraft carriers and submarines find myself hungrily boning up on the Sixth Fleet and Russian naval power in the Mediterranean. The Americans continue to keep some sort of hold on the northern littoral, says one of my experts, but they are losing out in Portugal, are slipping in Spain, may not be safe for long in Italy, and are becoming shaky in Greece. Suddenly my head is filled with statistics of "ship-days of operation" and I am injected with the dread names of weapons. Since 1967, the Russians have deployed between forty and a hundred ships in the Mediterranean, including light cruisers of the Kresta and the Kynda classes. One of their two helicopter carriers, the Moskva or the Leningrad, is always on Mediterranean assignment. In the autumn of 1975, the new forty-thousand-ton carrier Kiev was due to emerge from the Black Sea. Under these siren waters, there are about a dozen Russian submarines. There are land-based Russian planes that can attack the Sixth Fleet and return without refuelling—the Soviet Badger force. The American forces, on the other hand, have the superior F-14. The F-14 "can stand off at some distance from the carrier force, and with the Phoenix missile can acquire and destroy six targets simultaneously without engaging any target at close range." This is from a collection, "Issues in the Mediterranean"—an article written by Dr. Alvin Cottrell in 1975. He adds, "It would still require an estimated 7 to 10 years before the Soviets would be able to operate effectively an American-type aircraft carrier with steam catapults and the most modern fighters such as the F-4 and the F-14. The U.S. Navy has a long history of operating these ships, and it is an experience that has been passed from one generation to another." And yet there are the new boys, without history, bristling with frightful armaments. They have never used them. No one knows how effective their green crews are and whether their officers are any good—I take this in breathlessly. To think that only yesterday I was reading Henry James and Baudelaire's journals. Today my thoughts are all on the Soviet surveillance satellites sparkling in the night skies, and the control of what professionals call the "choke points": the Strait of Gibraltar, Sicily, the area near the western entrance to Piraeus. The Russians have deftly used the Cyprus dispute, the differences among the Arab states, even the troubles between Spain and England over Gibraltar to isolate the U.S. and weaken its position in the Mediterranean. Israel is its only dependable ally there. Western monopoly of the Mediterranean is at an end. The Russians have established themselves as the dominant power. In the words of Dr. Cottrell, "They would not be overly optimistic if they believed themselves on the threshold of reaching . . . paramountcy in the area." They might easily have landed troops in Egypt in 1973. And if the Lebanese government were to ask the United States for military help in its struggle to survive, the Americans might have to answer that Soviet naval power makes this impossible.

POSTHUMOUSLY published, the three-volume study "The Venture of Islam," by my late colleague at the University of Chicago Marshall Hodgson, is being favorably reviewed by scholars. Now that the reading fit is on me again, I intend to buy the three new volumes. Marshall was a vegetarian, a pacifist, and a Quaker—most odd, most unhappy, a quirky charmer. He was pleasantly contradictory in his view of the world—why should a pacifist fall in love with militant Islam? Marshall's small daughters, the twins, had a congenital disease of the nervous system, which eventually proved fatal. Often I met Marshall on the fifth floor of the Social Science Building—he refused to use the elevator, he ran up the stairs—and we talked. The painful subject was never avoided. I asked how the children were. They didn't sleep well. He and his wife were up with them in the night, spelling each other. So his sleepless face was often swollen, congested; his eyes bulged; and he was hoarse, almost incomprehensible, because he had been reading fairy tales to the girls. He said, nearly voiceless, how heartbreaking it was, how much the children understood. Then with tears in his eyes he hurried back to his studies. I went to his house now and then. The Hodgsons lived in graduate-



"If she's not the one and he's not the one, who are they?"

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student slum style in an apartment building in Hyde Park, not far from Jimmy's famous tavern, that cheerful center of good will and caked dirt. At the Hodgsons' you ate vanilla ice cream and discussed serious subjects. The children's heads were always bowed; perhaps their necks were weak. The family were "thee"-using Quakers. Marshall, soaked in his subject, thoroughly pedantic, had no informal manner. He was always and everywhere the same—earnest, theoretical, high-minded, stubbornly virtuous. He ate his esculents and succulents with an avid red mouth in small quick bites. At a Committee on Social Thought dinner, while holding a big strawberry with the fingers of both hands, squirrel style, he looked sidelong down into my plate with its steak and asked, "Is your carrion well cooked?"

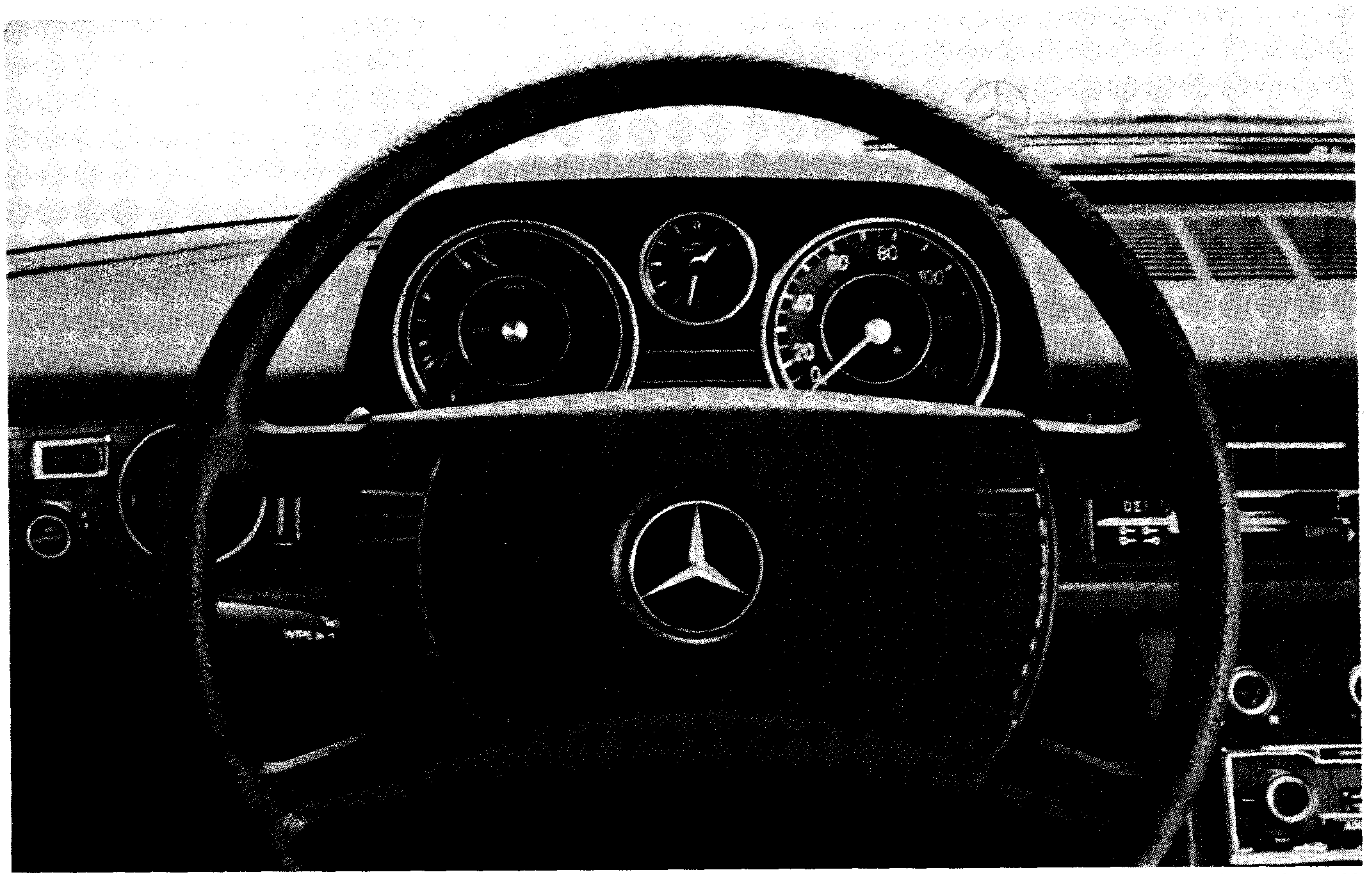
He was romantic about Islam. He told me, and probably was right, that I didn't *understand*. Though he once wrote me a letter saying that he wanted to join the Mississippi civil-rights marchers, he had no sympathy whatever with Zionism. After the war of 1967, he cried out, "You have no business in Arab lands, you Jews!" In the heat of argument he then said many rash things. Of course few people do understand the complexities of Arab history, and it made Marshall frantic when he saw a pattern of Western political ideas being imposed ignorantly on the Middle East. But he knew as little about Jews as I did about Arabs. Nation-states have seldom if ever been created without violence and injustice. Hodgson believed that the Jews had behaved as though the Arabs were an inferior, colonial sort of people and not the heirs of a great civilization. Of course the Arabs had themselves come as conquerors, many centuries ago. But one didn't present such arguments to Marshall. The Arabs were his people. *He* failed to understand what Israel meant to the Jews. It wasn't that the Jews didn't matter—he was a Quaker and a liberal, *a man of humane sentiments*—but that he didn't know quite how they mattered.

Some years ago, Hodgson went out to jog on a boiling Chicago afternoon and died of heart failure.

WHEREVER you go in Israel you are subject to recognitions. You see familiar eyes, noses, complexions, postures, gestures. Professor Harkabi and my Cousin Louie, of Lachine, are much alike. Or, to take another pair: Is this bald, deep-voiced, big-chested man the manager of a factory in Nazareth or is he the son of Dr. Tir who became a captain in the U.S. Merchant Marine? You begin to suspect that a diverse band of spirits is operating out of a limited number of bodily and facial types. The experience is both pleasant and unpleasant. The eyes, freckles, mouths, fingers are utterly familiar, but the resemblances are misleading. When you meet party leaders and Cabinet ministers, you begin to be disconcerted. For you think of chiefs of state as distinctly different. They are remote, like Woodrow Wilson; they blink nobly over the heads of the multitude, like F.D.R.; they are filled with a peculiar historical essence, like General de Gaulle.

True, Ben-Gurion looked like a leader. Golda Meir, when I met her in 1959, was fussing over her grandchildren, but even on that occasion she had the look of a central personality. Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin has no such look, though he may acquire it if he remains long enough in office. Why have political leaders stopped putting themselves into their faces in the classical style? John F. Kennedy certainly had a look, but Lyndon Johnson seemed to assert that he needed no look—he was *it*. As for Mr. Nixon, looking does not figure in his imagination; his gaze is something from which he apparently withdraws into the depths where the real action is. And I think of other political leaders I've seen—of Mr. Willy Brandt putting on a gift Stetson hat beside a trout stream in Colorado, of Mr. Harold Wilson's untidy hair and his unthrilling handshake. The French, I suppose, will be the last to give up the charged look. It was stirring to meet St. John Perse, the diplomat and poet. He widened his eyes shamanistically as he pronounced your name and pierced your mask dramatically. His was a constantly coiling and uncoiling presence. But even the French are beginning to look like everyone else. One Israeli leader described Giscard d'Estaing to me as a computerized personality: "He is *a technocrat, and he looks it.*" Mr. Leonid Brezhnev is supposed to be concerned about his appearance. He is said to have asked an American diplomat, "Do you think I have a brutal face?" This is the sort of thing you hear when you leave your desk and enter life.

Prime Minister Rabin's quality is of the plainer sort. The Rabin Alexandra and I meet at lunch looks like a private person in a difficult public position. A strongly built man of middle height, he has a powerful neck, his face



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is enlarged by a retreating hairline, his complexion is light, reddish. He seems intelligent, brave, and up against it. It is obvious that he is straining continually to make sense; such a need doesn't make life simpler. He speaks English correctly, with many Israeli gutturals. The Rabin residence is not imposing. If it weren't for the men with machine guns at the door, you would *think* yourself in a comfortable house in Washington or Philadelphia. We drink sherry with the Rabins and Mr. and Mrs. Amos Eiran—Amos Eiran is Director General of the Office of the Prime Minister. Then we are joined at lunch by young Rabin, a soldier home on leave, and his girl friend. The young people do not speak during the meal. The Prime Minister's wife is slender and dark, and a spirited talker. ("She has class," Alexandra says later.) She knows, however, that we have come to hear what her husband has to say.

But what does the leader of a most troubled country say to American guests? You can be sure that he will do no more than repeat what he has often said in public. What else can he do? I am not a journalist. I am another, dreamier sort of creature. Just the same, Mr. Rabin must be careful with me.

For my part, I have a horror of wasting the time of people who are busy and burdened. How well I can understand the unwillingness of Samuel Johnson to bandy civilities with his sovereign.

Mr. Rabin did not make me feel that I was wasting his time. He said at lunch what he was able to say. But I wasn't here to make a scoop. I was here to observe, to sense a condition or absorb qualities. I think that Mr. Rabin knew this; Mrs. Rabin clearly understood it and tried to guide the conversation helpfully. Rabin's manner is deliberate and measured. A man in his position is obliged to appear stable—"normal." But there is nothing at all "normal" in his situation. His government is shaky, he has to cope with domestic infighting, with the strength of the Arabs and their petrodollars, with Russian pressure, and with Washington. Congress is, for the moment, pro-Israel, but the State Department is not. The report of Harold Saunders, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs, to the House Committee on International Relations stressing the importance of the Palestinian question dismayed the Israelis; they took it as evidence that the pro-Arab faction in the State Department was being encouraged for tactical reasons by Mr. Kissinger himself. Here, then, is Mr. Rabin holding on to stability in the midst of violent tremors. The situation is desperately complicated. No wonder that his color is high.

The Arabs, says Rabin, are not interested in territorial concessions and will never be satisfied with them. They consider themselves owners and masters of this land. Jews and Christians are tolerated in Moslem society only as second-class citizens. There is therefore no point in making offers, saying to the Arabs we will give you this or that piece of ground in return for recognition and peace. The hope is that as the Arab countries grow rich and modernize themselves they will grow less hostile, more concerned to produce goods than to fight. I say nothing, but I doubt it greatly. You can test Rabin's theory by looking to Lebanon, where up-to-date fanatical extremists are at this moment killing people in the streets of once prosperous Beirut. Feudal monarchs are probably easier to deal with than the European-influenced young left-wing future leaders. Rabin says next that the Arabs' strength will shrink as Europe and America develop independent energy resources. How long will that take, I ask myself. Six years? Eight? Ten? And during that time Israel must continue to get billions of dollars from the United States, which has its own interests in the Arab world to think about. I don't say this to Mr. Rabin, either. I have come to listen, not to differ. So I merely remark that the United States isn't solving its energy problems very quickly.

I ask Mr. Rabin just how he would describe the Russian aims in this region. He says that the Russians produce disorder in the Middle East for the discomfiture of the United States but that they will avoid a world war. Direct confrontations are unnecessary. The Russians can succeed better by indirection. They hope to Finlandize Western Europe. When Tito dies, they will try to move into Yugoslavia. They do not welcome the new democratic line of the Italian and French Communist Parties, but if those parties should take over, America might draw away from Western Europe, leaving Russia as the sole Continental power. Hence Finlandization. This term, now widely used, signifies that some of Russia's conquests can get the soft treatment. The Soviets have not done in Helsinki what they have done in Prague.

Toward the end of the meal, the talk turns to an important and neglected subject: public opinion. Rabin admits that Israel has not been effective in its publicity. I say that Arab propaganda has become extremely effective and that the Arabs have succeeded in winning worldwide public support. Yes, they have a talent for that sort of thing, Mr. Rabin says; he implies that this is not one of Israel's major problems. I disagree.

The Arabs enjoy a significant advantage in the sympathy of the left. Raymond Aron, the French political theorist, estimated in 1973 in an article in *Encounter* that the French intelligentsia was "80% Marxianized." The French intelligentsia has remained immensely prestigious—immensely and inexplicably, because there are intellectuals in the United States who would tell you that Paris today is culturally on a level with Buenos Aires. But the prestige of centuries is not exhausted in a few decades and French attitudes matter greatly in many parts of the world. In France, Germany, England, and the United States, leftist intellectuals, when they discuss Israel, continue to use the Marxist-Leninist categories: finance capital, colonialism, and imperialism. Arab nationalists have only to call out the anti-capitalist, anti-imperialist slogans to gain support in the West. There is, besides, a considerable tradition of left-wing anti-Semitism in France and Germany—the history of Socialist anti-Semitism is, alas, long and dirty but I

"We seem to be lost, pal. Which way to vacationland?"

doubt that much of this older, leftist anti-Semitism has survived among European intellectuals. They are not overtly anti-Semitic; it is enough for them that Israel, living on American subsidies, is serving America's imperialist aims in the Middle East. (Sartre, by the way, has denied this.) But there is in Europe a full reservoir of left-wing sympathies that Egypt, Syria, and the Palestine Liberation Organization can and do tap. Many American radicals share these sympathies.

I briefly try to persuade Rabin that Israel had better give some thought to the media intelligentsia in the United States. I say that the country is in a let's-clean-it-up mood. We've cleaned up Vietnam, cleaned up Watergate, we are now cleaning up the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. and the Medicaid frauds. If the media were to lay the problem of the Palestinians or peace in the Middle East before American public opinion while the country is in this impatient state, calling on the government to "clean it up," it might be disastrous for Israel. Rabin says he is aware of all this. I doubt that any high officials in Israel understand the danger. I judge by what I have seen and heard at home. The basic facts are not known. Very few Americans seem to know, for instance, that when the United Nations, in 1947, proposed the creation of two separate states, Jewish and Arab, the Jews accepted the provision for the political independence of the Palestinian Arabs. It was the Arab nations which rejected the United Nations plan, vowing to resist partition by force and assaulting the Jewish community in Palestine. The Arabs have succeeded in persuading American public opinion that the Jews descended upon Palestine after the Second World War and evicted the native population with arms.

Professor Bernard Lewis, of Princeton, takes the view that Israel must win its struggle in the United States and it must have the support of American public opinion. He is obviously right. Already, "evenhanded" (i.e., unfriendly) journalistic strategists are reconsidering the military importance of Israel. To "reconsider" in this manner is to suggest (evenhandedly) that Israel is not indispensable to American interests. From this it follows that it might be better to buy in with the Arab world. Raymond Aron puts it simply in "The Imperial Republic: The United States and the World 1945-1973": the United States has become Israel's protector and ally. "Is this alignment attributable to the influence of the Jewish community in America? Partly, without the slightest doubt; decisions on the external action of the American republic are always subject to pressures. . . . Where the Middle East and Israel are concerned, the representatives of the American Jewish Committee lobby the Secretary of State, as do the representatives of the big oil companies. In the case in point the latter have not prevailed." He was writing in 1974. But how long will this state of affairs continue? In one of those "objective," half-menacing conversations that leave me with a sick headache, an American expert with State Department connections said to me: "What if the President were to become irritated or angry with Jewish lobbyists? And suppose he were to burst out and say publicly, in a press conference, that the Jewish lobby was exerting too much pressure? What would the effect of such a statement be? If a President so much as hinted it, it would make bad trouble. Of course the American political system would itself then be in bad trouble. But Israel should not count on the power of the American Jewish lobby. It should consider, too, the long-range effects of the lobbying."

As he talks, the shadows of dual loyalty and of second-class citizenship begin to move in quickly from the horizon. Such shadows swept over France in 1967 when de Gaulle, in his historic press conference, characterized the Jews as a people "sure of itself and domineering." By so doing, he gave pain to French Jews—he probably frightened and shocked some of them. Of course he spoke as a "monarch," displeased by the disobedience of the Israelis who went to war against his wishes in June.

We are invited to dinner by some of Alexandra's friends—like her, teaching mathematics at the Hebrew University. Pleasant people. The children, a boy and a girl, are delightful. They come up to the table and examine us boldly, behaving like small lions. They look into our plates to see how foreigners eat cutlets. We are curious creatures, and we make them laugh.

The conversation, as usual, quickly becomes serious. You do not hear much small talk in Jerusalem. Inflation, high taxes, the austerity program make moonlighting necessary. We are told that many wives are going back to work. Alexandra has noticed how busy mathematical colleagues have become. They have to do more teaching; they have less time for research.

After dinner two more guests arrive, Dr. and Mrs. Eliahu Rips. Rips comes from Riga. When the Russians went into Czechoslovakia, Rips, a mathematics student, set himself on fire in protest. The flames were beaten out and Rips was sent to an insane asylum. While there, without books, he solved a famous problem in algebra. When he was released, he emigrated and reached Israel not long before the Yom Kippur War. Since he had no Army training, he went to a gas station and offered to work for nothing, feeling that he must make a contribution to Israel's defense. So for some months he pumped gas, unpaid. He is now teaching at the Hebrew University. He has become not only Orthodox but very devout. Four days a week he studies the Talmud in a yeshiva. Devout Talmudic mathematicians, physicists, biologists are not rare in Israel. At all hours, the houses of study in Jerusalem are full.

Rips has recently married a young woman, French by birth and punctiliously Orthodox. Being French and Orthodox, she is elegantly observant. She has her head not simply covered, as the law prescribes, but beautifully done up in a silk scarf. She has the look of one of those lovely Rebeccas with whom the Crusaders fell in love. She not only binds her head up elegantly but is elegantly talkative. Our subject: science and religion; the boundaries of scientific knowledge, the certainty that there are other kinds of knowing. Rips himself, the algebraic genius, contributes little to the conversation, though he follows it closely. He is a slender, clear-skinned, good-looking young man. The first thing you observe is the quiet manner of his sitting. A whole philosophy is in it. His legs are easy, his wrists and hands are easy. In a madhouse, all he required was a chair to sit in. I remember during the conversation something I once heard about Leibniz—that he could sit reflecting for three days. When I see Dr. Rips sitting, I begin to understand how, doing the calculations in his head, he might find the answer to an unsolved problem. What is unimaginable is that this gently abstracted young man should be ca-

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pable of dousing himself with gasoline and setting himself afire.

WHETHER people who are greatly respected know what they are saying: In *Antæus* 21/22, Laura (Riding) Jackson warns of the danger that "thinkers" can constitute for the rest of humanity. She sees this danger in the linguistic forms in which their thought is cast. These can "capture minds hypnotically by the force of the personal will infused into them." Another way of describing this is to call it, as she does, "a political style of intellectual performance." She goes on to speak of the "tradition of an intellectual-leader race of masterminds." No one who wanted to compile a list of these masterminds now living could omit the name of Sartre. I can't say I agree that the problem is one of linguistic forms, but I respond to her suggestion that in every generation we recognize a leader race of masterminds whose ideas ("class struggle," "Oedipus complex," "identity crisis") come down over us like butterfly nets.

Reading Sartre on the Middle East, I wonder whether he really knows what he is saying. And yet he is an eminent writer, a *Normalien*, and people I respect esteem him. I remember talking about him with Edmund Wilson. Wilson was enthusiastic about him. Why? Perhaps because they were both against many of the same things. Wilson said that Sartre was indeed vulnerable to many kinds of criticism but that he was, after all, a man of letters. It sounds even more significant in French—an *homme de lettres*, one of that wonderful band, the Voltaires, the Diderots, the Renans, the Sainte-Beuves, Taines, and Valérys. No generation without its *hommes de lettres* could call itself properly civilized. So a Sartre is a valuable item in civilization's inventory. Raymond Aron, a man very different from Wilson, says that, in arguments with Sartre, "I was often quite definitely right. Even then, however, I realized that his was the creative spirit." Social scientists, making no creative claim themselves, sometimes carelessly put the creative spirit into the first hand they see extended.

In the late forties, I used to go down to the Pont Royal Bar to look at Sartre; I can't say that he looked at me. Americans were not popular with him. Matters were different sixty years ago. When Dos Passos and E. E. Cummings came to France, it was to drive ambulances in the Great War and they were warmly greeted—or thought they were. Eager young Americans who hurried to Paris after the Second World War got icy treatment.

I had read "La Nausée" and liked it, but only as a curiosity—it didn't touch me in any vital place. The "Chemins de la Liberté," with its moving-picture methods, its *simultanéité*, I found too self-consciously historical, too frantic and overheated. Wyndham Lewis came up with the right term for it. He called it "cyclone literature." Only plagues, wars, massacres, crisis situations could, in Sartre's view, reveal the essential, the total human being: *"l'homme tout entier."*

The *homme tout entier* must be driven from the thickets of philistinism, where he likes to find cover. Our ancestors built houses, created our culture, gave us their wisdom, raised statues of their great men, practiced modest virtues, and confined themselves to temperate regions, says Wyndham Lewis, interpreting Sartre in 1952 in "The Writer and the Absolute." Whereas we, familiar with world wars, holocausts, bombardments, coups d'état, "we are necessarily of a heroic mould. Our virtues are either terrific, or else we are submen of the vilest kind. These immediate ancestors of ours, of comfortable prosperous periods, before 'airpower' held forth the promise to dash you to pieces or shrivel you up from the sky, or the revolutionary brought back the thrilling atmosphere of the Inquisition or the *auto da fé*, are to be pitied (and, however we may protest, looked down upon) for never having had the opportunity to be 'metaphysical' or to have felt 'the pressure of history.' " This history is wide-screen or Cinerama history, and we are seated in the first row watching the brutal stampede in natural color and *tout nu*.

Baudelaire, very different from Sartre in that he had less formal education and came at things with a minimum of theoretical apparatus, speaks of his wild excitement during the revolution of 1848. And what was the cause of that excitement? "The desire for revenge," he explains simply in "My Heart Laid Bare." "Natural pleasure in destruction." From this he somewhat dissociates himself, for what is natural is to him suspect. Elsewhere in his journals, Baudelaire refers to an "aristocratic pleasure" in giving offense. It was to the bourgeois, of course, that offense was given. And now I sometimes think that in the twentieth century it is America which has been chosen by history to replace the bourgeois, while France as a nation has been elevated to the aristocratic position. The U.S.A. is in a certain sense the chosen object of its aristocratic snooting.

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For between Sartre and any given problem in politics there has always stood the United States. There were in the world two superpowers, but only one has seemed to him positively evil. When he discussed the Middle East, his first concern as a friend of Israel was to dissociate Israel from American interests. In an interview I have been reading, given to *Midstream* in 1969, Sartre expresses great sympathy with Israel, says that in the Israeli-Arab conflict there is no total justice on one side or the other, and he defends Israel against the charge that it is the instrument of American imperialism. What is more important, Sartre explains, is that "the Israeli economy is not built to function alone. The economy of a country like Israel should be entirely centered in the Middle East, but in reality it is an economy that is half that of a developed country, half that of an undeveloped one. In its trade with the capitalist and industrialized countries, Israel generally supplies fruits, vegetables or flowers; its economy cannot be maintained sufficiently by this kind of production and foreign trade, nor even by polishing diamonds." He concludes this wonderfully original economic analysis by speaking of Israel's long dependency upon German reparations and its current reliance on money given "by the pro-Israel Jews of New York." It is absurd, he argues, to speak of Israel as "the spearhead of American imperialism, but it is a fact that Israel at present needs the support of the American Jews." However, the Arabs themselves have put Israel into a position in which she is "condemned—militarily and economically—to depend not on the governments of the imperialist states but on the Jewish minorities of those states, who to a large

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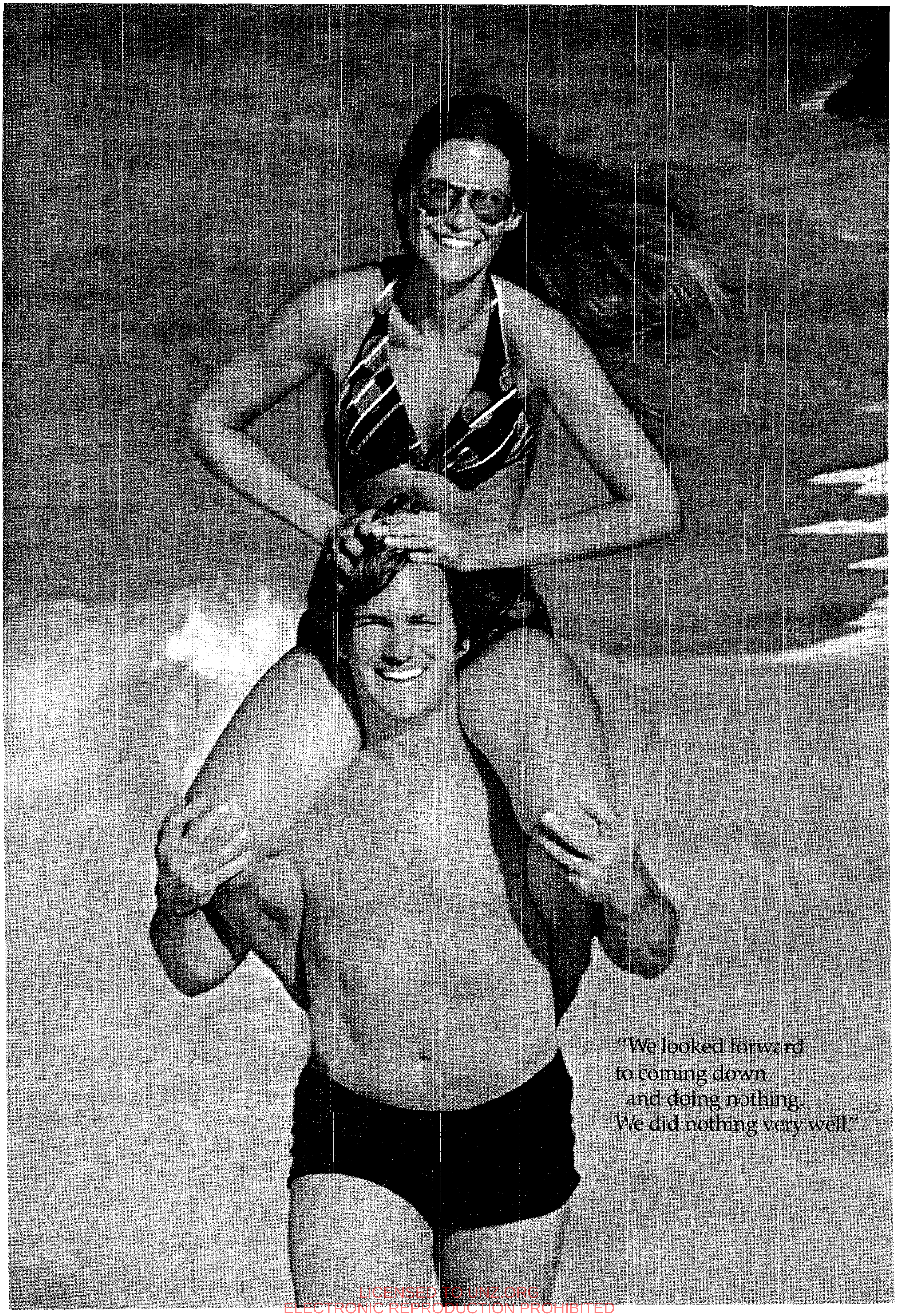
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to coming down
and doing nothing.
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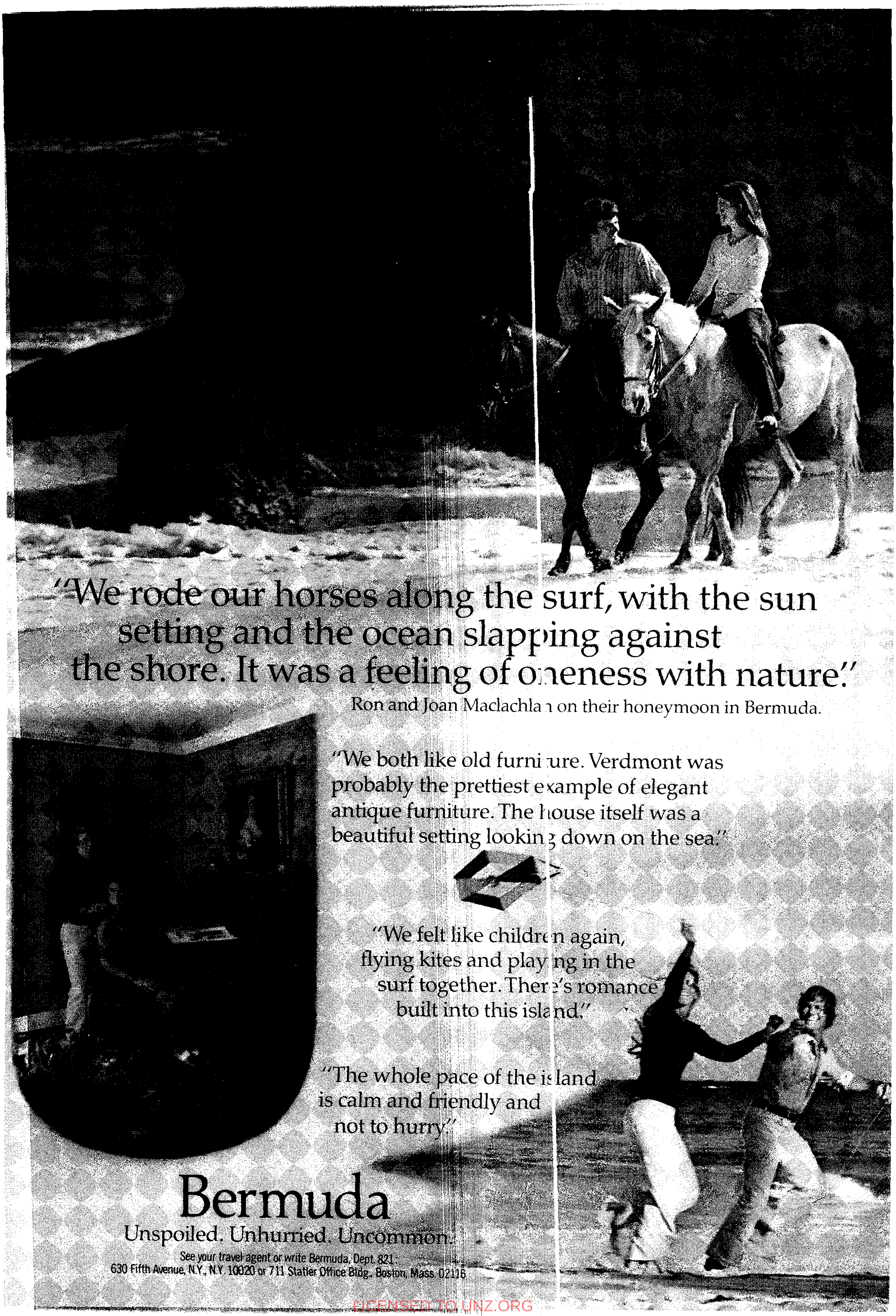

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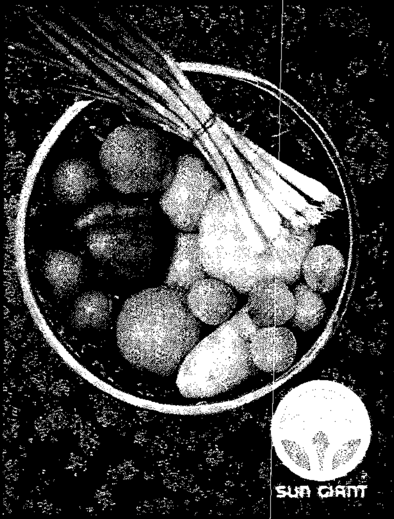

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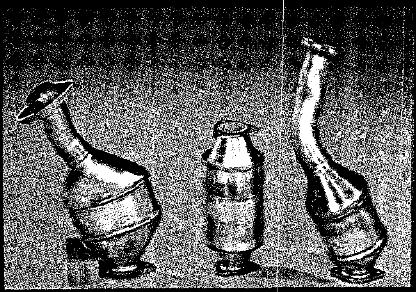

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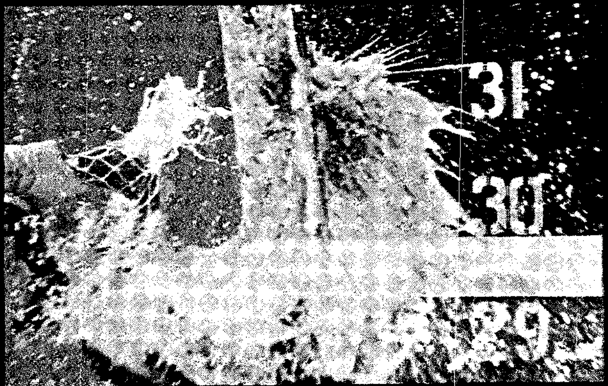

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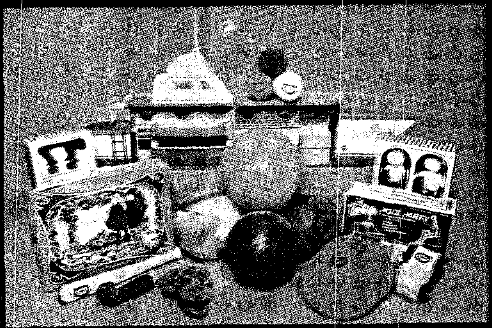

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Tenneco

extent support the politics of those states."

Sartre goes on to chide those who claim that the Arabs started the war of 1967. And here the suspicion bred by his carefree analysis of the Israeli economy and the support of Israel by imperialist-minded Jews in the United States can no longer be repressed, and I ask myself: "Did this influential thinker and prominent revolutionist know what he was saying?" President Gamal Abdel Nasser was aware when he closed the Gulf of Aqaba and drove out the United Nations peacekeeping force that Israel had no choice but to fight. Nasser not only threatened the very existence of Israel but defied the governments of France, Great Britain, and the United States, which had pledged themselves to keep Aqaba open. Nasser's friend, Egypt's leading political journalist, Mohamed Heikal wrote in May, before the war broke out, that Israel's security had been threatened and that it would now be forced to attack. Sartre says, "Those who claim that the Arabs started the war, that they are criminals, forget to consider the situation of the Palestinians, the absolutely insufferable situation of the Palestinians. They also forget that the Arabs from the beginning have been led by British maneuvers to take a negative attitude toward Israel, an attitude which has persisted since 1948, when an idiotic war was provoked."

Many Palestinians have suffered greatly, but it was not because of their suffering that Nasser went to war in 1967. Nasser didn't want them resettled; he kept them rotting in refugee camps and used them against Israel. The British did not create the Arab-Jewish conflict, though they may have aggravated it. If the Arab states did not deliberately exploit the Palestinians for political purposes, then the kindest interpretation of their conduct is that they were utterly incompetent. It is true that Israel might have done more for the refugees, over the years. The efforts made to indemnify those who had lost their lands and homes were far from adequate. Hannah Arendt used to argue that a part of the German reparations should have been set aside by Israel for the relief of the Palestinians. But this might have been construed to mean that what the Nazis had done to the Jews resembled what Zionism had done to the Arabs—a parallel no sane person would agree to. Still, it would have abated the strain if a large sum had been given to a neutral international agency for the payment of Palestinian claims. The Palestine Conciliation Committee, a group created by the United Nations in 1948 to negotiate an Arab-Israeli peace settlement, put a preliminary valuation of three hundred million dollars on Arab-owned property. It is essential to add that most Palestinian Arabs feared the consequences of accepting indemnities.

In any case, the British in 1948 did not provoke the invasion of Israel by its Arab neighbors. Egypt and the others sent in their troops to destroy the new state when the British Mandate ended. "One day at the Café de Flore," writes Raymond Aron, "Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir were loosing off their righteous wrath against the British. I pointed out that the latter had no easy task between the Jews and the Arabs, they had not created the Israeli-Arab conflict, they were trying to arbitrate it. At the time, Simone de Beauvoir and Sartre were always looking for a simple dividing line between angels and devils, and could see nothing except the cruelty (or imperialism) of the British and the sacred cause of the martyrs." More than twenty years later, Sartre was still talking of British imperialism. A definition is a definition. Sartre is not conspicuously flexible. He has what I call the Larousse syndrome. All that a Parisian needs to know about Eskimos he can find in his Larousse. De Gaulle often offended the Russians by using the expression "from the Atlantic to the Urals" to describe Europe, Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen says in his memoirs. This was how Europe was described in the Petit Larousse of 1907. There is sometimes a bit of a lag in the French version of things. Sartre derives his definition of imperialism from Lenin. The substance of Lenin's pamphlet "Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism," written in 1916, was drawn from John Atkinson Hobson's "Imperialism," published in 1902. Truth is timeless, certainly, and one doesn't have to be up to date to be right, but in taking positions or advocating actions that may cost people their lives one should be as clear as possible about historical facts. Here the danger that "thinkers" can constitute for the rest of humanity becomes very plain.

In the '69 interview, Sartre, whose attitudes are generally shared by the European left, sympathizes with Israel. At the same time, he wants a revolution in the Arab world. He expects that more popular or leftist Arab regimes would find Israel's existence

THE MYSTERY OF EMILY DICKINSON

Sometimes the weather goes on for days
but you were different. You were divine.
While the others wrote more and longer,
you wrote much more and much shorter.
I held your white dress once: 12 buttons.
In the cupola, the wasps struck glass
as hard to escape as you hit your sound
again and again asking Welcome. No one.

Except for you, it were a trifle:
This morning, not much after dawn,
in level country, not New England's,
through leftovers of summer rain I
went out rag-tag to the curb, only
a sleepy householder at his routine
bending to trash, when a young girl
in a white dress your size passed,

so softly!, carrying her shoes. It must be
she surprised me—her barefoot quick-step
and the earliness of the hour, your dress—
or surely I'd have spoken of it sooner.
I should have called to her, but a neighbor
wore that look you see against happiness.
I won't say anything would have happened
unless there was time, and eternity's plenty.

—Marvin Bell

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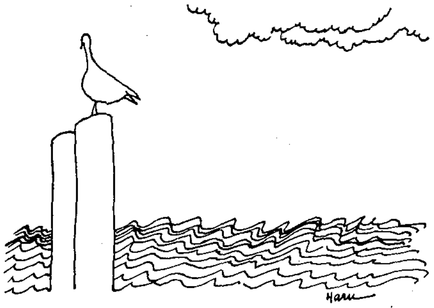
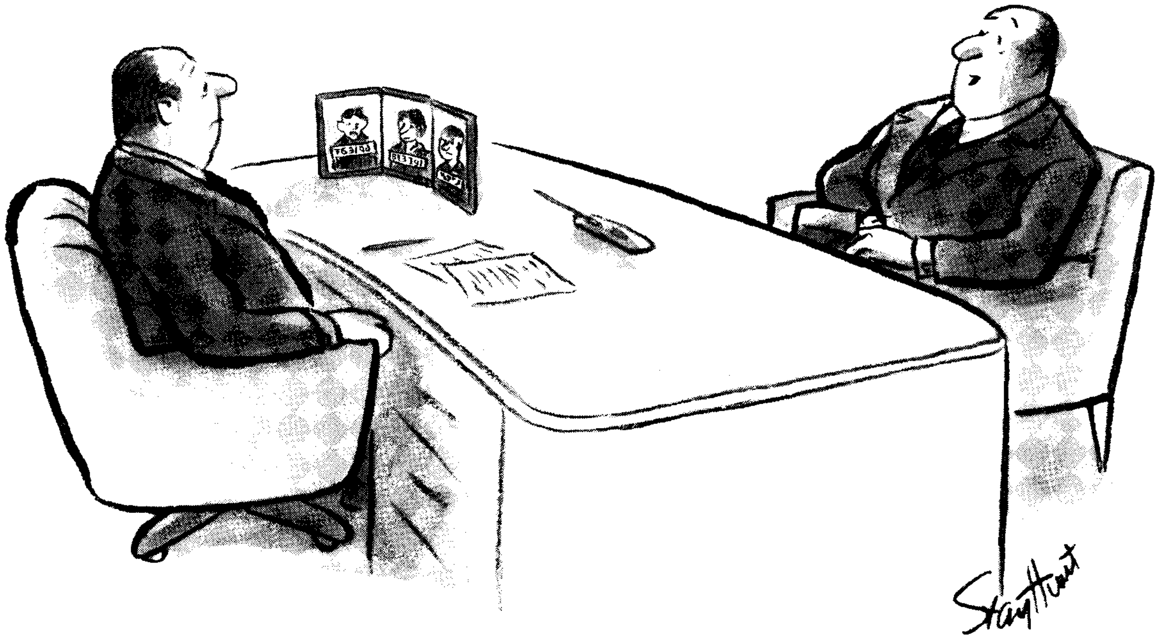




"And you, Arnie. How did your kids turn out?"

• •

easier to accept. Sartre is energetically directing the band, but the tunes that come out are not those in the score he has composed in his simplicity of heart. The Marxist-Leninist leaders of the Arab world were and remain even more hostile to Israel than the feudal princes of the oil kingdoms. Arab Marxists deny that Israel can produce a left, although Sartre insists that "the class struggle exists in Israel as it does elsewhere . . . and that consequently there are the elements of a left movement." However, he laments, "You cannot invite both Israelis and Arabs to an international conference. You can't because the Arabs don't want it." "But why always give in to the Arab boycott?" asks his interviewer. "Because," answers Sartre, "the left seems to have more sympathy for certain liberation movements—think of Algeria for us—than for a government or a country which up to these last years was not threatened the way it is now. The real problem for us was 'What is going on in Algeria? What is going on in the Moroccan left? What does the Aswan Dam mean? Is Nasser really taking objectively Socialist steps in Egypt?' . . . Actually, it is shameful not to invite the representatives of the Israeli left but if we invite them—let us not be hypocritical—that means not inviting the Arabs." In other words, there are millions of Arabs; they are politically big. Neither the State Department nor the Politburo nor Jean-Paul Sartre can afford to disregard them.

A new question is put to Sartre: Was the aim of the Arab states in 1948 and again in 1967 the extermination of the Jewish population in Israel? Yes, Sartre answers, but as a state. He elaborates. He knows Arabs—leftist Arabs, of course—quite well, and "all those I know think of Israel as a state, not of Israel as a Jewish minority; on the contrary: 'We have to make a state that will be Arab or Palestinian and Jewish—that's our business,' they say. . . . The idea of some responsible political persons was to suppress the state and not the Jews as a minority." To this the interviewer replies that he was born in Alexandria and lived in the Middle East for more than twenty-five years and knows how minorities—the Copts, the Jews, and others—are treated in Egypt. They are second-class citizens, he says. "Just as in the United States the only full citizens are the White Protestants, in the Arab countries the only full citizens are the Moslem Arabs."

Sartre agrees but also resists, shifting his argument. The Egyptian fellah is not a full citizen, either. He is illiterate; therefore citizenship is beyond his reach. Only "certain powerful groups against which the Egyptian government has tried to fight" enjoy full citizenship. Below them there is no category that has political rights. Having said this, he admits that "the problem of the minorities is very often solved in the Middle East by massacre." Fiercely revolutionary, Sartre excuses the Jews from the charge of colonialism; if they were colonialists and imperialists, he would be constrained by his logic to call for their extermination—in his lengthy introduction to Frantz Fanon's "The Wretched of the Earth," he exhorts oppressed backward people to fall upon their exploiters and murder them. Only by killing can the wretched of the earth achieve freedom, self-respect, and manhood. He believes in redemption by bloodshed.

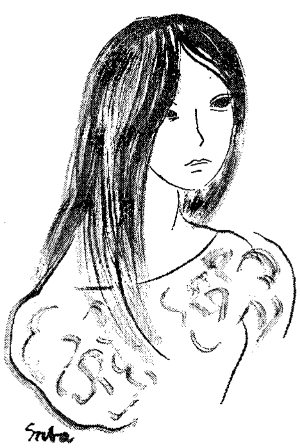
But the blood is perhaps, like so much in Sartre, imaginary.

In 1949, David Rousset, the French writer, who had been sent by the Germans to Buchenwald, drafted a manifesto condemning the destruction of millions of prisoners in Russian concentration camps. Sartre refused to sign it. He said that by signing he would be justifying or strengthening American imperialism.

Sartre speaks in his interview of the great value conferred upon Jews by their suffering, by their "heritage of permanent persecution," which is infinitely precious. But it is precisely because they have been so dreadfully persecuted that "the State of Israel must set an example; we have to demand more from this state than from others." Now, how is this special and precious destiny to be reconciled with the anti-Semitism of the Socialist countries of Eastern Europe? For in Sartre's eyes these are precious and special, too, and the inconsistency demands explanation. Jealous of their sovereignty, these Socialist—or so-called Socialist—countries see their own Jewish communities as having a dual affiliation. They are not quite like other citizens, since they have the choice of going to Israel: Israel, with its Law of Return, has guaranteed to receive them. This, says Sartre, encourages anti-Semitism. "If a Soviet or Rumanian citizen, even now only too much tempted by anti-Semitism, does not have the right to leave the country except under very specific circumstances, while a Rumanian Jew, on the contrary, can call himself both Rumanian and Israeli, according to his choice, the non-Jew will think that these people are more favored than he is and also that they are not loyal. At the same time, the government looks upon them with hostility, claiming that from the moment they choose or can choose Israel they are not Socialists. Whether they are wrong or right I don't know, but what I am sure of is that this kind of Zionist activity is a very serious thing. I would think that we would have to recognize Israel's right, as a sovereign state, to accept all the Jews who may want to come to her, but that she should not make militant Zionist politics abroad." What does this come to? For one thing, massive ignorance of the conditions of life in Eastern Europe. Soviet citizens live under an immense number of restrictions. They do not move about freely in Russia, much less emigrate. Sartre is saying, then, that non-Jews in Russia are hostile toward Jews because Jews could go to Israel *if* the government allowed them to emigrate. But he is also saying that the Jews are oppressed and wish to leave, and therefore they are not loyal Socialists and good Soviet citizens.

This is indeed the Swiftian philosopher extracting sunshine from cucumbers and getting spiders to manufacture silks.

Nadezhda Mandelstam, the poet's widow, who knows Socialist countries better than Sartre does, says anti-Semitism in Russia is a state product that is "propagated from above and brews in the caldron known as the *apparat*." Andrei Sinyavsky does not agree that anti-Semitism is entirely imposed from above. In the popular consciousness, he explains, the Jew is an evil spirit, a devil who has got into the body of Russia and makes everything go wrong. The Russian peasant has "known" for some time that Lenin was a Jew, Stalin a Georgian Jew. In prison, Sinyavsky heard even Leo Tolstoy identified as a Jew.



What is "known" in civilized countries, what people may be assumed to "know," is a great mystery. Recently, a survivor of Auschwitz who now lives in Chicago had occasion to testify before a grand jury and was asked by the jury foreman, "Why were you sent to this prison camp? What crime did you commit?" "No crime, there was no trial." "That can't be a truthful answer," said the foreman. "When people go to jail it's because of something they've done. You must have had a criminal record in the old country." When I read Sartre on the Jewish question, I am less surprised by the remoteness of this grand juror's mind. I am, if anything, surprised at myself and at my own assumptions. A great deal of intelligence can be invested in ignorance when the need for illusion is deep.

The putative friends of Israel are always urging that it set the world a moral example: "We have to demand more from this state." Not all states are exposed to this demand. One of de Gaulle's ministers, when he spoke of France's friends at a Cabinet meeting, was interrupted by the General. A nation has interests, not friends, he corrected him. How would de Gaulle have fared in 1940 if the British had not befriended him? Nations do, at times, have friends as well as interests. True, there were (and are) tough people in the Pentagon, the State Department, and the Congress who preferred to think of interests, not friendships. But the country, on the whole, in its loose way has entertained moral sentiments—or would have felt ill at ease without them. Between 1950 and June, 1975, the United States contributed more than six hundred million dollars to the United Nations Relief and Works Agency fund for the relief of Palestinian refugees. Israel gave more than six million. The Soviet Union contributed nothing, the Chinese nothing, the Algerian government, so concerned about the Palestinians, nothing.

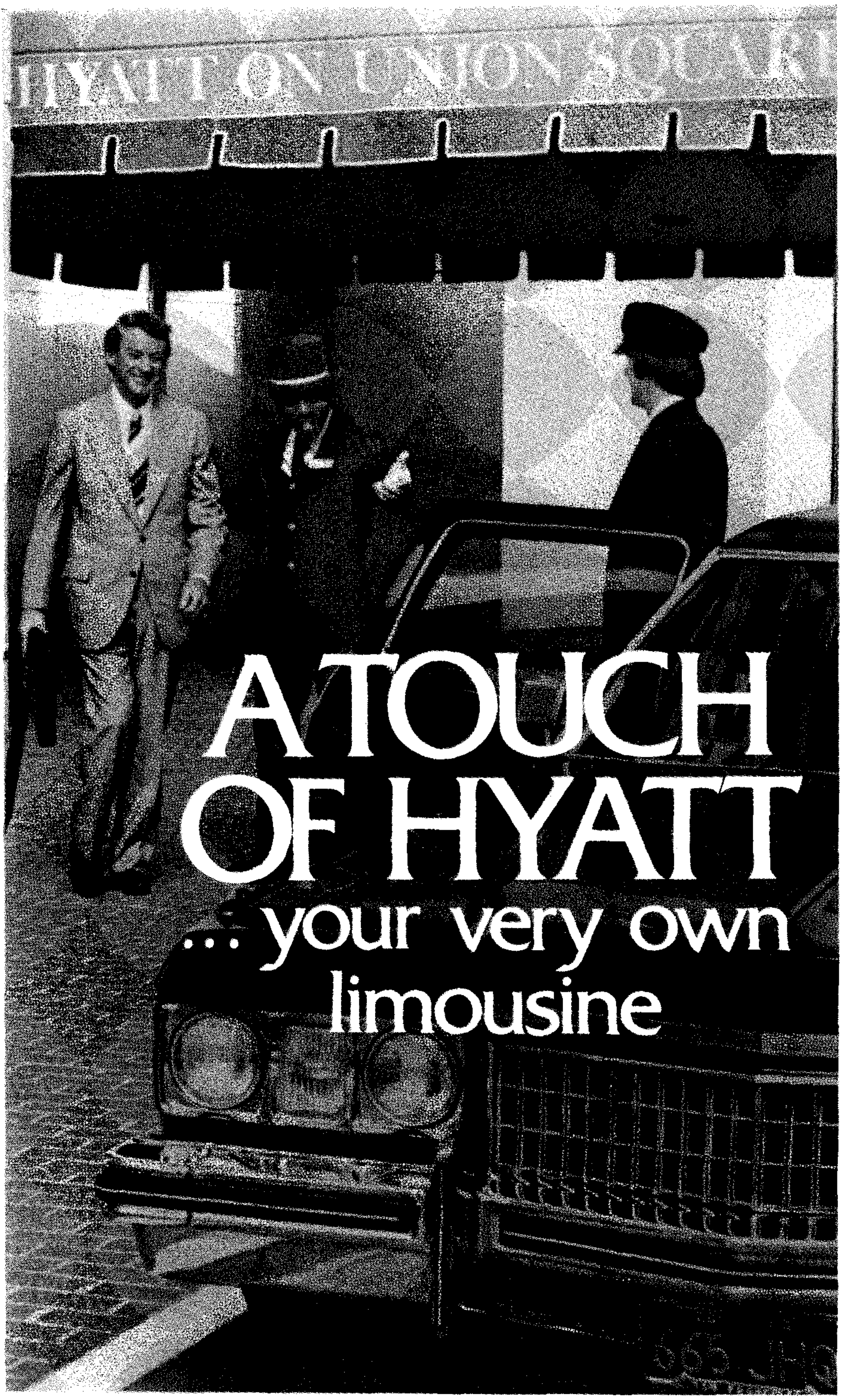
But Sartre and others apparently want the Jews to be exceptionally exceptional. Perhaps the Jews have themselves created such expectations. Israel has made extraordinary efforts to be democratic, equitable, reasonable, capable of change. It has, in fact, transformed its Jews. In Hitler's Europe, they were led to the slaughter; in 1948, the survivors became formidable fighters. Landless in exile, they turned into farmers. The Mamlukes had decreed that the Palestinian coastal plain should be a desert; they made a garden of it. Obviously, the Jews accepted a historic responsibility to be exceptional. They have been held to this; they have held themselves to it. Now the question is whether more cannot be demanded from other peoples. On the others no such demands are made. I sometimes wonder why it is impossible for Western intellectuals (and especially the French, who enjoy such prestige in Syria, Lebanon, and Egypt and who have relations with the Arab left in these countries) to say to the Arabs, "We have to demand also more from you. You, too—the Marxists among you in particular—must try to do something for brotherhood and make peace with the Jews, for they have suffered monstrously, in Christian Europe and under Islam. Israel occupies about one-sixth of one per cent of the lands you call Arab. Isn't it possible to adjust the traditions of Islam—to reinterpret, to change emphasis, so as to accept this trifling occupancy? A great civilization should be capable of humane and generous flexibility. The destruction of Israel will do you no good. Let the Jews live, in their small state." But it must be culturally disrespectful to ask people to change their attitudes, even slightly. In any case, Sartre has not said such things. He has had revolution—glorious, ineffable revolution—to think of. An explosion of a hundred million Arabs would tear a huge hole in the rotting bourgeois structure. After an ecstatic time of murder will come peace and justice. The fellahin, their manhood recovered, will learn to read and be citizens, et cetera. "It is shameful not to invite the representatives of the Israeli left but if we invite them—let us not be hypocritical—that means not inviting the Arabs," said Sartre.

FINAL walks in Jerusalem. More farewell than sightseeing. The cold rains that streak down are sometimes oddly localized so that at no great distance from the rain cloud the sky can be clear. My brother Sam, who is visiting Jerusalem with his wife, astonishes me: he turns up at my door. In the States this would never happen. We live at opposite ends of Chicago and make appointments on the telephone for lunch or dinner. Our routines take us in different directions. So it must be thirty years or more since we faced each other at leisure on an ordinary morning. We are silently amused. My brother's smile is jaunty and exceptionally communicative. We look at each other. Except for the eyes, we are entirely changed. We have mainly this brown-eyed evidence that there is an age-free essence in each of us, unaltered. The rest is wrinkles. And why shouldn't we smile?

Cousin Nota Gordon comes up from Tel Aviv later in the week, and then there are three family faces in one room. Nota's complexion is different from ours, it has pale-brown tones. Besides, he wears a cap, Soviet style, and there are gold crowns on some of his teeth. But we are obviously from the same genetic pool. Nota is manufacturing sweaters in Tel Aviv on knitting machines imported from Italy. That sounds grand but isn't. The savings of twenty-five years were spent to buy emigration permits for his wife, his two sons, and his sisters. He arrived penniless in Israel and borrowed money to start a business.

A plain man, he leads a plain life, like all the Riga cousins. His flat is small and crowded with old-fashioned furniture. Our Cousin Liza and her husband, Westreich, own a grocery; it is no bigger than a pantry but it keeps them on their feet ten hours a day. Cousin Bella, in Latvia a medical worker of some sort, is here a department-store cashier. Her son, an engineer, does electronic work for Sony. Bella tells me of one of our cousins who now lives with her husband in Geneva. During the German occupation of Riga, this cousin and her sister were slave laborers in a factory that made Army uniforms. Before the Germans retreated they exhumed thousands of bodies from the mass graves and burned them. A sudden sensitivity about evidence. The two young girls were among the hundreds forced to dig up putrid corpses and put them in the flames. The younger sister sickened and died.

Our European cousins who have known arrest, deportation, massacre, and war are glad to lead ordinary lives. They have, curiously, more rest in their souls than the American side of the family; they are less secure but also less fretful. Observing their temper and their ways, I wonder about the effects of limitless expectation on the American sense of reality. What some of the Russian dissidents observe in capitalist democracy, in American society, is what human nature can be when it is provided with opportunities for expansion. They think that since the end of the Second World War the Americans haven't wanted to hear, haven't wanted to see anything that would interfere with these opportunities. As some of these Russian intellectuals see it, the wealthy, productive, exuberant American world—for Henry James was right, and America is more a world than a country—has wanted only to enjoy its own national development and the privileges of personal development. Happy with its money and its machines, happy in its opportunities for travel and shopping, its sexual opportunities and its entertainments, it was willing to let Stalin have the Poles, the Hungarians, the Rumanians, the Czechs. The charge is that we paid off the Communist dictatorships to let us



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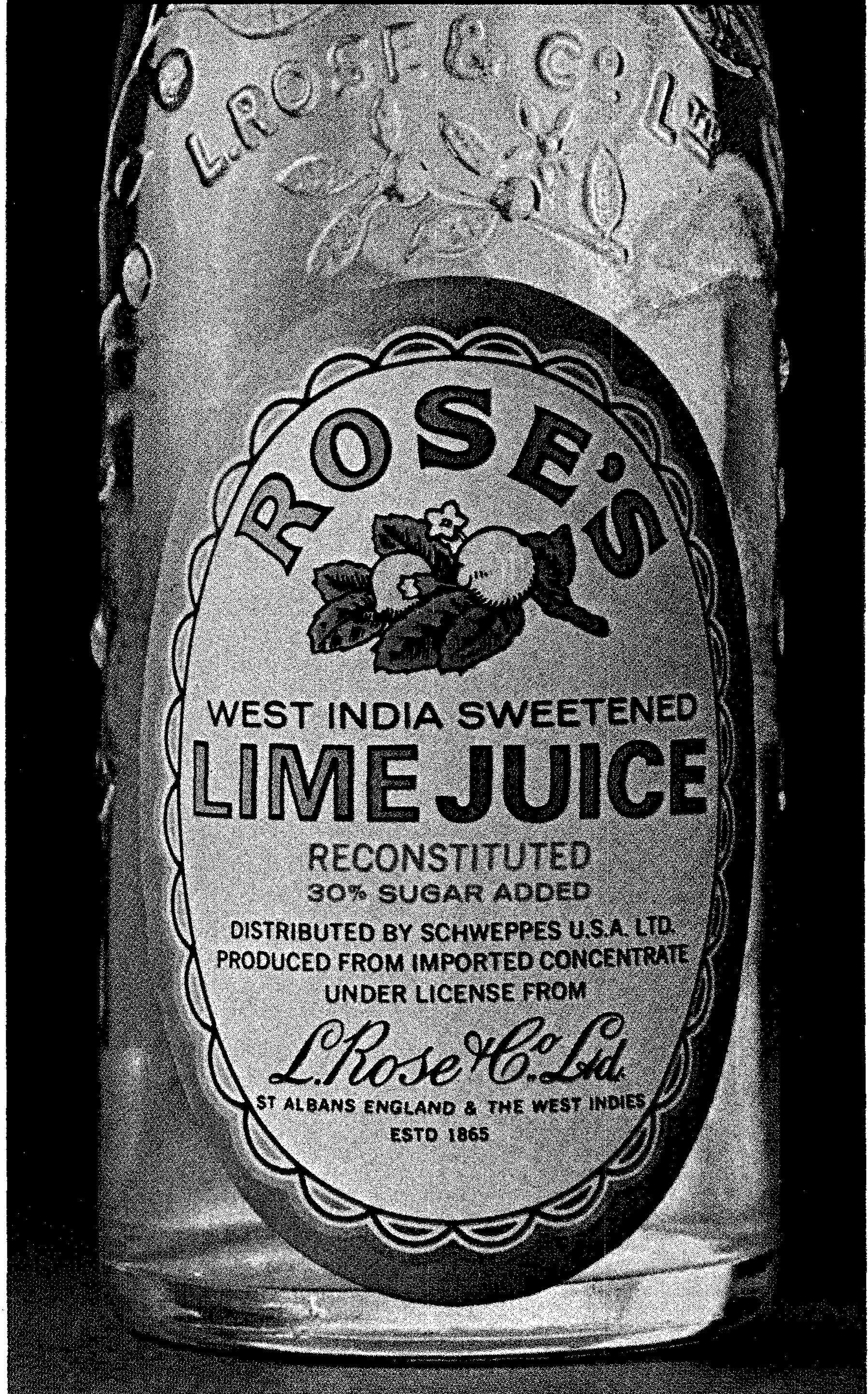
be, and that we still do this by the form of appeasement we choose to call détente. Solzhenitsyn accuses the West of believing that liberty is a once-and-for-all acquisition. As a result, ours is no longer the liberty of heroism and virtue but a stunted and specious thing, "full of tinsel, affluence, and emptiness," says Solzhenitsyn. And he adds, "So you have entered the era of calculation. You are no longer capable of making sacrifices for this shadow of the liberty that once existed, only compromises. Let that territory over there be abandoned, you say, as long as prosperity persists for a while on the soil where we set our feet."

When I was a graduate student in anthropology, it was my immature ambition to investigate bands of Eskimos who were reported to have chosen to starve rather than eat foods that were abundant but under taboo. How much, I asked myself, did people yield to culture or to their lifelong preoccupations, and at what point would the animal need to survive break through the restraints of custom and belief? I suspected then that among primitive peoples the objective facts counted for less. But I'm not at all certain now that civilized minds are more flexible and capable of grasping reality, or that they have livelier, more intelligent reactions to the threat of extinction. I grant that as an American I am more subject to illusion than my cousins. But will the Israeli veterans of hardships, massacres, and wars know how to save themselves? Has the experience of crisis taught them what to do? I have read writers on the Holocaust who made the most grave criticisms of European Jewry, arguing that they doomed themselves by their unwillingness to surrender their comfortable ways, their property, their passive habits, their acceptance of bureaucracy, and were led to slaughter unresisting. I do not see the point of scolding the dead. But if history is indeed a nightmare, as Karl Marx and James Joyce said, it is time for the Jews, a historical people, to rouse themselves, to burst from historical sleep. And Israel's political leaders do not seem to me to be awake.

A family drive. My brother, his wife, and Shimshon, one of their religious, philanthropic friends, and Cousin Nota and I visit the West Bank. We take the bypass and avoid Bethlehem and its Christmas crowds. We drive toward Hebron. A Judean sun over the ribbed fields, the russet colors of winter, mild gold mixed with the light, and white stone terraces everywhere. Many times cleared, the ground goes on giving

Why your bartender always makes a great Gimlet.



Because he uses Rose's Lime Juice. As a matter of fact, practically every good bartender in the world does. So if you want your gimlet to taste as good as your bartender's, always use Rose's.

Here's how he does it: Stir together one part of Rose's Lime Juice and 4 to 5 parts gin, vodka or white Puerto Rican Rum. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Rose's Lime Juice. For great gimlets.

birth to stones; waves of earth bring forth more stone. The ancient fields are very small.

From these villages come the Arab construction workers you see in Jerusalem. There are leftists, and even some old Zionists, who complain of this. They say that Jewish labor built Israel but that now the Arabs do all the disagreeable jobs and form an exploited class of bottom dogs. But this is probably not how the Arab laborers see themselves. Their wages have risen, and there is no precedent for the prosperity they enjoy. Pan-Arabism has undoubtedly influenced them; they are nationalists and would vote for self-determination if elections were to be held. They are, however, laborers and wage earners, not terrorists. Those who make angry demonstrations, who throw the stones, challenge the occupation, and plant bombs in Jerusalem and other cities are the young, many of them adolescents. They have their counterparts among the Israeli militants of the Gush Emunim movement—young men and women who are determined for religious reasons to colonize the West Bank. Their settlements are held by some to imply a rejection of Zionism, for the Zionist pioneers were satisfied with a sanctuary and did not try to recover the Promised Land. Unlike the religious irredentists, they sought sparsely populated places for settlement and for the most part avoided Arab towns. The early kibbutzim were founded in the swamps and the sand dunes. Arabs in old communities like Hebron, Jericho, and Jenin now feel threatened by Jewish settlers bent on realizing God's promise. Shimshon, who is a retired Chicago businessman, very observant and busy in Jewish affairs, takes us to Gush Etzion and proudly shows us the yeshiva, a newly built fortress of Orthodoxy. Near this place, before the Second World War, a Jewish colony was attacked and wiped out by the Arabs. Descendants of the victims are farming nearby. Sturdy, rugged people, they are undoubtedly armed and would not be easy to move out. Their new buildings of concrete have a grim Maginot Line look about them. The young men wear skullcaps but their frames are big and their forearms thick with muscle. Their beards are far from tame and rabbinical; they bristle. We leave these pillbox dwellings and go on to Kiryat Arba to be shown the apartment buildings built by Israelis—with the permission of the government, I suppose. Shimshon approves of them. The building sites are still raw; neither grass nor trees have as yet been planted. Washing is looped, Mediterranean style, from lines sagging under the windows. On the newly laid paths, isolated-looking kids pedal their tricycles. It's when I see the children on their bikes that I feel most uneasy, knowing how much madness there is just over the horizon.

In Lebanon, ten minutes away by jet, armed gangs kill hundreds of people weekly. On your television set you can see murders committed. Corpses are tied to automobile bumpers and dragged through the streets. The bottom has fallen out of Beirut. Reporters say that Christians and Moslems no longer seem to know whom they are shooting, or why.

The more difficult the position of the Rabin government becomes, the more heat it has to take from the religious settlers and their supporters. The Cabinet is sharply divided, and the government is too weak to deal with the Gush Emunim militants. It has not been able to dislodge them from places like Sebastia and Kadum, where they live as squatters at the very center of the occupied West Bank.

Just after the Jordanians had been driven out in 1967 I visited these parts with Sydney Gruson, of the New York *Times*. Having won their war on this front, young Israeli soldiers took a holiday and went joyriding in Arab automobiles. Two days later, on their way to the battle for the Golan Heights, they were still celebrating. In open tank turrets as they ground through Tiberias they held store-window dummies dressed in fluttering Arab skirts and blouses with costume jewelry swinging. I had arrived hours before them. That was easy enough. In Tel Aviv I simply stopped a cab, showed my press credentials, and said, "Take me to the Galilee." The cabbies, veterans of 1948 and 1956, now too old to fight, were delighted to drive you to the front for a look at the action.

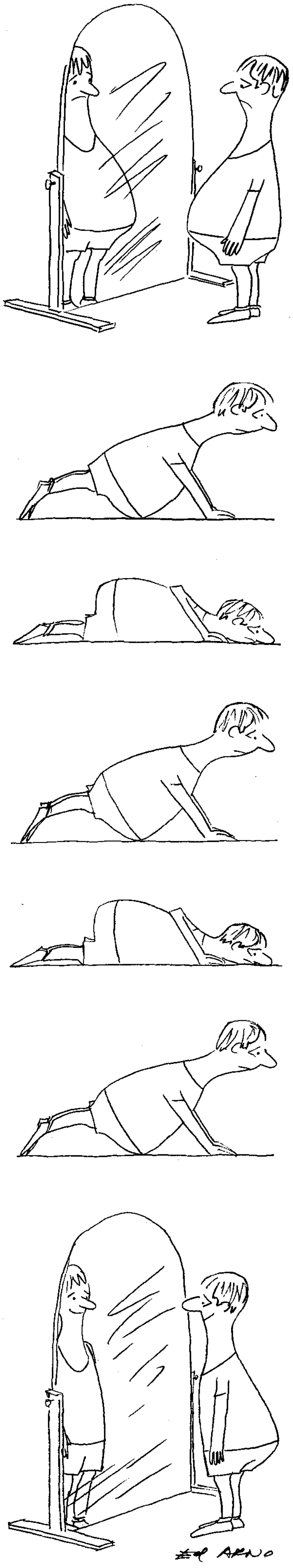
On the West Bank I travelled in style, for Gruson had his own car. The *Times* impressed me with the efficiency of its organization. Its team was headed by Gruson, who divided the work and gave out assignments. The rest of us were haphazard amateurs with few connections. Gruson is an agreeable man, breezily professional. Some weeks ago I sent him a copy of a statement—admiring, even worshipful—that Anwar Sadat had written on Hitler in 1953. Gruson wrote to thank me and said he was having the document checked. Somewhere in his files he had a picture of the two of us "at the front," he added. In the fields near Jerusalem, I remember, soldiers were prodding the soil for land mines, marking out the safe paths with strips of rag.

THE mood of Jacob Leib Talmon, a professor at the Hebrew University, is at the same time fervent and depressed. An energetic and dramatic talker, he draws his wide historical knowledge into the conversation. There is a certain plump, professorial propriety about him. He is finely dressed, tie well chosen—he is not one of your open-at-the-throat, bushy Israeli types. The conversation is serious—"tormented" is perhaps a better word for it. He expresses comprehensively what I have been hearing for months—every suspicion, doubt, and fear. The crisis is severe. An Israeli friend has more than once warned me, "For God's sake, don't be carried away by what the intellectuals say here. You of all people should know better." I remember this warning now, but at the same time I can see how deeply disturbed the Professor is, how his heart is being wrung. He speaks of Jewish history, European history, world history, but in the midst of one of his academic sentences he breaks off and says, "Didn't Hitler after all win? As far as the Jews are concerned? At least one-third of the six million who died in the camps were the best hope of a future Israel—Zionists, liberal democrats, highly trained and accomplished. And they were destroyed. Gassed and burnt, these millions. Went up in smoke. The 'Jewish Question' itself went up in smoke. The Oriental Jews who have come here are admirable in their own way, but they are without the modern skills that are so badly needed. Yes, while the Jews suffered under Hitler the conscience of the world was aware of them, but when they were dead that awareness also died. Ah, before 1939 the Jews of Central and Eastern Europe created a rich, vital civilization—a culture, a literature, institutions. It all went into the graves and into the ovens. And when it was gone there were only the synagogues to give cohesion to Jewish life in these increasingly secular times. This is one reason for the success of Jewish clericalism in Israel. Our politicians are obliged to make use of everything that can draw us together."

Professor Talmon, whose subject is European political history, ranges far beyond Israel. When he speaks of the new forms of Israeli nationalism, he mentions also the French and Slavophile varieties. Integral nationalism, as he calls it, amounts to one thing: the power of the dead over the living. He intensely fears fanatical nationalist extremism in Israel. We discuss the debate over future frontiers. It is lunacy, he says, to carry the argument back to the Judaism of the Bronze Age and to invoke the enmity of the Amalekites and the Edomites, to claim eternal rights—past, present, and future—in the Holy Land and to combine eschatological visions with modern arms. What worries Professor Talmon is that elsewhere such movements have invariably been intensely anti-Semitic. Mystical nationalists in Israel are using the language of a holy war. The Arab extremists also call for a holy war, a jihad. The situation is explosive. Jewish survival is not only threatened by Arab enemies but undermined from within, says Talmon.

After the victory of 1967, Israel could briefly think of itself as a military power. It could think of itself also, says Professor Talmon in a manuscript he sent me, "as one of the few countries in the contemporary jaded world with a sense of purpose." This last I consider of first importance. The Israelis had war, and not the moral equivalent of war William James was looking for, to give them firmness. They had, in their concern for the decay of civilization and in their pride (pride and concern in equal proportions), something to teach the world. The stunned remnant that had crept from Auschwitz had demonstrated that they could farm the land, industrialize it, make a society, do research, philosophize, write books, sustain a great moral tradition, and, finally, create an army of tough fighters.

The 1973 war badly damaged their confidence. The Egyptians crossed the Suez Canal. Suddenly the abyss opened again. France and England abandoned Israel. The United Nations bloc vote revived the feeling that she "shall not be reckoned among the nations." While Israel fought for life, debaters discussed her sins, and especially the problem of the Palestinians. In this disorderly century, refugees have fled from many countries. In India, in Africa, in Europe, millions of human beings have been put to flight, transported, enslaved, stampeded over the borders, left to starve, but only the case of the Palestinians is held permanently open. Where Israel is concerned, the world swells with moral consciousness. Moral judgment, a wraith in Europe, becomes a full-blooded giant when Israel and the Palestinians are mentioned. Is this because Israel has assumed the *responsibilities of a liberal democracy?* Is it for other reasons? What Switzerland is to winter holidays and the Dalmatian coast to summer tourists Israel and the Palestinians are to the West's need for justice—a sort of moral resort area.



The right of Israel to exist, Talmon says, has to be won by special exertions, "by some special atonement, through being better than others." This is Israel's most persistent torment and paradox. "We demand more from this state," says Sartre. But since Israel's sovereignty is questioned and world opinion is not ready to agree that it is indeed a country like other countries, to demand more is cruelly absurd. Israel is, in Talmon's view, becoming a "ghetto state." Is it from a "ghetto state" that more is demanded? It will not be easy to trace this unlovely paradox to its origins. Jewish moral traditions themselves possibly have something to do with it. More is demanded from a people that demands so much from itself. Many European radicals have, it seems to me, deferred moral expectations and predict that history will develop just societies through class struggle and revolution. They do not ask that the African peasant or the illiterate *fellah should be moral by our standards* (by our past standards, one should say). But some of them do appear to believe that the Jews, with their precious and refining record of suffering, have a unique obligation to hold up the moral burdens everyone else has dumped.

So, then, says Talmon, Israel, which was briefly so proud and confident after 1967, has overnight been reduced to beggary while its mortal enemies with their petrodollars have become the world's most potent bankers and investors. The ambassadors of proud countries grovel before the petroleum princes. American, British, and French businessmen press to sell them computers, nuclear reactors, missiles, planes, and entire industrial systems. Only the U.S.A. can, for the time being, afford to support Israel. The gen-

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tle, overwrought Professor Talmon, trying to filter this flood of causes and effects through his learned mind, is at one instant mentioning the Hasmoneans and the Romans, and the next Marx and Lenin or Charles Maurras, Auguste Maurice Barrès and the Catholic Church. Would matters be easier for him if he didn't think so many things? Although he is the source of these speeding thoughts, he seems at times to be their target.

Professor Talmon, toward the end of our conversation, speaks about Israel and world Jewry. The fate of Jewry in Israel and in the Diaspora is so closely linked, he says, that the destruction of Israel would bring with it the destruction of "corporate Jewish existence all over the world, and a catastrophe that might overtake U.S. Jewry."

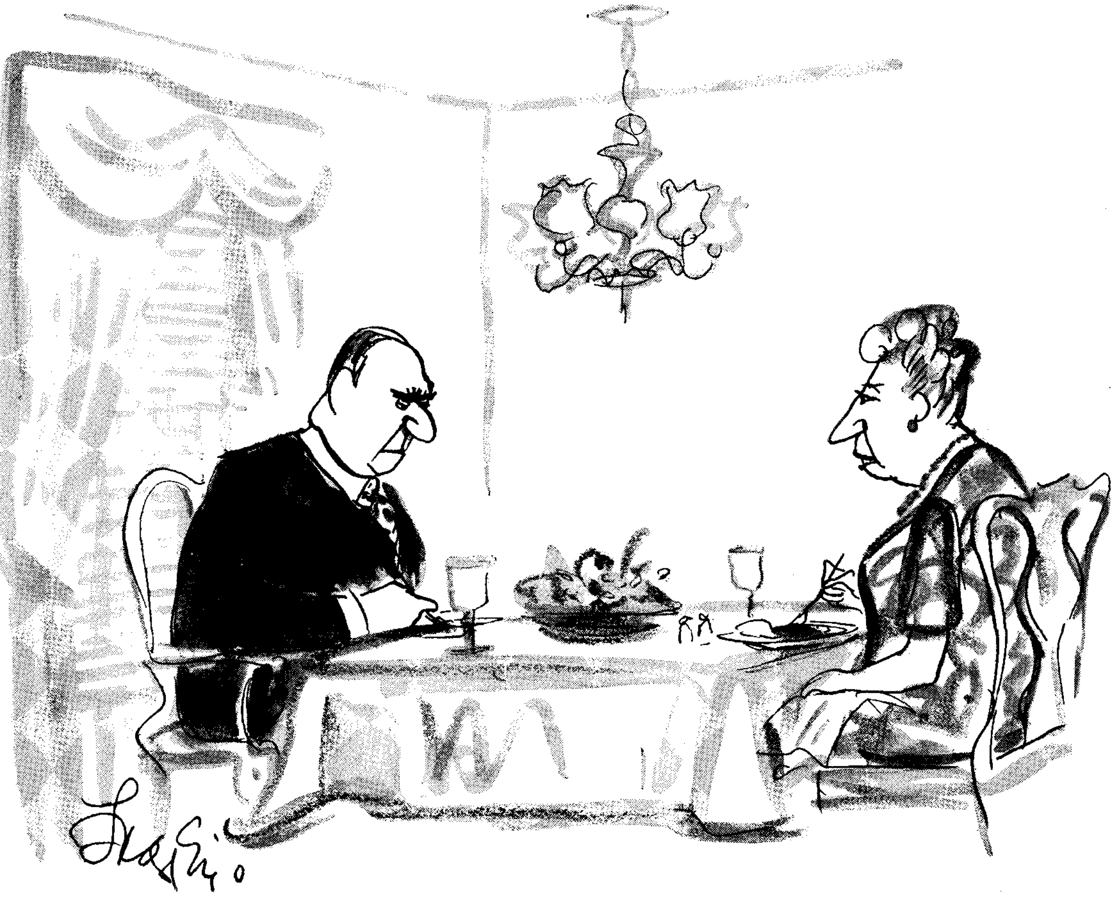
LATE in the afternoon we put out all the wine, the brandy, and the booze, the olives, nuts, cheeses, sausages, and biscuits. Departing visitors sometimes give a farewell bash. Isaac Stern and his wife did, and before them Sascha Schneider. Nothing that resembles the American cocktail party, where people in pairs stand talking, trying to hear each other in the uproar. I've often thought that some hearing-aid manufacturer might make a fortune selling private-communication sets for cocktail parties and dinner tables. Here everyone sits eating and drinking and there is generally a single conversation. Alexandra's mathematical colleagues are here with their wives; my friend Dennis Silk comes, and we exchange gifts—I get his copy of Zvi Werblowsky's "Joseph Karo," a book I particularly respect, he gets my reversible corduroy raincoat from Milan, because I've noticed that he fancies it. Peter Halban, who runs the Mishkenot, turns up, and, among others, Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Kollek. Punctilious Kollek never drops a stitch: We were his guests, we are leaving, he is here to say goodbye. To mellow the sad occasion, we eat everything in sight and empty the bottles.

During the night there is more sighing than sleeping. Thinking, What will it be like not to see John Auerbach and Nola, my dear friends from Kibbutz Sdot Yam in Caesarea? The cab is coming before dawn, and we get up, still heartsick about leaving, to finish the packing. We never did learn the trick of lighting the oven, and still heat the buns atop the toaster. Alexandra opens the door to take a last look at Mt. Zion. Upstairs there is a difficulty. The helpful management in its zeal has telephoned twice for taxis, and there are two drivers. I make useless apologies. The two drivers calmly work out an arrangement. One of them with good nature wishes us a safe journey and goes.

As we start for the Ben-Gurion Airport, a huge soft cloud of smoke bursts from the engine of the old Mercedes. Alexandra says, "Ah, we're going to miss the plane," brightening. I couldn't bear to return to the empties, the dishes, and the papers heaped on every table. But the driver knows exactly what to do under the hood. There is nothing to discuss. He fiddles with a wire. She runs. In five minutes we are out of the city and rushing down the mountainside.

IN London, we visit Elie Kedourie and his wife. She is Sylvia Haim, a well-known Arabic scholar, dark-haired—a lovely round-faced woman. She brings us tea and cake, and joins the conversation. Kedourie is tall, slightly stooped, hair cut short. I've read two of his books, "The Chatham House Version" and "Arabic Political Memoirs," and am deeply impressed. He writes without advocacy or rhetorical color and is master of his tangled and often bloody subject. I once heard my friend Edward Shils say that the intellectual life was the most passionate life a human being could lead; I think of this when I consider what a man like Kedourie does and ask myself whether I could bear the excitement and danger of his sort of career—the emotional danger and the mental responsibilities, I mean. When Kedourie looks at the new nationalisms of the Third, or Developing, World of Asia and Africa, he sees something other than the ravages of Western imperialism as Hobson, Lenin, Toynbee, Sartre, and their disciples have described them. "Charges of economic exploitation are made, and the tyranny and arrogance of the Europeans are arraigned," Kedourie has written in a long essay on "Nationalism in Asia and Africa." "Yet it is a simple and obvious fact that these areas which are said to suffer from imperialism today have known nothing but alien rule throughout most of their history and that, until the coming of the Western powers, their experience of government was the insolence and greed of unchecked arbitrary rule. It is not on these grounds therefore that the appearance of the West in Asia and Africa is to be deplored. A curse the West has indeed brought to the East but—and here lies the tragedy—not intentionally; indeed the curse was considered—and still is by many—a precious boon, the most precious that the West could confer on the East in expiation of its supposed sins; and the curse itself is as potent in its maleficence in the West as it is in the East. A rash, a malady, an infection spreading from Western Europe through the Balkans, the Ottoman Empire, India, the Far East, and Africa, eating up the fabric of settled society to leave it weakened and defenceless before ignorant and unscrupulous adventurers for further horror and atrocity: such are the terms to describe what the West has done to the rest of the world, not wilfully or knowingly, but mostly out of excellent intentions and by example of its prestige and prosperity." Political theory was the most devastating export of the West: constitutions and political parties, Western style, the concept of class struggle, plans for the reorganization of society on the Western model. What have the results of this been? Kedourie describes the attitudes that have developed with these words: "Resentment and impatience, the depravity of the rich and the virtue of the poor, the guilt of Europe and the innocence of Asia and Africa, salvation through violence, the coming reign of universal love: these are the elements of the thought of Sultan Galiev and Li Ta-chao, of Ikki Kita, Michel Aflaq, and Frantz Fanon. This theory is now the most popular and influential one in Asia and Africa. It is Europe's latest gift to the world. As Karl Marx remarked, theory itself becomes a material force when it has seized the masses; and with the printing press, the transistor, the television—those other gifts of Europe—it is easy now for theory, any theory, to seize the masses."

Sitting in Kedourie's parlor, we speak first of the Israeli-Arab conflict. In the Arab world, says Kedourie, power is now mainly in the hands of the petroleum princes of the Arabian Peninsula, and these are Moslem fundamentalists, the most primitive of the Arabs and the most fanatical, quite capable of massacring the Jews. The West does not understand the Arab world; neither does Israel. He shows us an Egyptian booklet made up largely of quotations from the Koran. Its main theme is the holy war, and it was distributed to officers and men before the outbreak of the October War. In an introduction to this pamphlet, Lieutenant General Sa'ad Shazli, who was then Egyptian Chief of Staff, says, "My sons, officers and men! The Jews have overstepped their bounds in injustice and conceit. And we sons of Egypt have determined to set them back on their heels, and to pry round their positions, killing and destroying so as to wash away the shame of the 1967 defeat and to restore our honor and pride. Kill them wherever you find them and take heed that they do not deceive you, for they are a treacherous people. They may feign surrender in order to gain power over you, and kill you vilely. Kill them and let not compassion or mercy for them seize you!"



"I saw Grace Dworthman, Alice Parsons, and Mildred Livingston today. They all send you their love."

The fellah, Sartre argued, was deprived of the benefits and rights of citizenship because he was illiterate. For those who could not read, self-explanatory comic books were distributed in 1967. I picked up copies of these in the Sinai Desert. They contained anti-Semitic caricatures of the Nazi type. I thought they had gone out with Julius Streicher and *Der Stürmer*. But nothing disappears for long. The Protocols of the Elders of Zion are distributed in Arab countries in large new printings paid for in petrodollars. In the thirties, the Nazis won considerable support in the Middle East and, earlier, French anti-Dreyfusards had spread anti-Semitism in Syria and Lebanon, where French culture was esteemed.

I ask Kedourie whether there are Arab intellectuals who dissociate themselves to any extent from the traditional religious patriotism. It is useless to apply our Western measures and expectations to Arab intellectuals, he says. Another Arabist, Bernard Lewis, later tells me that the Arab intellectuals who speak most freely are to be found in Israel itself—in East Jerusalem and on the Israeli-occupied West Bank.

When I describe my conversation with Rabin to Kedourie, he agrees with the Prime Minister that territorial concession to the Arabs would be meaningless. They simply want the Jews out. He does not, however, accept Rabin's prediction that modernization will eventually soften the conflict. Of course the oil strength of the Arabs will diminish as other sources of energy are developed. The primitive oil billionaires can't do much with their money. They can buy, but what they buy they can't put to use. Their sophisticated purchases do the Arab states little good; they lack training, skill, and organization. In Algeria, for instance, a government of anti-French guerrillas, which harbors terrorists, has gone in for steel manufacture. They manufacture it well enough, but they neglected to provide equipment for loading and transporting their steel for export. So the metal accumulates.

As to Russia's objectives, in Kedourie's view the destruction of Israel is probably not one of them, but in order to prevent the United States from fastening its hold on the Middle East the Russians may let their armed clients go too far. They understand the Arabs no better than the West.

It would be to Israel's interest to deal with the Arab states separately, says Kedourie. The Arabs are "concerted," and "concerts of nations" are fatally cumbersome in negotiations. In the Great War, peace could not be made because the Allies and the Central Powers could never agree amongst themselves to accept proposals. When Austria was willing, Germany was not. When France and England were ready, Italy held back. The Arab nations are even more difficult in this respect. A superpower might, if it wished, simplify negotiations. But the Russians seem to have no desire for peaceful and orderly settlements. As for the Americans, it would be hard to give a coherent description of their policies.

When the Jews decided, through Zionism, to "go political," they didn't know what they were getting into. To their historical difficulties were added the troubles of a small state facing the storms of savage hostility.

Kedourie says nothing off the top of

his head. His judgments are thoroughly considered. And he is not optimistic. There are few people who know the Arab world as he does, and when the possibility of mass slaughter in Israel is mentioned he does not dismiss it.

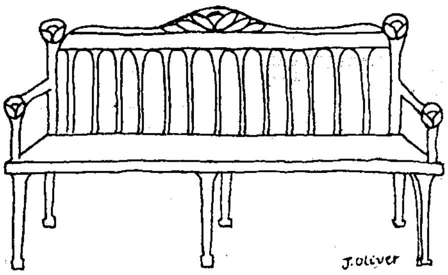
THIS, then, is what I bring to Chicago with me on our return.

The big winter-gray Chicago scene—ashen, with black strokes. In winter it takes on a kind of mineral character. After so many years I can still not believe that the causes of this are entirely natural but always suspect the presence of a grim power whose materials are streets, bungalows, tenements, naked ironwork, grit, wind—an enchanter whose idea is that everyone should take the city to be material, practical, all hustle. But this grim power is also a comedian, absurdist, ironist, and relishes Chicago's "realism;" he disguises his darkest fantasies in its materiality, in building, paving, drainage, engineering, banking, electronics.

We pile our bags into the front of a cab and ride off, the sharp tooth of the meter clicking. The papers report a new Chicago swindle: drivers unseal and tamper with their meters. You learn to live with such practices. You aren't duped (point of honor!) but you go along. Resistance is time-consuming, emotionally wasteful. Worse than crookery is the furious stink of the cab, a mixture of personal emanations and Oriental spices. We open the windows. Well, we're back, riding through the bungalow belt. Who knows how many brick bungalows there are in Chicago—a galactic number. There must be a single blueprint for them all: so much concrete, so many gingersnap bricks, a living room, dining room, two bedrooms, kitchen, porch, back yard, and garage. Below, a den or rumpus room. And wall-to-wall everything, and the drapes, and the venetian blinds, the deep freeze, TV, washer and dryer, flueless fireplace—plainness, regularity, family attachments, dollar worries, fear of crime, acceptance of routine. We ride for twenty minutes through these bungalow blocks, silent, no need to say what we are thinking: the case states itself. Along the lake is the other Chicago, the giant high-rise apartment houses that face the water. Gray now, the lake will go blue when the sun shows.

And here it is again—same conditions, same questions and challenges as before, same carpets, books, sticks of furniture. In the morning, while the kettle boils, you turn the switch of the radio and hear the same programs, news broadcasters, commercials. The Talman Federal Savings & Loan, to please its Czech and Slovak depositors, seems to favor Smetana and Dvořak; you listen to "The Moldau," and the "Slavonic Dances" oftener than you might like. You hear, too, what all announcers refer to as "cultural programming," sponsored by wine and cheese shops, by hi-fi shops, and by ethnic restaurants bringing "Continental dining" to "Chicagoland." Always "Chicagoland," an enchanted place like Alice's Wonderland or the fairy tales' never-never land. Though it looks, at times, like the doughboys' no man's land. It was Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Tribune*, who gave the city this touch of poetry. He had many tony ideas. If you examine closely the façade of the Tribune Tower, you find that it contains fragments of the Acropolis, the Pyramids, the Great Wall of China, the Roman Colosseum, and of famous cathedrals and palaces: the Colonel's Tower incorporates, consummates, and transcends them all.

So the radio crackles with commercials for Peking duck and French "fondoo" dishes, and the names of wines, together with all of the world's disasters and outrages. And here, just as we left them, are books, papers, and phonograph records, and bundles of letters, and parcels, magazines, and manuscripts. Impossible to keep up with correspondence. Oscar Wilde said he had known a promising young man who had ruined himself through the vice of answering letters. Impossible to read all of this, plus the two or three books that arrive daily. At the university, I have a course to teach with David Grene on the long stories or short novels of Tolstoy: "Master and Man," "Hadji Murád," "Ivan Ilyich," "Father Sergius." I'm obliged, thank God, to read these masterpieces first. And also the Odyssey, for Grene has often urged me to do Homer in Greek with him. I attend two sessions of his tutorial, stumbling behind the skillful students. We do the Fifth Book. Odysseus leaves Calypso, putting the raft he has built into the "sacred sea." Poseidon, catching sight of him, stirs the waters into a frightful storm with his trident; Ino of the slender ankles comes to despairing Odysseus and gives him her veil and tells him to swim through the tempest. What can be more beautiful, more stirring than this—Odysseus praying in his weariness to the river god, who allays the current for him. So Odysseus comes to shore, the skin torn from his hands, the sea water gushing from his mouth and nostrils; he breathes again, and some warmth rallies in his heart.



But I am not able to make room for Homer beside my preoccupation with Israel. I read again the Samuel Butler Odyssey, which I know best, and then the beautiful T. E. Lawrence translation, and Lawrence sends me back to the Middle East, for I have recently read Elie Kedourie's essay on the capture of Damascus in 1918 and the role played by Lawrence in that event. I've always liked "The Mint" best of Lawrence's books, never doubting its truthfulness; it is the work of a man who has stripped himself down. The man who wrote "Seven Pillars" was, I always suspected, padded out, costumed, mixing romance with politics, attitudinizing. According to Kedourie, the account given by Lawrence of the taking of Damascus is quite simply untrue. He speaks of "Seven Pillars" as "a work seething with rancor and resentment . . . firmly imprisoned in the world of practice from which its author ceaselessly proclaimed his yearning to escape." The word "practice" here means conspiracy or scheming. Kedourie believes that the book is "impregnated with that demonic quality which is manifest in Lawrence's career in war and politics." "Seven Pillars" has had a hypnotic influence on many readers, a "powerful fascination." This may be seen in the illustrations drawn by Eric Kennington for the book, "pictures of heroes and paladins, exemplars of loyalty and chivalry. . . . But when we compare what these men really were, the mediocrity of some, the duplicity of others, the ordinariness of most, with Kennington's superior beings we are repelled as by a piece of deception which the artist not so much practiced as, mediumlike and in the measure of his sensitivity, was wished into practicing by a potent but impure spirit." And what are Kedourie's grounds for calling Lawrence an impure spirit? He quotes Lawrence himself as saying, in his comments on Robert Graves' description of his Arabian adventures, that he, Lawrence, "was on thin ice" when he wrote the Damascus chapter "and anyone who copies me will be

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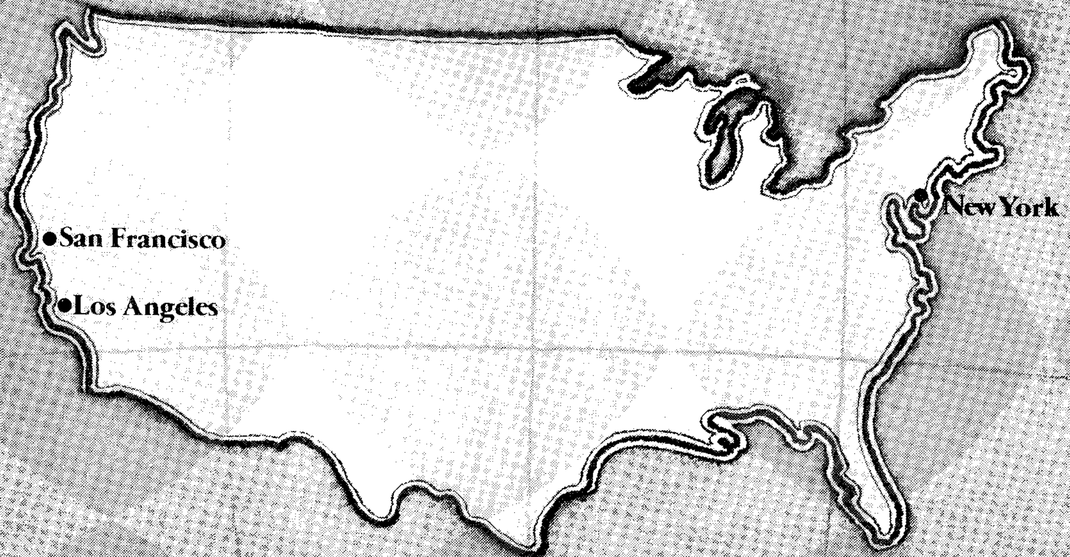
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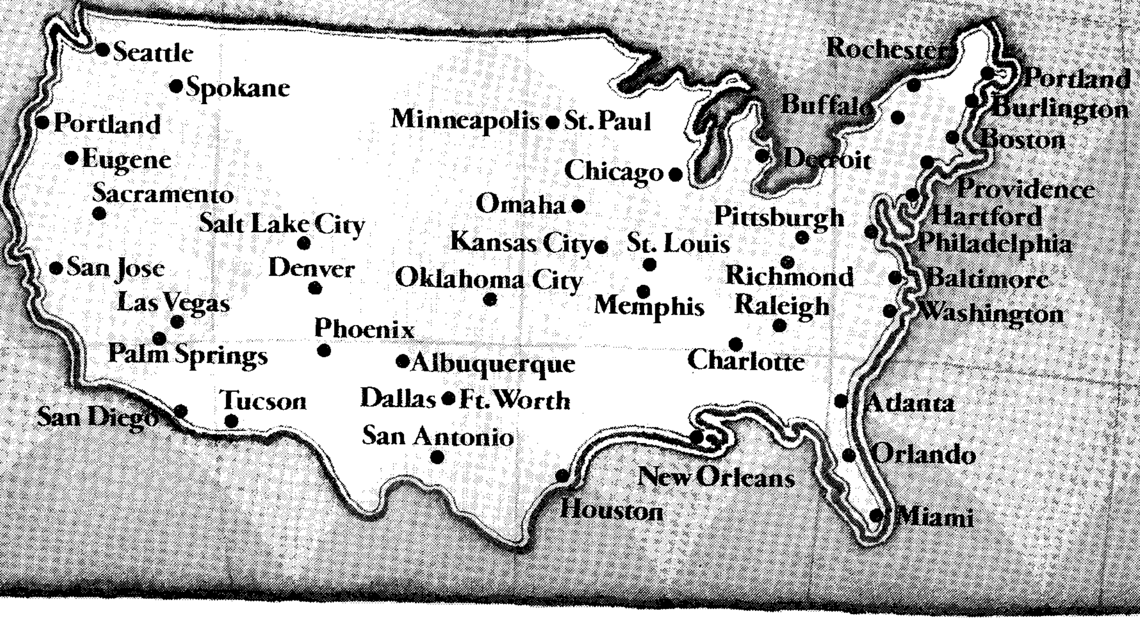
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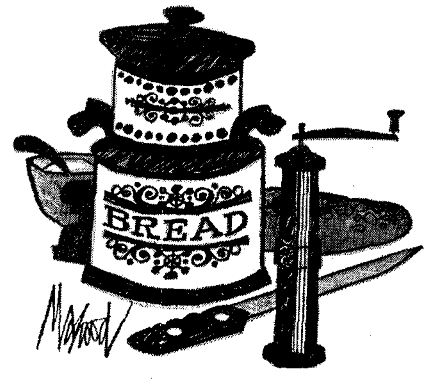
through it, if he is not careful. S.P. is full of half-truth: here." The Sharifians did not capture Damascus. Australian war records and diaries give abundant proof that "troops of the Australian Mounted Division entered Damascus during the night of September 30." The author of a dispatch sent from Cairo on October 8th and printed in the London *Times* of October 17, 1918, claims that the Arabs were the first troops in. This was "most probably written by Lawrence," says Kedourie, and "displays a touch of his usual meretricious flamboyance when it describes the incompetent ex-Ottoman official who for a few days was head of the Sharifian administration in Damascus as 'the senior descendant of Saladin.' " Lawrence gives the impression "that Damascus was an Arab—was Lawrence's—conquest." The truth appears to be that General Allenby for political reasons allowed the Sharifians to seem the conquerors of Damascus. The "descendant of Saladin" opened the prisons, releasing about four thousand prisoners, among whom were murderers, robbers, opium addicts, and forgers. These began looting and killing. The Australian General Chauvel had to march his troops into Damascus to put down the rioters. The purpose of sending in the Arabs was to forestall the claims of the French on Syria. The "taking" of Damascus by Lawrence and Faisal is thus an invention—a piece of Hollywood history for which Lawrence wrote the scenario. He is one of those highly gifted romantic legend-makers who created "the Arab" for us; he is an early-style designer of Arab nationalism.

Kedourie is not kinder to other forms of nationalism. He has unflattering things to say of Zionism, too. He accuses the Zionists of injecting "national folklore" into Judaism.

AT Stanford, where we spend several days, exchanging the gray Chicagoland ice shield for the citrus green of Retirementland, I meet Professor Yehoshafat Harkabi (I think he is General Harkabi as well), whose specialty is the Arab-Israeli conflict. Professor Harkabi, who holds a degree from the Hebrew University in philosophy and Arabic literature, has also had a military career. From 1955 to 1959, he was chief of intelligence of the Israel Defense Forces. At Stanford, he is a scholar doing research. The Professor's face is that of a man who has spent more of his life in the sun than in the library stacks. His eyes are lighter in color than his complexion—a clear, gray gaze; his hair is grizzling; his mouth is straight, pleasant. His pleasantness is that of a single-minded and problem-burdened man. He and I are given lunch at the faculty club by an old friend of mine, Dr. Henry Kaplan, a radiologist who heads the new Stanford cancer-research laboratory. We are served large beef ribs, not enough meat on them to take our minds from the conversation.

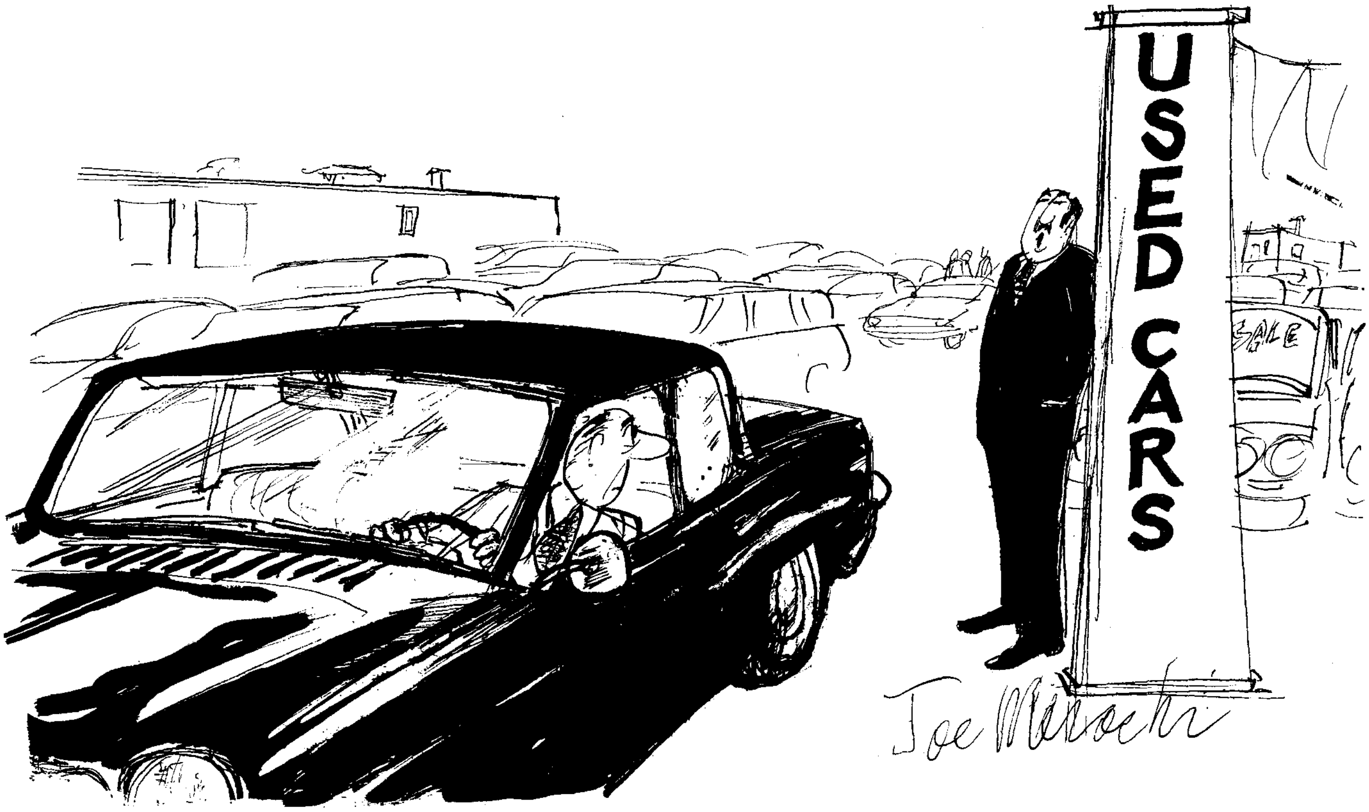
I had already read Professor Harkabi's book "Palestinians and Israel," written in 1974. I had also, in 1967, seen the Arab-refugee camps. They were far more squalid than the Hooverville shantytowns of our own Depression period. Those were miserable enough but they were temporary. The camps I saw in Jordan were then nearly twenty years old. It seemed to me that they were inhabited mainly by women and children, by grannies and aged men. On the West Bank last November, I passed a few of these camps, now empty, the narrow shacks moldering away. Many of the refugees are employed, and resettled in towns and villages. Economic improvement has not, however, calmed the Arabs. It has, if anything, sharpened their discontent. And yet, as recently as 1972, Professor Harkabi wrote in an article called "The Problem of the Palestinians" that these people of the West Bank were "preoccupied with the new opportunities for improving their standard of living," and that many were indifferent to the question of their political future and were in effect "self-depoliticized." He intended no disparagement by this. He meant that they were busy raising their living standard and content to leave politics to the politicians—especially those in the Arab states.

This is not the situation in 1976. Reading the papers, listening to the radio, watching television, Palestinian peasants and townspeople have become aware that the attention of the world has been fastened on their political problems. True, Israel's military government has been mild, the running sores of the refugee camps in which so many thousands lived under Jordanian administration are beginning to dry and heal, but there is no settlement in sight. For Israel, the occupation is costly and embarrassing. Israel, born out of a national-liberation movement, now seems to be denying the Palestinians their political liberties.



We Westerners do not understand the Arab problem, says Professor Harkabi; nor do the Israelis, unfortunately, know much about it. They had better learn what the conflict is about. Israel's leaders, if they are to meet the problem rationally and resolve it, will have to find out who the Arabs are and on what a peace must be based. Harkabi speaks quickly and without circumlocution. The Zionists did not come into Palestine with a plan to expel the Arabs. Zionism hoped to establish a Jewish state, but when Theodor Herzl, the founder of the Zionist movement, failed to obtain an international charter for such a state the Zionists limited themselves to the purchase of land for cultivation. This land was bought from Arabs, not taken by force. Jews had lived in Palestine continuously since ancient times. Nor did the arrival of Jewish settlers from Europe interfere with the Arab struggle for self-determination. Until recently there was no popular Arab nationalist movement and no struggle for self-determination. Of those early days—the eighteen-eighties and nineties—Harkabi writes, "The Palestinian Arabs gave little evidence of being particularly attached to the country, and many of their leaders themselves sold land, even while to the outside protesting against it." I have heard it argued, by the way, that there was a Palestinian autonomy movement before the First World War.

The British as well as the Jews proposed solutions in the twenties that were rejected by extremist Arab leaders. There were riots and killings. The Jewish settlers organized defense units, which became the nucleus of their future army. "Arab intransigence forced partition and Jewish statehood," writes Harkabi. The Arabs would have nothing to do with the United Nations partition resolution; they rejected the plan for a separate Palestinian state, attacking from all sides. During the conflict, Palestinian society, which had never been strong, fell apart. "Most of the rich families" left the country. Arab leaders had also been quitting Palestine, an Arab-nationalist historian, Walid al-Qamhawi, reported in "Disaster and Construction in the Arab Fatherland." They sought "tranquility in Egypt, Syria, and Lebanon." They left "the burden of struggle and sacrifice to the



"If it gives you any trouble, don't let us know. We hate trouble."

• •

workers, villagers, and middle class. . . . These factors, the collective fear, moral disintegration, and chaos in every domain, were what displaced the Arabs from Tiberias, Haifa, Jaffa, and scores of cities and villages." Harkabi concludes that "if the Palestinians were displaced, they mostly displaced themselves."

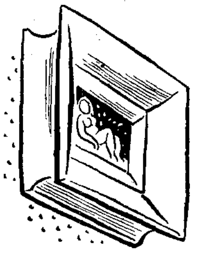
This sounds severe, but Harkabi does not excuse the Zionists from all responsibility. He is anything but unfeeling toward the Arabs. Still, of Arab leaders he writes that when they speak of a "just solution of the Palestinian question," they mean the wiping out of the Israeli question: "Islam recognizes neither independence nor equality for Jews." In the lingo of Arab nationalists, Israel is "one of the most dangerous pockets of imperialistic resistance against the struggle of peoples" and must be "liquidated." A change in the Arab attitude involves much more than diplomacy or politics. The Arab states, whether feudal or leftist, recognize only the religion of Islam. They tolerate Jews, Maronites, Copts, but only as minorities under Islamic supremacy. The Fatah terrorists have appealed to Islamic religious leaders to declare their war against the Jews a jihad: a holy war must be fought to establish a secular republic.

The ideal settlement from the Israeli point of view would be reached if there were some way to soften the indurated prejudices of centuries. But it is useless, especially during a mood of heated nationalism, to dream of changing Arab culture or to hope for the development of new organs. Organs of altruism are not about to burst into growth. If the friendly European left had new hearts to contribute, I doubt whether the transplants would succeed. Harkabi quotes one of the Syrian fedayeen as saying, "I was among those who thought five years ago that we must slaughter the Jews. But now I cannot imagine that, if we win one night, it will be possible for us to slaughter them, or even one-tenth of them. I cannot conceive of it, neither as a man nor as an Arab. If so, what do we wish to do with these Jews?. . . I think that among many Jews, those living in Palestine, especially the Arab Jews, there is a great desire to return to their countries of origin, since the Zionist efforts to transform them into a homogeneous, cohesive nation have failed. . . . We have made the Jews think constantly for twenty years that the sea is before them and the enemy behind, and that there was no recourse but to fight to defend their lives."

The Palestinians, says Harkabi, form a distinct group among the Arabs. They do not feel themselves at home in Arab countries. "Among the refugees," he writes, "a state of mind developed which stigmatized assimilation into Arab societies as an act of disloyalty." Some Palestinians resist efforts to improve living conditions in the camps lest this be taken as an admission that they have surrendered the hope of returning. Harkabi distinguishes between the older generation of refugees with their longing to recover their land and property, their idyll of the days before the disaster, and the younger generation which has replaced nostalgia with hatred and whose aim is not to recover the lost villages of their fathers but to return as conquerors and masters. This new generation, mixing Marxism with terrorism, has chosen Mao Tse-tung, Fanon, and Che Guevara as its favorite theoreticians, and its ideological preferences have won for it the sympathy and support of the European left.

The Palestinians are Pan-Arabists, but their acquaintance with the Arab states "did not always endear these states to the Palestinians, for they indeed had their fill of bitters with them," Harkabi quaintly writes. They have received some support but they have also been exploited and abused.

The opinion of Professor Malcolm H. Kerr, given in 1971 in "The Arab Cold War," is that a "longstanding Western myth holds that the Palestine cause unites the Arab states when they are divided on all else. It would be more accurate to say that when the Arabs are in a mood to coöperate, this tends to find expression in an agreement to avoid action on Palestine, but that when they choose to quarrel, Palestine policy readily becomes a subject of dispute. The prospect that one Arab government or another may unilaterally provoke hostilities with Israel arouses fears among others for their own security, or at least for their political reputation." The armies of neighboring Arab states entered Israel in 1948 not primarily to protect the Palestinians but to prevent their rivals from expanding their territories.



We outsiders are the despair of the Arabists. We cannot free ourselves from our Western myths about the Arabs. Even to use the term "Arab" convicts us of ignorance. The true state of things in the Middle East is difficult to explain to people who insist upon romancing and partisan or ideological distortion. I turned to Professor Kerr's book on the infighting between Nasser and his rivals in an effort to learn something about politics in the lands surrounding Israel. It gave me quite a turn to read Professor Kerr's account of the struggle in 1970 between the Palestinian guerrillas and the army of Jordan's King Hussein. The Palestinian fedayeen in Amman roared around in their jeeps with loaded weapons. They behaved, writes Kerr, "like an army of occupation; they extorted financial contributions from individuals, sometimes foreigners, in their homes and in public places; they disregarded routine traffic regulations, failed to register and license their vehicles, and refused to stop at army checkpoints; they boasted about their role of destiny against Israel and belittled the worth of the army. Their very presence in Amman, far from the battlefield, seemed like a challenge to the regime." The guerrillas were not doing well against Israel's border patrols, but "with their own army, finances, social services, international diplomacy the fedayeen were building an incipient state of their own inside Jordan." The Jordanian government, after its 1967 defeat, had to accept the various Palestinian resistance groups but tried to control and contain them. Hussein wished to avoid a fight; some of the Palestinian organizations also wished to keep the peace, but an extremist minority, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, headed by Dr. George Habash, got out of hand. To Habash the governments of Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Lebanon, and Jordan were dependent upon the United States "and, therefore, implicit collaborators with Israel." The P.F.L.P. boycotted Yasir Arafat's P.L.O., calling it bureaucratic and anti-revolutionary. Habash and his followers began to give the struggle a more revolutionary character through kidnapping, hijacking, and anti-Jordanian propaganda. Hoping to preserve unity, the other Palestinian groups refrained from criticism, though they disapproved of the course the Popular Front was taking. Inevitably, there were clashes between the revolutionists and the Jordanian government. Elements of Hussein's Jordanian Army loathed the Palestinian guerrillas. "Over the past two years they had built up a reservoir of special resentment against the arrogant attitudes of the Palestinians. The political tension was mixed closely with social differences between the proud men of tribal background, trained under the paternal eye of the British, whose whole life and livelihood had been based on loyal service to the Hashemite crown, and the slick urbanites, the socially mobile, ideologically facile, irreverent young men who led the resistance movement." And Professor Kerr sees a resemblance between these young men and our own Yippies: it was, he says, the police of Chicago facing the student demonstrators. The analogy is inexact but is useful nevertheless.

In June, 1970, the Popular Front guerrillas seized hotels, took European and American hostages, and threatened to blow up the buildings. A much concerned inter-Arab committee worked out an agreement in July, after Hussein fired certain of his officers to satisfy the demands of the P.F.L.P. But in September the P.F.L.P. hijacked four Western planes. Now, despite Nasser's pleas for peace, Hussein could no longer avoid a fight. Since 1967, he and Nasser had been drawn together by common interests, but Hussein could have little confidence in a friendship so transparently tactical. The Palestinians were Nasser's clients; Hussein had been his enemy, one of those reactionary rulers whom he had always denounced.

In mid-September, the Palestinian commandos prepared for a general strike in support of their demands for a purge of Hussein's regime which would leave the King "with only nominal authority." This reckless Palestinian challenge was too much for Hussein and his Army officers. On the seventeenth of September the Army attacked the Palestinians. "Not only fedayeen strongpoints but Palestinian population centers in general—especially the slums in the hills ringing Amman crowded with refugees—became the targets of point-blank bombardment by machine guns, mortars, and artillery."

An Iraqi force of more than twenty thousand men stationed in Jordan and pledged to protect the Palestinian resistance did not intervene. A Syrian armored column did cross the border but withdrew after a few days of bloody fighting.

Hussein's Bedouins massacred some thirty-six hundred people. Hussein's army, says Kerr, "killed more Palestinians in 1970 than Moshe Dayan's had done in 1967. The poignancy of this was not lost on Palestinians living on the West Bank under Israeli occupation. What did it foretell of the prospects for them and their aspirations if they were ever returned to Hashemite sovereignty?... Some refugees on the East Bank now sought to return to live under Israeli rule rather than remain exposed to the Jordanian Army. Nor was the poignancy lost on Israelis, who added a stinging observation of their own. If this was how Arabs dealt with each other, they asked, what treatment was in store for the population of Israel if the Arabs ever got the upper hand?"

In the Arab world Nasser was criticized bitterly, for his friendship with Hussein made him an accomplice in the massacre. The political skills for which he was so highly praised had resulted once more in the deaths of thousands of Arabs. Assessing Nasser's career, Professor Kerr acknowledges his political ability, seeing him as "a man of remarkable personal strengths and political skills," a would-be Bismarck whose real forerunner was "perhaps, in fact," Napoleon III. Napoleon also had had "great ambitions for himself and his country," had "weakened his international credit by being too shifty and conspiratorial, and had finally blustered into a test of strength in which the appearance of military prowess was no substitute for the real thing."

Nasser's aim had been to unite the Arab world, drive out its corrupt reactionary leaders, and get rid of the Jewish state, but he was balked in Yemen, defeated in the Sinai Desert, and his "political skills" produced nothing so impressive as the corpses I saw after a battle in the Sinai Desert in 1967—great numbers rotting, smelling sweetish and hairy, like sugar sacks, stinking and liquefying. A reasonably good political idea had gone wrong and these were the results. I asked myself how I would have felt if the calcula-

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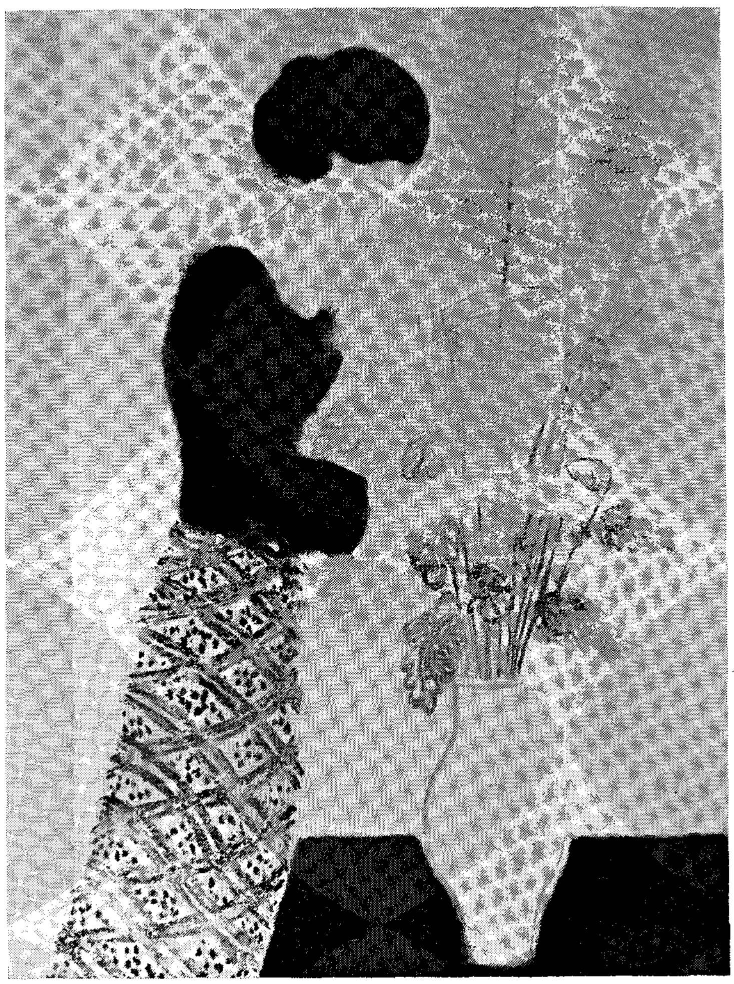

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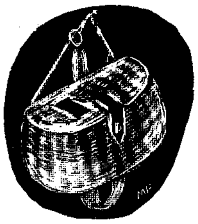
City ______________ State ________ Zip ________ tions had been mine and I had been the leader responsible for this slaughter. Among the dead I already felt as if I were trying to pull away something heavy clinging and sick that had fastened itself on me. How could anyone bear the guilt for this? But probably the trade I have followed for so many years has made me naïve. Men in politics are different. News reached us in the desert that Nasser had made a gesture of resignation but that he had also organized demonstrations of loyalty. Under the weight of so many corpses, he had the "remarkable personal strength," the presence of mind, the cleverness to make the right moves. Another man's heart, under such a weight, might have stopped beating at once. Professor Kerr suggests that because of the disaster in Amman Nasser's heart did stop beating. He seems to feel that this latest disgrace brought on Nasser's heart attack. Egypt was too poor and weak a country to support Nasser's Bismarckian ambitions, and he himself, if Kerr is right, was not strong enough to bear the burden of failure.

I HAVE heard Harkabi called a hawk but he seems to me rather better balanced than most of the people with whom I have discussed the Arab-Israeli problems. Deeper, too, for the moral questions raised by this conflict are most important to him. He concedes that the Arabs have been wronged, but he insists upon the moral meaning of Israel's existence. Israel stands for something in Western history. The questions are not so simple as ideological partisans try to make them. The Zionists were not deliberately unjust, the Arabs were not guiltless. To rectify the evil as the Arabs would wish it rectified would mean the destruction of Israel. Arab refugees must be relieved and compensated, but Israel will not commit suicide for their sake. By now the Arabs see themselves returning in blood and fire, and Israel will not agree to bleed and burn. A sweeping denial of Arab grievances is, however, an obstacle to peace.



Golda Meir is sometimes accused of arguing that the Zionists had done the Arabs no injury whatever. In the London *Sunday Times* of June 15, 1969, she is quoted as saying, "It was not as though there were a Palestinian people in Palestine considering itself as a Palestinian people and we came and threw them out and took their country away from them. They did not exist." Precisely speaking, she is right. "Palestinian" is a word given prominence recently by Arab nationalists. The Arabs always held that the Palestinian problem was a Pan-Arab problem. Palestine to them was southern Syria. At the time of the Balfour Declaration, Arab nationalists rejected the very idea of a separate Palestinian entity, insisting that the Arab lands were an indivisible whole. To Mrs. Meir this is no mere quibble. Under the influence of Arab propaganda the entire world now speaks of a "Palestinian homeland" and a "Palestinian people," and the word "Palestinian" has become a weapon. But what of the Arabs who *were* displaced in 1948? Many undoubtedly did displace themselves. When hostilities began, they fled not into exile but to familiar territory on the West Bank. Marie Syrkin, a professor at Brandeis University, writes, "Nobody enjoys seeing his property used by others even if compensation is available. But the very proximity of the abandoned neighborhood while tantalizing, is the true measure of how little national loss the Arab from Palestine suffered. Even for so slight a cause as a new subway or urban relocation people are shifted larger distances and to stranger surroundings than the changes endured by the majority of the Arab refugees. Nasser had no qualms about dislodging whole villages for his Aswan Dam, despite the objections of the inhabitants, and the impressive ease with which the Soviet Union repeatedly shifted huge numbers of its people to further some social or political purpose is a matter of record. Only in the case of the Arabs has village patriotism been raised to a sacred cause."

It is manifestly true that others have displaced peasants from their lands. Nevertheless, the *tu quoque* argument is insufficient, and that there were injustices must be granted. In 1967 there were more refugees—what of them?

These injustices are a torment and a threat to the Jews—they threaten to rob them of their achievement. Under Hitler the Jews were the lepers of Europe. No, they were worse than lepers. Lepers are isolated, nursed, and treated. There is no word for what the Jews were in Europe between 1939 and 1945. After the war the survivors fled Europe. They were not welcomed in other countries. They went to Palestine—to Israel. They were joined there by some eight hundred thousand Jewish refugees from Arab lands, driven out by excited nationalists and revolutionists and robbed of their property. Herman Melville was not alone in expressing his horror at the desolation of the now disputed territory to which they came. Mark Twain wrote in "The Innocents Abroad," "Palestine sits in sackcloth and ashes. Over it broods the spell of a curse that has withered its fields and fettered its energies. . . . Nazareth is forlorn; about that ford of Jordan where the hosts of Israel entered the Promised Land with songs of rejoicing, one finds only a squalid camp of fantastic Bedouins. . . . Palestine is desolate and unlovely. And why should it be otherwise? Can the *curse* of the Deity beautify a land? Palestine is no more of this work-day world. It is sacred to poetry and tradition—it is dreamland."

In this unlovely dreamland the Zionists built a thriving society. There are few successes among the new states that came into existence after the Second World War. Israel is one of them. Lebanon is, or was, another.

KEDOURIE said in London that it was a pity the Jews had to become political. Was it necessary for them to establish a new state in one of the world's danger zones? Nationalism, he implied, was an evil the Jews did not need to add to their too painful history. He was saying, I think, that he regretted this, not that he blamed anyone. In going beyond his statement, the responsibility is my own. But it is difficult to apply reasonable propositions to the survivors of the Holocaust. To them it might have seemed that they had escaped from a deeper and madder spirit than the rest of us can know, a fury remote from the minds of learned historical explainers or the causes that students of psychology and society normally deal in—a more wicked wickedness than most of us take into account in our hypotheses. Perhaps many of those who had gone through the horror of the death camps wanted to be together afterward. Their desire was to live together as Jews. Anyway, it is idle to speak of alternatives. The founding of a state was inevitable. It was a desperate, naked need that sent Jewish survivors to the Middle East. They were not working out historical problems in the abstract. They had had to face extinction. What had the Arabs to face when these Jewish refugees arrived? "The worst fate that could be-fall the Arabs," Walter Laqueur writes in his history of Zionism, "was the partition of Palestine and minority status for some Arabs in the Jewish state." The founding of Israel was not sinless and pure, he says, but there was no way to avoid conflict, since "the basis for a compromise did not exist." How, then, does he see the guilt of the Zionists? Their sin was that they behaved like other peoples. Nation-states have never come into existence peacefully and without injustices. At the center of every state, at its very foundation, as one writer recently put it, lies a mass of corpses. "It was the historical tragedy of Zionism," says Laqueur, "that it appeared on the international scene when there were no longer empty spaces on the world map." In time the cruelties of long-established nations become dim and are forgotten. In our own days, the sins of the powerful are seldom mentioned. The Russians have expelled Chechens, Kalmyks, Volga Germans, and others en masse from their home territories. Their problems are not discussed at the U.N. So this is where the matter stands: What others have done with a broad hand the Jews are accused of doing in a smaller way. The weaker you are, the more conspicuous your offenses; the more precarious your condition, the more hostile criticism you must expect.

Independent Arab states were created after the Allies dismantled the Ottoman Empire. It was then the hope of Lord Balfour that the Arabs, themselves newly freed from the Turks, would not grudge the Jews one per cent of the liberated territories for the establishment of a Jewish national home, a "small notch—for it is no more geographically whatever it may be historically—that small notch in what are now Arab territories being given to the people who for all these hundreds of years have been separated from it." Balfour's mild hope has been rejected.

BACK in Chicagoland, I feel like the Ancient Mariner in the mist and snow, and ice mast-high that floats by as green as emerald. From my window I see the new Sears Tower, not emerald but slaty green in this light. It resembles a bar graph and is taller than a dozen icebergs set on end. It makes me think of Japanese transistor radios, hundreds of thousands of them, ready for shipment.

I call my university colleague Morris Janowitz and make an appointment to meet him at the Eagle, a neighbor-

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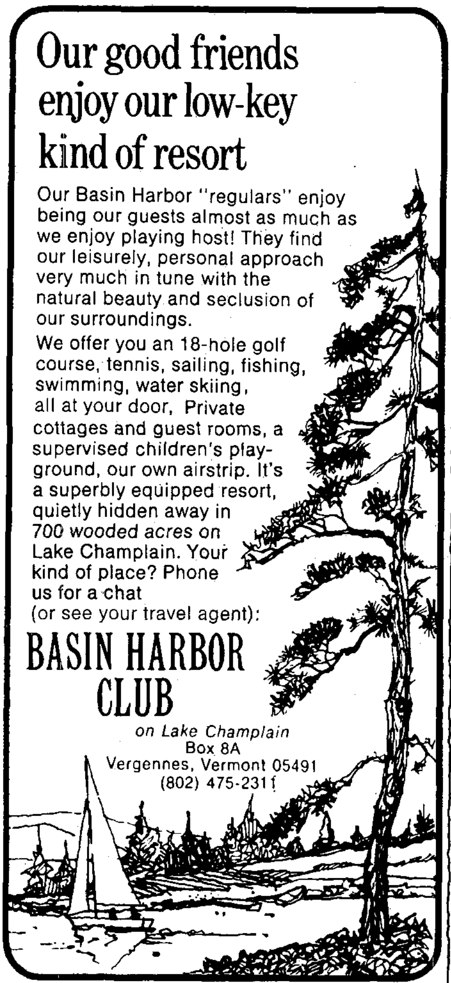

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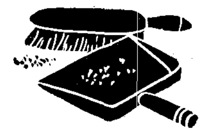
hood joint. I want to talk with him about Israel. The Eagle is a storefront bar and restaurant. New Deal mementos and photographs of film stars and art works relieve the gloom. My favorite work of art is a long crescent-shaped panel salvaged from a demolished grammar school. When I was a kid, we had one of these panels in our assembly hall; the same painter must have turned them out by the dozen. It depicts the Chicago skyline of 1906. In the foreground is a mild but rather dumb-looking doll wearing a coronet. The name of this regal person is *I Will* and she is the spirit of Chicago. In the bar is a rosy portrait of F.D.R. as he did not look in 1932, and an N.R.A. eagle, and photos of old-time screen personalities. Senior patrons can identify these and feel at home.

Janowitz is community-minded and busy with ideas for improving the university and keeping the neighborhood from further deterioration. He is responsible for bringing excellent second-hand-book shops to Fifty-seventh Street. He is involved in the social planning of new housing developments. He is busy now with a new South Loop community in the old railroad yards. He knows how the police are behaving, how our local crime rates compare with those of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and New Haven, and how welfare families are doing and what black children are up to in the Chicago schools. There is nothing simpleminded about Janowitz. How to describe him: he is compact, solid; he hasn't much color but his is the pallor of a strong constitution; he has a dark lock that drops down at times toward his glasses. He reads widely, but he doesn't much care for novels and poems. He has mastered subjects it would kill me to work up. He is the author of "The Professional Soldier," a sociological study of the military. He has written extensively on the role of the armed forces in Third World politics. He has, in addition, studied urban problems in education, crime, and welfare. He knows this huge, filthy, brilliant, and mean city. Janowitz's feeling for Chicago is one of the things that bring us together. He may not take much interest in Conrad, Tolstoy, or Stendhal but he is nevertheless, as they say in these parts, "my kind of people." I value his knowledge and his intelligence. He thinks rapidly and closely. You can't afford to daydream while he is talking. Torrentially sensible, he speaks with a slight New Jersey rasp. His last book was on the welfare state, but we are discussing Israel today. He comes of a family deeply involved in the issues of Zionism and has always been a supporter of Israel. Its fate is one of his most intense concerns.



Janowitz asks me how I assess the situation in Israel, and what I would recommend. I answer that I don't think my judgment has much value. I am simply an interested amateur—a learner. I can, however, tell him what I have heard from intelligent and experienced observers.

Many of these, I say, believe that Israel should have withdrawn from the West Bank long ago—on advantageous terms, of course. No responsible person speaks of a withdrawal that would expose Israel to military risks. But the government is desperately stuck with the occupation. Some of King Hussein's advisers now tell him he ought to reject Israel's offers to return the area. The Palestinians gave Jordan nothing but trouble. The line taken by these advisers to the King is "We had to govern those people while others bribed them. Now let the Israelis govern, and we will do the bribing." Fortified by oil money and by world support, especially from the left, the Arab states see no need to negotiate with Israel. They plan its eventual destruction and they watch its domestic dissension and disorder with satisfaction. Then there is the problem of the ultra-Orthodox zealots who insist that to settle on the West Bank is their God-given right. The angry Arabs interpret the Rabin government's reluctance to restrain these settlers as a sign of approval or even as its covert policy. The Israeli religious nationalists do not themselves form a political group, but they have the Parliamentary support of the rightists. I have spoken with students of the Middle East who feel that nothing is more dangerous for Israel at this moment than this religious nationalism. They think it anti-Zionist, for the leaders of the Zionist movement had no religious-territorial ambitions. In America, even those who sympathize with Israel and support it see no reason the United States should be asked to sponsor this religious expansionism. On the other hand, there are many Israelis who dread the thought that Israel may turn into an American satellite and who, in sympathizing with movements like Gush Emunim, are perhaps trying to assert their political independence. What they say, in effect, is that they will not sacrifice their independence simply because

America gives them over two billion dollars a year. Israelis are in great distress when they think it possible that the fate of their country may be decided elsewhere—in Washington, for instance. Can we blame them? America, God help us all, is not a comfortable country to rely upon. And Nixon, although he frightened us nearly to death, was after all consistently friendly to Israel. But what will the next Administration do? When the election is over and Jewish votes and contributions no longer matter, who knows what proposals for settlement it may make?

Janowitz does not dismiss the possibility that a new President may be tough, even brutal. He points out, though, that it has from the first been America's policy to protect Israel. Without American approval and help Israel would never have come into existence. And the Americans have claimed for some time now that only they can bring peace to the Middle East. Nevertheless, this dependency is peculiarly hard to take. Between 1967 and 1973 the Israelis had felt themselves free at last from patronage. Now Rabin's most splenetic critics accuse him of turning Israel over to the Americans. They would sooner go it alone than become stooges and live on handouts; therefore they insist that they will not give an inch on the West Bank or in the Sinai. But, says Janowitz, occupation of the West Bank makes it possible for the international community to blame Israel for everything that is wrong with the Middle East; occupation strengthens the Palestinian movement; occupation costs Israel a lot of money and brings it nothing but grief. True, Israel has performed exceptionally well; the growth rate of West Bank agriculture has been very high since 1967, thanks to the Israelis, but the Arabs do not want to be governed by Israel. They insist on self-rule. Because of the Arab birth rate, annexation would be self-defeating—Arabs would quickly outnumber and outvote Jews. How would a democratic Jewish state solve the population problem?

The defense of Israel is "the paramount task of the Jewish community," says Janowitz, speaking now of the American Jewish community. But people are in an excited, jumpy state, and whenever he has spoken to groups on the problems Israel faces he has been attacked, his attackers sometimes implying that he is assisting the Arab cause. He takes these outbursts calmly enough. If you want everyone to love you, don't discuss Israeli politics. His position is that while "military force created Israel and keeps it alive, only a political settlement will insure its survival—physically and morally." He adds that "the future of the Jews rests on the intermingling of the Zionist impulse with the dilemmas of the Jews scattered throughout the world."

Unending crisis has produced "fanatical and frantic responses" within Israel. Of the paramilitary religious settlements in the Administered Territories, he says that the religious settlers have understandable historical reasons for persisting in their attempts to establish themselves in areas densely populated by Arabs and that under reasonable conditions this would present no real problems. "But in the present circumstances they are deeply detrimental to the search for a political solution to the Arab-Israeli conflict." Israel's political leaders must oppose the further expansion of these settlements.

Orderly Janowitz next day sends me a memorandum, expanding some of the points he made over lunch. "The Israelis must start to produce realistic initiatives and proposals for a peace agreement," he wrote. "They must come up with an extensive set of proposals to deal with the West Bank territories, since the West Bank represents the Palestinian aspirations." Preliminary proposals must be offered for discussion. "Some form of condominium would be one possible set of talking points. The West Bank territory, with mutual adjustments, would serve as the basis of a Palestinian state. But it would be a state that recognizes the interdependence of the contemporary world. The condominium would imply some joint agencies, such as telecommunications, transportation, currency, and various joint arrangements governing commerce and trade. There could be special arrangements with other Arab states. The crucial issue would be the guarantees of military security and the prevention of terrorism. As an initial step, there could be a joint Israeli-Jordanian constabulary force to carry out these tasks."

Negotiations at Geneva might begin with such a proposal. These should begin at once. Janowitz says there is reason to believe that Russia would be interested in an agreement of this kind, though Russia would not be directly involved in peacekeeping activities. Perhaps other Arab states—Saudi Arabia, for instance—might support such a

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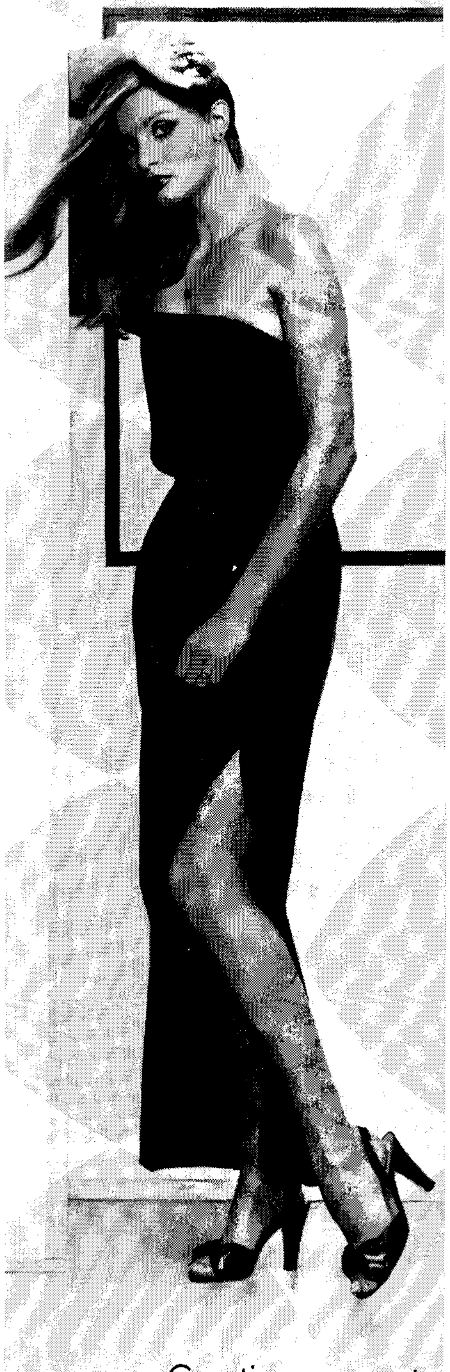

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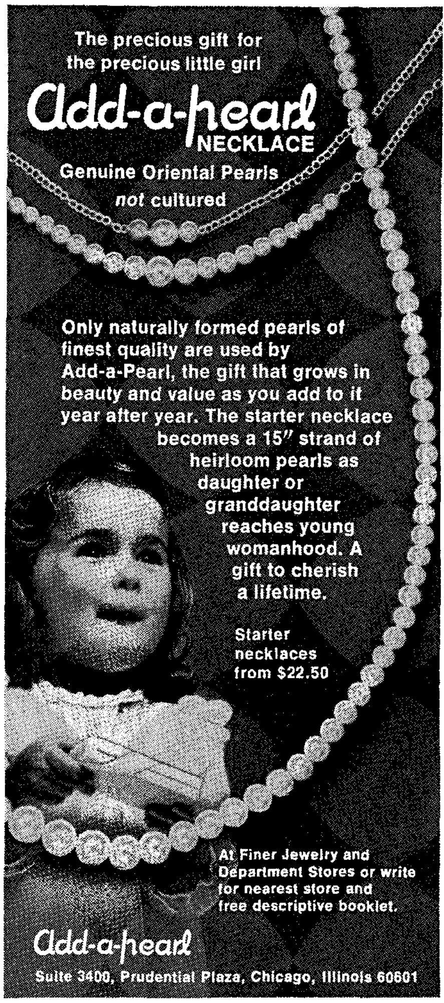

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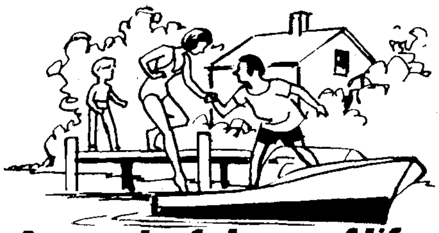

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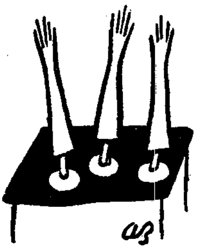
condominium. The Saudis "could be involved in the vaticanization of the non-Jewish Holy Places in Jerusalem." The matter of access to the Holy Places is as important to the Arabs as the security of the West Bank is to the Israelis.

Why would the Soviet Union be willing to consider supporting such a plan? The Soviets are afraid of another "military round," the consequences of which might be dangerous—the risk of escalation worries them greatly. "They are concerned about the spread of nuclear weapons into the Middle East," says Janowitz. "It must be Israeli policy to explore all possibilities for preventing the introduction of nuclear weapons into its arsenal. This is essential for its long-term security and for its moral position in the world community. Of course Israel may have to go nuclear, but such a step is a measure of final resort. An international organization that includes the International Atomic Energy Agency must be set up, with power to prevent the introduction of nuclear weapons into the Middle East."



Janowitz grants that some Israeli political leaders and intellectuals are convinced that another round of fighting can't be avoided and think that such an engagement would strengthen Israel and produce more favorable conditions for negotiation. He does not doubt that in another fight Israel's Army would perform courageously, and more effectively than in 1973. But it could not win a decisive victory. Another engagement "would produce another stalemate and another round of rearmament." The losses would be massive, the human cost enormous. Another war "would tear the social fabric of Israel with profound tragedy and devastation."

As for the United States, the support of Israel by its political leaders "remains powerful and enduring, although it faces grave pressures. The support for Israel in the U.S. military is equally strong, but that is not a question since the U.S. military will follow the orders of its civilian leaders. However, both U.S. political and military leaders want Israel to face the realities of the tension and confrontations of the moment. The United States, not because of economic reasons but because of the facts of the international situation, will take small steps that can be interpreted as weakening Israel. The only alternative is for Israel, with the support of the American Jewish community, to begin immediately to move toward a solution which will serve to reinforce U.S. commitments and support to Israel."

The American Jewish community has "supplied crucial resources to make the state of Israel possible." Its assistance has in the past "had to be without specific conditions, for the Americans are far from the fighting front. However, it has been clear almost since the establishment of the State of Israel that its long-term political existence could not be achieved by military force alone; given time, the Arabs would win. A political settlement backed by military might is required. Such a settlement involves the solution of the Palestinian issue and the status of the religious sites of the Old City. The American Jewish community has neglected its responsibility to assist in the solution of these two issues. The resolution of these two issues is essential to the security of Israel."

At the moment the picture is ugly, but there are positive signs. It is possible that anarchy in Lebanon may have frightened and sobered the Syrians. "Whichever way it goes, Israel must take the political initiative," Janowitz says. Of course great risks are involved. The military situation is delicate. The "internal balance in Israel is weak and fragmented." Nevertheless, immediate action must be taken. The infighting of the leaders will have to stop. Political careers must be risked. This is no time to think of one's personal fortune. "In my opinion," says Janowitz, "an election is called for in Israel. Regardless of who wins, the political leaders will have to be more sober and more responsible."

In the grip of crisis and encircled by hostile states, Israel has remained consistently democratic. It isn't every country that would permit free elections in an occupied territory. But these elections are late; they should have been held long ago. The Arabs of the West Bank ought from the first to have been encouraged to create political alternatives to the P.L.O. There is no reason to think that they are eager in their prosperity to put themselves into the hands of extremists and terrorists. But the Israelis were not very realistic in 1967. When Janowitz visited Israel in 1970 and was taken on a tour of military installations, an Israeli general said to him as they stood together on the bank of the Suez Canal, "We expect to hold this for the next fifty years."

New states are often in trouble when the founding father dies, Janowitz observes. Ben-Gurion had the authority to control dissenting factions and impose unpopular but necessary decisions. Now there is no one. Neither is there time to beg Heaven for a successor.

I HAVE been making what amounts to a personal Israel syllabus—the study of dozens of books and scores of documents. You are at times seduced into thinking that anything that can be studied and written up is also susceptible of reasonable adjustment. But then you remember that those who know the subject best are most pessimistic. And sometimes it comes over you that reasonable adjustment may be the remotest of possibilities. Occasionally the true nature of the subject bursts forth. I am reading an article in the *Middle East Review* by David Gutmann, one of a group of professors who attended a conference on the region last summer and travelled about, being briefed by Arab and Israeli leaders and questioning them. Professor Gutmann quotes verbatim from a speech before the Syrian national assembly by General Mustafa T'Las, the Minister of Defense. Eulogizing a war hero who had himself killed twenty-eight Israelis, the General said, "He butchered three of them with an axe and decapitated them. In other words, instead of using a gun to kill them he took a hatchet to chop their heads off. He struggled face to face with one of them, and throwing down his axe managed to break his neck and devour his flesh in front of his comrades. This is a special case. Need I single it out to award him the Medal of the Republic? I will grant this medal to any soldier who succeeds in killing twenty-eight Jews, and I will cover him with appreciation and honor for his bravery." Egyptian and Syrian leaders speak of the founding of Israel as "the original sin;" this sin is so great that it justifies not only slaughter but cannibalism. Commentators and scholars—left, right, or center—speak of imperialism and Socialism, of nationalism and self-determination, of Islam and the West. Is this flesh-eating speech a scare tactic, a baring of the teeth calculated only to frighten; or is it simply something like Lemuel Gulliver's gobbling joke on a cowering Lilliputian? I am inclined to think that the General means what he says. In the same number of the *Middle East Review* we are informed by Professor Irwin Cotler, of

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McGill University, that "Arab intellectuals and journalists tend to adopt a harder line than do Arab leaders, who correspondingly appear more moderate." The new nationalism has not revived what is best in Islamic civilization, to judge by this frightful crudity, and if Professor Cotler is right it would not be wise to invest much hope in Arab Socialism or the Arab left.

In Western Europe and the United States, left-wing intellectuals continued to use the familiar Marxist-Leninist vocabulary, hoping for a radical solution and blaming the troubles of the Middle East on the rivalrous superpowers, especially on imperialist America. To Sartre it is evident that only Arab Socialism can bring peace and justice, and by Socialism he plainly means revolutionary Socialism—the product of class struggle and of violence. I doubt whether he would approve of neck-breaking or of cannibalizing one's enemies.

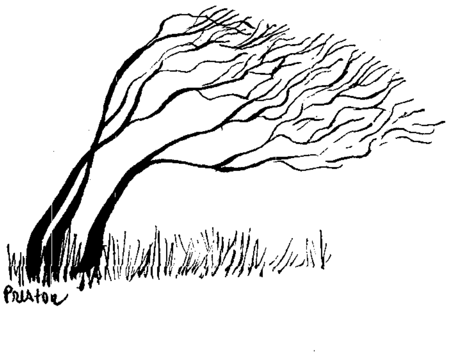
From the far left also, Noam Chomsky warns in "Peace in the Middle East?" that Israel may become utterly dependent on capitalist America. In the chapter called "A Radical Perspective" he writes: "It is common these days to hear Israel described as a tool of Western imperialism. As a description this is not accurate, but as a prediction it may well be so. From the point of view of American imperial interests, such dependence will be welcomed for many reasons. Let me mention one that is rarely considered. The United States has a great need for an international enemy so that the population can be effectively mobilized, as in the past quarter-century, to support the use of American power throughout the world and the development of a form of highly militarized, highly centralized state capitalism at home. These policies naturally carry a severe social cost and require an acquiescent, passive, frightened population. Now that the cold-war consensus is eroding, American militarists welcome the threat to Israel. With supreme cynicism, they eagerly exploit the danger to Israel and argue that only the American martial spirit and American military power are capable of saving Israel from Russian-supported genocide. This campaign has been successful, even in drawing left-liberal support."

The Bolshevik slogan "The Main Enemy Is at Home," now some sixty years old, has lost none of its effectiveness. For American radicals, the main enemy has his base in Washington, whence all evils flow. But can one blame the threat of genocide or the capacity for it, the blood obsession, on "highly centralized state capitalism"? I can't be sure that this "state capitalism" is as diabolical, conspiratorial, and all-powerful as Mr. Chomsky says it is. Does it need enemies abroad in order to keep us acquiescent, frightened, and passive? We are already frightened and rendered sufficiently passive by mugging, rape, and murder in our cities. Much clearer than the shadowy workings of centralized state capitalism is the fact that young men, mere boys of twelve and fourteen, carry automatic weapons in the streets of Beirut, and that they murder with perfect impunity, and that close to thirty thousand persons have been killed in Lebanon in little more than a year.

T. S. Eliot once spoke of statesmen as the foremost of the Gadarene swine. Ah, if it were only the statesmen. There are so many others in the stampede.

FACED with unappeasable hatreds and with interminable disputes, many Israelis conclude that it would be better to prepare to fight. True, the losses might be frightful, but at least liberty would be affirmed and dignity maintained. To live under the shadow of annihilation is unendurable. To become an American satellite is too galling. It would be better, these Israelis believe, to go it alone. Official support for settlements in Gaza, on the West Bank, and on the Golan Heights implies that in the government, too, American influence is being resisted. These settlements, as Terence Smith, of the New York *Times*, has pointed out, are not placed at random but form a pattern. It seems obvious that they are meant to be a permanent part of the Israeli defense system. They are not, as some claim, put there solely in order to increase the government's bargaining power. Israel evidently intends to hold on to them in an eventual peace agreement.

One of Israel's leading physicists, Professor Yuval Ne'eman, is among



those who take a strong line and argue that no ground should be given. Professor Ne'eman, until recently the defense establishment's chief scientist and principal adviser to Shimon Peres, the Defense Minister, resigned last winter over the signing of the interim agreement with Egypt. The reasons for his resignation were given in the newspaper *Ha'aretz* and in the Jerusalem *Post*. Professor Ne'eman said that Israel was, in effect, duped by Henry Kissinger and that in return for its surrender of the Abu Rudeis oil fields it received a worthless piece of paper from Washington. Ne'eman accused Rabin of having misrepresented the terms of this agreement to his own Cabinet. Israel was persuaded to make unilateral concessions. "And as a result of those concessions," wrote the Jerusalem *Post*, summarizing Professor Ne'eman's position in its version of the *Ha'aretz* article, "Israel has now become the satellite of a U.S. whose present Administration is merely feeding it bit by bit to the Arabs to insure its own oil supply." It was unrealistic, said Professor Ne'eman, to think of massive, long-term aid from the United States in view of the economic situation of the U.S. and its "atmosphere." Israel should have obtained binding political commitments from the Americans. The government had bungled. Israel yielded; the Egyptians gave up nothing. "In order to calm fears of another oil blockade and show a political success after the collapse of Vietnam," the Americans needed a Sinai agreement. The Israeli Cabinet was presented with a draft agreement, but a new draft arrived soon afterward in which earlier promises were withdrawn. This new document promised nothing. Professor Ne'eman believes that Kissinger, like a bazaar merchant, expected the Israelis to bargain. Instead, Israel accepted the Kissinger approach, conceding everything to Egypt and postponing final arrangements with the Americans. By surrendering Abu Rudeis, Israel made itself utterly dependent on the U.S. for its oil. "We have lost all semblance of being a self-respecting independent state with its own national interests."

Professor Ne'eman considers Kissinger "a ruthless improviser who sees no more than a few months ahead." He considers peace between Israel and the Arabs "a utopian dream." The Ford Administration "has written Israel off as a nuisance. It can serve one purpose, however—to be fed to the Arabs a slice or two each year, at the present stage, to increase influence and

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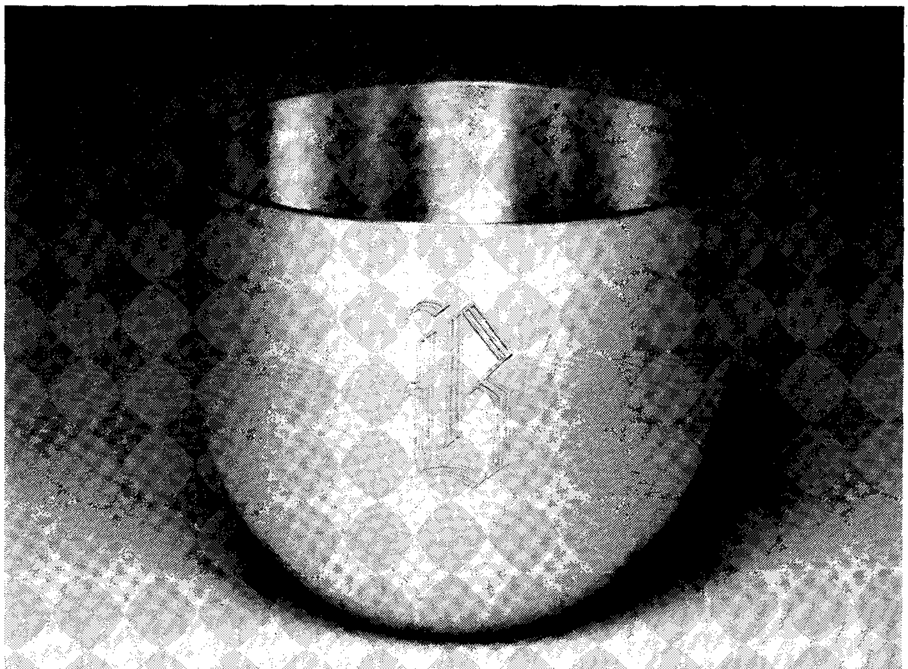

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stave off an oil holdup." This is what the "step by step" policy means. Nor does Ne'eman expect the giveaway to stop at the pre-1967 borders. As for the Arabs, they had in 1973 the "victory" which according to the diagnosis of the "political psychoanalysts" their self-esteem so badly needed, and they are "drunk with a sense of power. Far from being satisfied, they are now convinced that they after all have a chance to destroy Israel. Not in one grand attack but in a series of blows." Professor Ne'eman does not blame the U.S., for the U.S. has a right to develop its own policies. He blames the government of Israel. Despite its strong slogans, it is inept and weak. It declared that it would never tolerate Syrian troops in Lebanon but in the stages of civil war worked to lessen the impression that a Syrian invasion had occurred. "With our own hands we sealed the fate of Lebanon," the Jerusalem *Post* quotes him as saying. Professor Ne'eman also accuses the government of giving "the erroneous impression" that it was "saved in 1973 by the U.S. airlift. It is too late to correct this impression. But not too late to wean ourselves of the dependence on U.S. arms; and a U.S. cutoff would not be a disaster."

At this point I begin to wonder whether Professor Ne'eman's views are as substantial as they are bold. Almost all my informants agree that Israel was running out of ammunition in 1973. I have always been as willing as the next writer to free myself from bondage to common sense, but despite my best efforts I haven't been able to get rid of it, quite, and common sense now asks, "If the Russians, the French, and the Americans themselves continue to supply Saudi Arabia, Egypt, and other Arab nations with sophisticated arms, how will Israel defend itself?"

Professor Ne'eman believes that Israel can go it alone. "And anyway," he says, "we cannot expect massive American aid to continue." For these reasons, he supports the Jewish settlements in Judea and Samaria on the West Bank. Ne'eman puts the next question to himself: "Don't you think you'd be bringing another war on us that way?" He replies that it is territorial concessions, rather, that will lead to war. "Giving up the West Bank would make possible a general assault which Israel *might* just be able to withstand at the cost of 50,000-100,000 killed, and which might end in another Masada on Mount Carmel, if we were quick enough. On the other hand, standing up to the pressures raises the chances of some kind of settlement (although these are quite low). And if war did come, it would be in conditions that still permitted victory. At any rate, the question here is not one of an alternative to war. It is about an alternative to mass slaughter, of fighting a war of defense rather than mounting the gallows." Israel must be self-reliant. By ending its dependency upon the United States it may once again become a "strong ally rather than a despised satellite."

The position is this: if we do not draw the line we will be dismembered. We must forget about political settlements and rely upon our strength. I don't know how much reality there is in this—little, I suspect. But there are no smooth alternatives. All of them are full of difficulty, vexation, heartbreak.

TRYING to put it all together, "to come to clarity," as one of my professors used to say. What a nice thing to come to. But this subject resists clarification. Matters like Islamic history, Israeli politics, Russian ambitions, and American problems—foreign and domestic—interpose themselves, to say nothing of Third World upheavals and the crisis of Western civilization. Instead of coming to clarity, one is infected with disorder. And I've found that talking to the public figures one reads about in the papers and books doesn't always help. My most unprofitable conversations have been with the people who presumably had most to say. There is, for instance, scarcely any point in talking with Henry Kissinger. He gives me half an hour, but he doesn't, of course, intend to say much. However, he has on other occasions said a good deal. And his views are on record and known to all the world. Everything has already been said.

The sun is shining in Washington. I am ushered into Mr. Kissinger's anterooms. I get a glimpse of what I take to be the Secretary's dog, a golden retriever, and I inspect the portraits of Ben Franklin and J. Q. Adams and then the Hepplewhite and Duncan Phyfe objects in the James Monroe Room. While waiting I sip the whiskey and read the literature given me by a polite attendant. Then Mr. Kissinger appears and leads me into his private dining room, where the waiter sets before us a bowl of soup, a veal dish, and a dessert too rich to be eaten. Mr. Kissinger tastes the pudding and pushes it impatiently away. He says that he can't allow me to quote him. That's all right. Everyone else quotes him superabundantly. Besides countless discussions of Kissinger, I have just read Matti Golan's book, and a memorandum by Professor Martin Lipset, of Stanford University, covering Kissinger's views on Israel. The facts are coming out of my ears. Then what am I doing here? I am curious to see if I can learn what the Secretary of State feels about Israel. According to the Lipset memorandum, Kissinger said that he didn't think his "religion" would lead him to be weak in support of Israel. His relatives had died in concentration camps and he was, of course, emotionally involved. If he had known that the Middle East situation would develop so many difficulties so soon after he became Secretary, he might have refused the job. But he would certainly do whatever he could to get the best peace possible.

The Secretary—a most American sort of foreigner, speaking the language of Harvard and Washington—confronts me very earnestly, full face. His voice has dropped, and he speaks piously about his Jewish feelings. I cannot get it out of my head that a reel of tape is probably spinning under the table. He is no doubt recording this conversation, protecting himself. And why not? There is no reason he should take chances with visitors who may misquote him. He tells me what he thinks I want to hear: that the shadow of annihilation falls over him as it falls over other Jews, that his soul, too, is heavily burdened by fears for Israel's safety. If the world fails to rise to the moral test of preserving that safety, it will mean the end of our civilization. He represents himself as a strong defender of Israel whose efforts are not appreciated. He has given more time to the Middle East than any other Secretary of State would have given. America, which is Israel's sole support, is really more interested in the Arabs. The impression he wants to convey is that he has stood between Israel and its enemies in the American government. When he steps down, and he must step down soon, he will be missed by the very people who now assail him. Mr. Kissinger has the deftness of a master manipulator, but I feel his touch, subtle as it is. For what it may be worth, he wants to convince me of his warmth. In this warmth, however, there are icy spots—a scattering of threats which he perhaps has the habit of making when talking to American Jews: they had better understand that in letting them-

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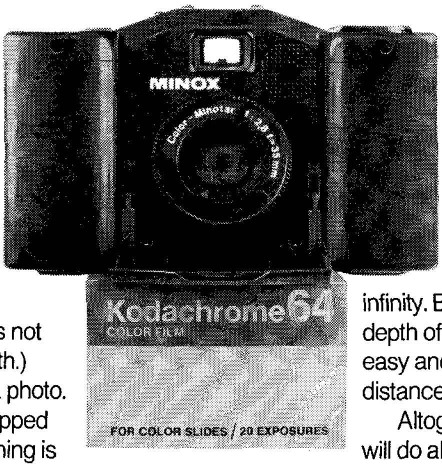

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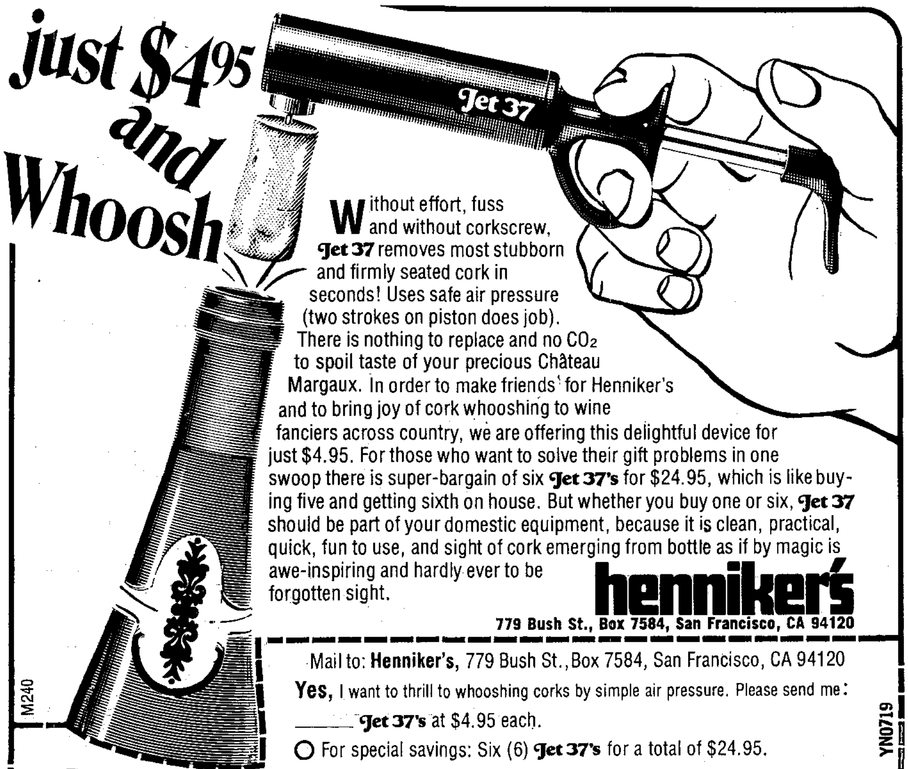

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selves be used as lobbyists by Israel's leaders they are helping neither Israel nor themselves; in the disastrous event of Israel's defeat they too will get it in the neck. So they had better stop making so much noise in Washington and undermining their chief protector, Henry Kissinger.

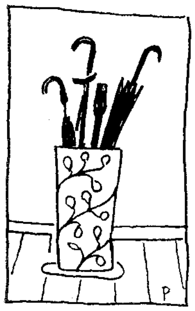
Kissinger doesn't say these things in so many words. He is a man of some culture (or hasn't divested himself of that appearance) and a serious student of history and politics. It is possible that he may by now have picked up the Washington big shot's contempt for the mere professor. People speak of his duplicity, coldness, cynicism, and perhaps he is coldly cynical and tricky. To hold his own in Nixonian Washington, a man would have to be queerly resourceful, complex, gifted in many ways—some of them disagreeable. As we talk, I recall a sentence from Mr. Golan's book. He is speaking of Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy: "The record of the discussions reveals a pattern of deception and broken promises that would have made even Kissinger's heroes, Metternich and Castlereagh, blush."

"Ah," says Mr. Kissinger, at last breaking off and looking away, "if only the Bible had been written in Uganda. Everyone would have been so much better off."

LATER in the spring, the lilacs have come and gone, and blossoming trees have dropped their flowers—spring this year of 1976 seems cooler than it normally is. In March I hear from friends in Israel how beautiful the season is. I remember the anemones on the hillsides of Galilee. Dennis Silk sends me some poems and writes that he is depressed by politics. He is diverting himself with a toy from Communist China; it might be of use in the marionette theatre for which he writes plays. A letter from John Auerbach says he is working in the kibbutz's seaside resort taking telephone reservations, preparing for the summer holidays. About politics, he writes that he has been in Israel for thirty years now and becomes more confused by the year. The politicians fight among themselves—"all this in a hostile world, and the stack of weapons rising daily all around." There are troubles in Jerusalem over the Temple Mount, and demonstrations and riots on the West Bank. It would be a dreadful thing if such fighting were to become chronic and if, as reprisals followed killings, an Ulster situation were to develop, with Jerusalem as its Belfast—Jerusalem, which Teddy Kollek has done so much to make a peaceful and a decent city.

The root of the problem is simply this—that the Arabs will not agree to the existence of Israel. Walter Laqueur, one of the ablest students of the Middle East, writes in the March, 1976, *Commentary* that the issue is neither borders nor the formation of a Palestinian state. The core of the problem is, as Elie Kedourie puts it, the right of the Jews, "hitherto a subject community under Islam, to exercise political sovereignty in an area regarded as part of the Muslim domain." And Laqueur, citing Kedourie, asks, "Why . . . should the Arabs, who have been unwilling for twenty-eight years to grant this right to the Jews, suddenly be willing to do so just when Arab power and influence have so greatly increased?" Nationalist movements do not renounce national territory.

A binational state would not last long, says Laqueur. In a "secular democratic Palestine," a civil war would be inevitable. And what prospects are there for a peace guaranteed by outside powers? Which powers? The United Nations? Europe? These "can be dismissed without further comment." The Soviet Union has shown little interest in ending the conflict. It has not asked the Arab "Rejection Front" to be more receptive to peace proposals. The Soviet Union "could probably torpedo any settlement not to its liking." The corollary to this is that the Soviet Union will have to be asked to approve an eventual agreement. It is not likely that the Russians would guarantee a settlement that "gives their Arab friends and clients less than they want." As for American guarantees, they are "almost equally problematical." Guarantees should provide for military intervention, and the Congress and the nation are in an isolationist mood. Even if there were a clear case of aggression, cries of "No more Vietnams" might be raised. Besides, if present trends continue, America may not be able to intervene, "because it is steadily falling behind the Soviet Union in military preparedness." The Arabs may speak of "liquidating" Israel, but as Israel has weapons of mass destruction, the P.L.O. and the Rejection Front might have to pay for such an attempt with the annihilation of their own people. "Once they realize that the only alternative to coexistence is mutual extinction a solution of the conflict will become possible," says Laqueur.



THE New York *Times* reports on May 5th a speech by former Secretary of Defense James R. Schlesinger, given at a meeting of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. The Ford Administration, he says, is undermining moral support for Israel by putting undue pressure on it to make concessions to the Arabs. He thinks that we treat Israel as we treated South Vietnam during the 1972-73 peace negotiations, when we blamed our failure to reach a settlement on the South Vietnamese. Kissinger, during the Paris negotiations, often complained that Nguyen van Thieu was balking his efforts to reach a settlement. "Ultimately, Mr. Thieu gave in as the result of major promises of American aid and implicit threats from President Richard M. Nixon," says the *Times*. Mr. Schlesinger speaks of "the Vietnamization of Israel in recent years." Mr. Kissinger, who bears a considerable share of the responsibility for what happened in Vietnam, asks Israel to rely on him to make its position in the Middle East secure. More, he seems to require that Israel place its faith in him alone.

What a pity it is that the great Metternich wasn't born in Uganda.

In March, Laqueur wrote that Israel was standing firm but had no other strategy. For a long time now there have been no foreign-policy initiatives—only reactions to moves made by others. What might Israel do? Laqueur thought that it would be realistic for Israel to tell the world that it had no intention of annexing Arab territories, that it was prepared to conform with United Nations Resolution 242, which emphasizes "the inadmissibility of the acquisition of territory by war." Laqueur suggests that Israel declare itself willing to evacuate the territories by stages "over a period of five to ten years within the framework of a general peace settlement involving recognition of Israel and a regulated rectification of the 1967 borders in the interest of security." Having spelled out his recommendations, Laqueur adds that it is a long time since concrete proposals for coexistence were made to the Arabs.

But last week I was glad to read in an article from the Chicago Trib-

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unc Wire Services that Ambassador Gideon Rafael in London had described Israeli proposals for peace discussions. These have not received much attention. One of them calls for a moratorium on weapons programs. The many billions of dollars saved by a disarmament agreement could be used for the resettlement of refugees and the development of the Middle East. Israel also proposes that the state of war be ended; that armed forces withdraw to secure and recognized boundaries; that a settlement of the refugee problem be negotiated; that there be free navigation of the Suez Canal and other waterways. Last is the suggestion that the big powers look on from the sidelines while the Arabs and Israelis negotiate.

These latest proposals will probably be ignored by the Arabs, but they indicate that Israel has not become immobile, paralyzed by stubbornness of political rivals, or lacking in leadership. Its leaders are plainly still capable of pulling themselves together. The frightful civil war in Lebanon shows that the Israeli problem is, after all, only one of many harsh Middle Eastern problems. If there were no Israel, there would still be a struggle for territory, oil, and power in the Arab world. From this prelude we can guess at the butchery. In the London *Times* of June 21st, Lord Chalfont writes, "Already more Arabs have been killed in Lebanon than in four wars against Israel." Nobody can know what the casualty figures are. And what if we did know? Would forty thousand dead appall us more than thirty thousand? One can only guess and one can only wonder how all this killing is registered by the mind and spirit of the human race. It has been estimated that the Khmer Rouge have destroyed hundreds of thousands of Cambodians as part of a design for renewal. What is the meaning of such corpse-making? In ancient times the walls of captured cities in the Middle East were hung with the skins of the vanquished. That custom has died out. But the eagerness to kill for political ends is as keen now as it ever was. —SAUL BELLOW

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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When asked what he would do if the police staged a slowdown by calling in sick, O'Neill said he would send physicians to their houses "to make a determination as to whether or not they are genuinely ill or philanderers."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Better send some private eyes along, too.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Vivat Satanas!

IT is a pity that so interesting a figure as Satan should get such slight treatment from filmmakers. Once upon a time, we had Shirley Temple and Deanna Durbin and Esther Williams sunnily representing the virtues of girlishness, obedience, health, smiling through tears and seawater, singing on the way to camera about aspects of happiness and probity at the drop of a pigtail; now, instead, Satan is the emblematic figure. But how thinly represented, compared with the amplitude of the conception of the Unsmirched Girl! How spiritually incomparable even to the beneficence of Lassie! For the Devil to fail in contrast with a dog! What a falling off is here!

LUCIFER is boffo at the box office, no doubt of it. Not since Savonarola—or, anyway, Marlowe—has his evocation exercised such power over an audience, and never before over so large an audience. Think of Polanski's "Rosemary's Baby" and William Friedkin's "The Exorcist" and Richard Donner's "The Omen" and Arthur Marks' "J. D.'s Revenge" ("Effective black-themed possession thriller": *Variety*) and Peter Sasdy's "The Devil Within Her." Millions of people have fallen prey. "Rosemary's Baby" and "The Exorcist" have between them taken in hundreds of millions of dollars. Old Nick has found an easy touch.

WHY? Because godliness holds sway? Thesis and antithesis? No, that logic doesn't hold. The people who flock to these films about possession by evil are not split asunder by an opponent passion for divinity. Their response has more to do with inextinguishable ideals of untouched girlhood. They see—particularly in "Rosemary's Baby"—what must represent to them an idea of girlhood unwittingly defiled. The image also feeds modern notions about marriageable adolescents; about baby-fine hair, advertised in the nubile romanticism of shampoo commercials; about magazines that make money from advertisements proselytizing innocence in a society that, in general, spurns it socially.

LEE REMICK, in "The Omen," is married to Gregory Peck as the Ambassador to the Court of St. James's; they both have a terrible time battling with the Evil One. Their own new baby was apparently stillborn. Its replacement, suggested by a priest, is in the troops of Satan. Lee Remick's makeup suffers. His Excellency's suit is a mess. Profanity will soon consist in defiling stardom.

IN "The Devil Within Her," Joan Collins plays a woman who gives birth to a colossal baby, whose size worries even her benign obstetrician (Donald Pleasence). She is cursed by a dwarf a long time before she becomes pregnant, and he is offensively expected to arouse in us thoughts of the Devil: which tells us a good deal about the film, and a good deal about the physical uniformity that is thought to be a sign of the morally flawless in our society. The husband (Ralph Bates) is much soothed by the arrival from Italy of his sister, a nun (Eileen Atkins, who is a very good English actress, though you can't tell it from this picture). The fact that she is a nun advances the strange and vulgar theme of supermarket anti-Popery which is pursued in these supremely unintellectual films. They call on ancient resources of superstition in a way that is particularly inapt on a continent with no national god except the remarkable modern local regard for community and mercy.

THESE cult films' peculiar streak of anti-Catholicism is probably due not to prejudice but to the fact that Catholicism now yields the most potent idea of the Devil. The character played by Donald Pleasence in "The Devil Within Her" suggests, in the voice of the current Almighty, that the mother should see a psychiatrist because she thinks the baby is on the payroll of Satan; others regard this as a postnatal delusion, and it is only later that they agree with her. The baby stares at people with the Satanic omniscience of very clever, very scathing Oxford dons. Superciliously, aged a few months, he pushes Nanny into the river. There is a good deal of nonsense about dead mice dangled in coffee, and a great deal of spite about the dwarf.

THE strength of the films' Satanic knowingness posits a counter-belief in divine innocence. But no such belief is presented in these films. The babies in them are easy customers for cinema's feeble conception of badness, which is as puny an approximation of evil as Pollyanna is of virtue. Newborn babies are blank slates to be written on. The films, which are obviously going to be coming at us in droves, persuade us to accept infant naïveté as a substitute for moral immaculacy. Living in this agnostic Western world, we have been educated to believe that a baby's mischievousness is more likely to be owing to an undone safety pin or to hunger or to boredom than to fatherhood by the Devil, which is the idea fostered by "Rosemary's Baby" and "The Omen" and "The Devil Within Her." It is a paltry con trick.

THE phenomenal appeal of these films has discovered in us resources of belief in the occult which are fatally unmatched by any belief in order. The opposition is necessarily that of "occult" and "order," for the pictures have little or nothing to do with any contradiction between the sacred and the profane. Every parent's dream terror of a newborn child's being given the wrong identification bracelet in hospital is fed by films like these. We are not seeing come true the wishes of a Beelzebub; we are witnessing brought to fruition the fears of a downtrodden probationary nurse in a maternity ward, answering an anxious father who wants to know if the brand-new baby he is shown behind glass is really the right one.

SO where does this widespread and money-spinning new belief in "possession" come from? It obviously has something to do with hope of purgation. We know that we live in crassness. The crassness that is our lax replacement for the ancient notion of evil remains, like evil, something to be cauterized. We know that, too, and we are all looking for a principle that will do it.

BUT these films, in place of principle, proffer gothic horror. They suggest, mostly, not any philosophical hunger but the existence of huge audiences longing to be possessed by anything intoxicating to the multitude—a scent, a cigarette, a demonic film that carries with it an aroma of religiosity and a promise of absolution.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a University of Colorado Artist Series schedule of events*]

RUDOLF SERKIN, internationally famous pianist, is acclaimed as the outstanding living exponent of the German Romantic piano tradition. His appearance is a long-anticipated but unhoped for event on the CU Series.

JAZZ

New York Notes

FRIDAY, JUNE 25TH: Perhaps it no longer matters how old the Newport Jazz Festival is. But for a last anti-revisionist time let it be said that the Festival invariably claims one more ring than it actually has. It says it is twenty-three this year, but it is twenty-two, because after the portentous 1960 Newport riot it was suspended for a year. Be that as it may, the indubitable fifth Newport Jazz Festival-New York began tonight. The first concert, given at seven-thirty in Carnegie Hall by Tony Bennett (accompanied by a thirty-odd-piece orchestra led by Torrie Zito) and the Bill Evans trio, was professional, succinct, and often inspired. The promotional matter was misleading, though, for it suggested that Bennett would sing with Evans, the two having made a successful duet album during the past year. Bennett sang the first number, a jumpy "My Foolish Heart," with Evans, and they did two closing songs, but that was all. In between, Evans was joined by Eddie Gomez (bass) and Eliot Zigmund (drums) for six rather spirited numbers. Evans, in the current mode, doesn't tell his listeners what he is playing, which is doubly rude: the composer is erased and the audience is made to feel unworthy of such information. It's like a minister neglecting to reveal his chapter and verse. But there was a possible "Spring Is Here" (Rodgers and Hart), two definites—"Up with the Lark" (Kern and Robin) and "Some Day My Prince Will Come" (Frank Churchill)—and three blanks. Evans played almost aggressively. He got loose from his habitual middle octave and produced some scintillating upper-register figures, and he piled up a series of encyclopedic descending chords during a fast number made chiefly of eight-bar exchanges. He came close to emerging from the inner-directed improvisational fortress he sequesters himself in these days, and it would have been a treat if he had. Gomez is one of the young brilliants on his instrument, and Zigmund is fashionably busy and circular. Bennett, buoyed by Zito's exceptional arrangements—Benny Carter saxophone figures, single-instrument backing, deft, floating string passages—sang well over a dozen songs, among them "Just in Time," Fred Astaire's skimpy "Life Is Beautiful," " 'S Wonderful," "There'll Be Some Changes Made," "What Is This Thing Called Love?," and three Ellington numbers. He used dynamics and tempo changes, he belted and he sang sotto voce, he missed very few notes, and he demonstrated again that he has a more remarkable *voice* than Frank Sinatra. But he needs a new dance teacher. His onstage assortment of spins, one-arm akimbos, salutes, marching steps, and waffling hands sends up so much visual persiflage it obscures his singing.

The second event of the evening was held at Radio City Music Hall at midnight and was billed as a blues concert. But it was taken up largely by the stagehands, who were interrupted now and then by Mike Bloomfield, once of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band and a nervous guitarist and scratchy singer; Bobby Blue Bland, a perfectly named Memphis singer; and the cool, reliable Muddy Waters. At three o'clock, Fats Domino was still to come, but several hours of watching amplifiers, pianos, organs, drums, chairs, and microphones being shunted from one side of the stage to the other was sufficient.

JUNE 26TH: For a long time in the sixties, Charles Mingus was rudderless. But, having been encouraged in recent years by a Guggenheim Fellowship, the publication of his funny, scurrilous autobiography, a university teaching job, and his realization that he is the greatest living bassist, he has taken on steam and direction again. At the first Carnegie Hall concert tonight, he was the roaring, shouting Mingus of the fifties and early sixties. He had with him two of the best musicians who worked for him then—Dannie Richmond (drums) and Jimmy Knepper (trombone)—and he played two of his best older pieces, "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat" and "Fables of Faubus." (The rest of his group was made up of Ricky Ford on tenor saxophone, Jack Walrath on trumpet, and Danny Mixon on piano.) He also played two new compositions—the short, fast "Remember Rockefeller at Attica" (sometimes the musical content of Mingus's jabs at politicians has less satirical edge than their titles), and a long lyrical piece, "Sue's Changes," which has a lilting, descending melody, tempo changes (double time, accelerando, decelerando), and brief, cacophonic ensembles. Mingus delivered short, fountainhead solos, but the best statements were by Knepper. He is an improviser of the greatest subtlety and invention. His phrases, set in a soft, scarfed tone, keep turning away from where you think they are going, and move in an intricate, organic fashion. Each phrase develops from the previous one, and each is stocked with surprising notes. They are also replete with the warming shadows and forms of those two great masters Dickie Wells and J. C. Higginbotham. The second part of the program, at Mingus's behest, was occupied by the Azucena y Edo Flamenco Dance Group. The company—seven dancers, two guitarists, and two singers—went at it for a long time, and then was joined by Mingus's group for "Ysabel's Table Dance." But Mingus's band never settled into the proper rhythmic groove, and when the time shifted to four-four, the dancers fared as poorly.

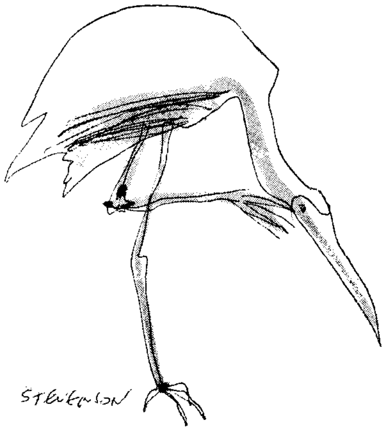
Cobham/Duke, a jazz-rock group made up of Billy Cobham (drums), George Duke (piano), John Scofield (guitar), and Alphonso Johnson (bass), gave the late concert at Carnegie. They play visual music. On the left side of the stage were Cobham's drums, an orchard of sound perhaps six feet high and twelve feet across, which includes a dozen or so bass drums, tom-toms, and snare drums (most of them transparent and lit from beneath), seven or eight cymbals, and two bent-knee megaphones attached to the front of the set and feeding into microphones. The right side of the stage was filled with Duke's workshop, a towering collection of electronic keyboards and synthesizers. Johnson and Scofield, anchored by their amplifiers and delivering occasional solos, stood guard at either flank. Despite the electronic din, the music was old-fashioned and straightforward (Duke even sang a falsetto ballad), and it was played with endless laughs and brilliant smiles, suggesting that it was all what it looked like—a cheerful put-on.

JUNE 27TH: One could grow unquiet over the amount of jazz repertory being played around the country. As Confucius said: He who lives in the past walks backward into the future. Today, we had repertory in the afternoon, repertory in the evening, and repertory at midnight (all in Carnegie Hall). Taken chronologically, it began with Duke Ellington in 1927 (the seven-thirty concert) and ended with John Coltrane in 1967 (the eleven-thirty concert). The Ellington repertory, the first of four to be given this week, consisted of twenty-two numbers from the twenties played by a New York Jazz Repertory Company group that was made up of, among others, Doc Cheatham, Dick Sudhalter, and Joe Newman (trumpets), Eddie Bert (trombone), Bob Wilber (reeds), Milt Hinton (bass), Panama Francis (drums), and Dick Hyman (piano), who was also the musical director. There were such monuments as "Rockin' in Rhythm," "The Mooche," "Mood Indigo," "Creole Love Call," and "Black and Tan Fantasy" as well as the rarely heard "Harlem River Quiver," "Jungle Nights in Harlem," "Blues I Love to Sing," "Doin' the Voom Voom," and "Stevedore Stomp." The band acquitted itself pretty well. The trombonists had trouble reproducing Tricky Sam Nanton (he was a singular mixture of primitivism and rhythmic ease), and Norris Turney's Johnny Hodges was pale. There were constant rhythmic problems. The Ellington band of the twenties hadn't begun to swing, and it is almost impossible for present-day musicians to mimic vanished rhythmic ineptitudes. The tempo went up and down, and at times the rhythmic pulse died altogether, like a noon breeze. But the trumpets, joined midway by Cootie Williams, were excellent, and Bob Wilber was superb. It was eerie how he made Barney Bigard's fifty-year-old improvisations sound like his own, how he often gave them more feeling and éclat than Bigard himself had.

The afternoon concert was twenty-five years farther along. The George Coleman septet, which included Harold Mabern (piano) and Frank Strozier (alto saxophone), re-created the hard-bop of the early fifties, with its long solos and stout oaken ensembles. Another septet, led by the trumpeter Ted Curson, who graduated over a decade ago from the Charles Mingus Finishing School and then departed for a long European stay, played Mingus-type music of the fifties and early sixties. The concert was closed by a quintet led by Anthony Braxton, who recalled Stravinsky, the Dave Brubeck Octet, and some of the mid-fifties experiments of Shelly Manne and Shorty Rogers and Jimmy Giuffre. Braxton's pieces, mostly written, are jumpy and mathematical—they are proposed music rather than realized music—and they depend a good deal on his ceaseless reed doubling. This afternoon, he played alto, soprano, and bass saxophones and clarinet and contrabass clarinet. His bass saxophone is an eight-foot-high mastodon; if it were an inch higher Braxton would have had to stand on tiptoe to reach the mouthpiece.

The Coltrane program started becomingly but turned to sand. Elvin Jones' quartet played Coltrane's "A Love Supreme," and Jones revealed again that he is a master of polyrhythms and of the old business of keeping perfect time and listening to the people he accompanies. McCoy Tyner's sextet offered one number that was enlivened by his percussionist's leaping-salmon motions and by some furious Tyner staccato arpeggios. Then another N.Y.J.R.C. orchestra, with Jones and Tyner sitting in, did Andrew White's hodgepodge tribute to Coltrane. White himself, a tall man with coat-hanger shoulders and pipestem pants that barely reached below his knees, raced through a couple of Coltrane's solos, but the arranged passages for the band had little to do with the dark, impassioned strivings of Coltrane, who by the time of his death had passed from mere musician to messiah.

JUNE 28TH: The pianist Keith Jarrett may become messianic if he persists in the course he took tonight at the late Carnegie concert. He appeared with the Norwegian saxophonist Jan Garbarek, who is making his first visit, and the bassist Charlie Haden and a large string orchestra. Jarrett played two of his own concerti grossi, each lasting over forty minutes. Both pieces were crowded, and some of those in the press were Chopin, Ornette Coleman, Alberto Arpeggio, Rachmaninoff, the blues, Tchaikovsky, Dmitri Tiomkin, gospel music, George Russell, and Cecil Taylor. In one passage, the strings went into a crescendo seesaw passage while Jarrett, a figure of ecstasy who often half stands and half sits, played jubilant chords, and we knew that the baby had been born and the mother would be all right. In another, with the strings humming and Jarrett throwing off legato, canoeing figures, the rains came at last and the crops were saved. Chopin didn't improvise, but Jarrett repeatedly showed us how he might have sounded if he had. Now and then it came off, particularly in short solos and in the passages, either in unison or in counterpoint, that he worked out with Garbarek, who has a big Stan Getz tone and a Sonny Rollins attack. At the outset, Jarrett told his young and fervent audience how to behave on such a classy occasion—get to your seats on time, don't clap until everything is over, and keep a lid on the coughing. The awestruck audience behaved, and some of its members were so carried away by Jarrett's dream music that they flaked out like flounders.



The earlier concert at Carnegie was played by two groups. The first, led by Joe Newman, included Frank Foster (tenor saxophone), Harold Mabern, Ted Dunbar (guitar), Bob Cranshaw (bass), and David Lee (drums). The second, led by Benny Goodman, had Warren Vaché (cornet), Buddy Tate, Peter Appleyard (vibraphone), Teddy Wilson, Tommy Fay (piano), Eddie Duran (guitar), Michael Moore, and Connie Kay. Newman played a fast "Summertime," "But Not for Me," "Ode to Billie Joe," and a couple of originals. Newman has long been a puzzle. He has all the paraphernalia of a hot jazz trumpeter—flashing tone, curving blue notes, legato attack, and the ability to swing. Yet every solo sounds like the last, and he picks his audience up and puts it down in the identical place. Goodman, perhaps forgetting he had played a concert at Carnegie in February for much the same audience, offered much the same program—"Avalon," "That's a Plenty," "Indiana," and "Don't Be That Way." Tate was rumbustious, Kay faultless, and Wilson beautiful. Wilson's runs flew, his chords were nimble and sliding, and his ascending single-note passages gleamed. Goodman played Jerome Kern's and Johnny Mercer's "Dearly Beloved" in memory of Mercer and of Bobby Hackett. It is the last song one associates with either man, but Goodman is not noted for his footwork.

JUNE 29TH: The second Ellington retrospective, given at seven-thirty in Carnegie, dealt with the thirties, the preparatory time for Ellington's 1940-42 period, when he and the band became an indivisible masterwork. In the thirties, Ellington wrote the beauti-

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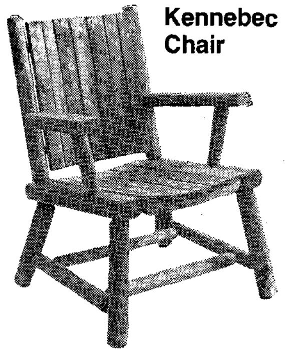

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ful melodies that paralleled popular songs and included "Mood Indigo," "Sophisticated Lady," "Solitude," "In a Sentimental Mood," "Prelude to a Kiss," and "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart." He wrote his first longer works—"Reminiscing in Tempo" and "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue." And he wrote the first of the innumerable miniature concerti that he furnished for his best soloists during the next forty years—"Echoes of Harlem," "Boy Meets Horn," and "Clarinet Lament." At the same time, the personnel of the band became almost fixed, and it revolved around the nucleus of Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart, Lawrence Brown, Tricky Sam Nanton, Juan Tizol, Barney Bigard, Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, and Sonny Greer. When Jimmy Blanton and Ben Webster joined at the end of the decade, the varsity was complete. The thirties were also the time when the band began to swing. Tonight, a N.Y.J.R.C. orchestra that included Jimmy Maxwell, Bernie Privin, Dick Vance, and Cootie Williams (trumpets), Jack Gale (trombone), Bob Wilber, Kenny Davern (baritone saxophone), Lawrence Lucie (guitar), and Bobby Rosengarden (drums) played twenty-nine numbers, and the best were "Slippery Horn" and "I'm Checkin' Out, Goom Bye," for their lovely reed writing; "Boy Meets Horn," the sly and funny Rex Stewart vehicle; "Echoes of Harlem," in which Williams excelled; "Drop Me Off in Harlem;" and good loose versions of "Stompy Jones," "Portrait of the Lion," and "Ring Dem Bells." Jimmy Maxwell's Cootie Williams was fine, and Bob Wilber's Hodges and Bigard were again first-class. Jack Gale came uncannily close to Tricky Sam, and Kenny Davern to Harry Carney—at least in the section work. Davern's solos kept sliding away from Carney's massive tonal center. Yet how well the various Ellington soloists were recaptured was only of passing interest. What matters in the present Ellington retrospective is that many of his older works, their scores long since lost, are being transcribed from the records and put down once and for all on paper, to be studied and played up and down the world. Herewith some of the heroic ears who transcribed what we heard tonight: Keith Nichols, Bob Wilber, Alan Cohen, Brian Priestley, David Hutson, Sy Johnson, David Berger, Fred Norman, Jon Charles, and Dick Vance. Many of the same people also arranged the compositions. That is, they have—when many different versions of the same piece exist—worked out a final representative score.

JUNE 30TH: The third Ellington program, given early tonight at Carnegie, was half retrospective, half prospective. The program began with a N.Y.J.R.C. orchestra giving the first complete public performance of "Black, Brown and Beige" since its première in 1943, and then offered the Duke Ellington Orchestra, conducted by Mercer Ellington. It was Ellington's oblique Jane Austen way to write "Black, Brown and Beige"—which he subtitled "A Tone Parallel to the History of the American Negro"—at such a time; he knew that the war was a white war and that the real conflict, the one that had been going on in this country since the seventeenth century, was between blacks and whites. "Black, Brown and Beige" was Ellington's first "long" work, but it is, like all such Ellington compositions, a collection of short, intertwining program pieces. The most famous, "Come Sunday," has become recognized as a beautiful hymn, and it was sung with distinction tonight by Carrie Smith. "The Blues," almost as well known, is at once a celebration of and an affectionate sideswipe at a form he often treated with mocking respect, and it was sung by Joya Sherrill. The rest of the work is made up of marchlike pieces, a waltz, dances, and a mood piece. "Black, Brown and Beige" is primarily an ensemble work and is full of Ellington's ingenious voicings. The singer in "Come Sunday" is supported by pizzicato violin, bowed bass, and muted trombone, and earlier in the same piece the melody is stated by bowed violin, muted trumpet, and open-horn trombone. "Emancipation Celebration" has a plunger-muted trumpet and a plunger-muted trombone playing together and contrapuntally, and "The Blues" has a stunning figure by three muted trombones. Although self-conscious and stiff in places, "Black, Brown and Beige" is Ellington at the top of his bent; none of his later long assemblages were better. The performance tonight caps still another musical-archeological triumph. All that Alan Cohen and Brian Priestley, who did the transcribing, had to work with were fragments of the original score, poor recordings made at the original concert and slightly later in Boston, and the recordings of various parts of the work (it has never been properly recorded in its entirety) which Ellington himself made throughout the years.

Pop, as Mercer Ellington calls his father, would have been both delighted and bewildered by what his son has wrought. When Ellington died, his band was almost moribund. The incessant travelling and incessant repetition of materials had driven some of its older members to the edge and had caused the younger ones to fall into accidie. Mercer Ellington has only Harold Minerve, Alvin Batiste, and Chuck Connors from the old band, and he has filled the rest of his seats with young musicians. He has also raised the decibel level about fifteen points and installed a drummer, Rocky White, who believes that power is rhythm, which it is not. Tonight, the band played a *fast* "Sophisticated Lady," "Gong" and "Tang" from the "Afro-Eurasian Eclipse," "Caravan," "In My Solitude," "Harlem Air Shaft," "In a Sentimental Mood," and Ellington's last multi-part work, "The Three Black Kings," which has a serene and funny gospel section, a form that Ellington mysteriously skirted. The band's prolonged roar obliterated Ellington's wit, subtlety, and delicacy. But he would have marvelled at such pep.

Thelonious Monk and Dizzy Gillespie held forth separately at the late concert. Monk appeared at the Festival last year after a long period of semi-retirement, and he had surprising news: his style, with its crabbed single-note lines, crazy chords, and high, wicked humor, had inexplicably vanished. His playing resembled a gingerbread house stripped of its ornamentation. He appeared tonight with the same group he had last year—Paul Jeffrey (tenor saxophone), Larry Ridley (bass), and Thelonious, Jr. (drums)—and he went through four of his own numbers and "Sweet Georgia Brown." Again his solos were bare and perfunctory, and it was impossible to believe that that was Monk up there so bent and sad. Gillespie did several selections with his quintet and several with the group and a huge choir. He was in good fettle, both muted and open-horn, but the choir was a waterfall to his bluebird.

JULY 1ST: At eight o'clock tonight, Maynard Ferguson and then Stan Kenton, in company with their huge brass bands, attempted to level City Center, which, creaking like the Berengaria, stood. At midnight, the following musicians gathered in various combinations in Radio City Music Hall: Roy Haynes, Milt Hinton, Kenny Burrell, Clark Terry, Harry Edi-

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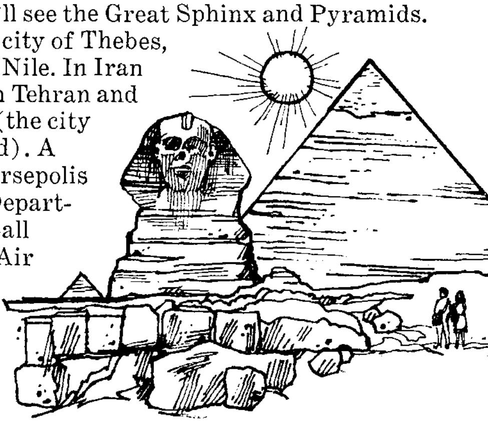

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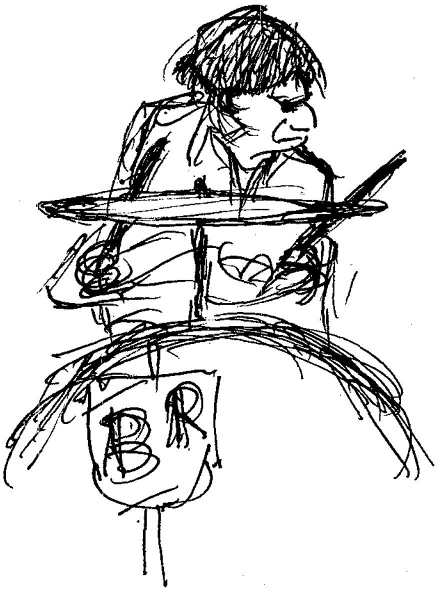
JULY 2ND: The cool, pastel music extracted in New York in the late forties from the inventions of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie by such as Lennie Tristano and Lee Konitz and Stan Getz and Chet Baker and Gerry Mulligan eventually withered in southern California in the late fifties. At its peak, it formed little academies, and one of the best known was run by Tristano, an autocratic blind pianist who had taken his chief impetus from Art Tatum. He gathered about him young players like Konitz and Warne Marsh, and they developed a music whose intricate Charlie Parker-like ensembles were as important as the solos. It was breathless, darting music, and tonight, at the late Carnegie concert, it was brought back by Konitz and Marsh and the rhythm section of Eddie Gomez and Eliot Zigmund. (Tristano, long a self-appointed maestro, retired from public view years ago and refuses to come out again.) They played two of their oldies, "Wow" and "Subconscious-Lee," and they also did "Body and Soul" and a couple of originals. The best thing about their performance was the ensembles, which were not set unison efforts but improvised counterpoint, and became dense and daring and headlong. Marsh is another of the white Lester Young tenor saxophonists, and Konitz absorbed both Young and Charlie Parker. Buddy Rich's big band took up the last half of the concert, and it gave a relatively subdued performance. It played ballads, a medium blues, a couple of harmless flag-wavers, and Rich's set piece "West Side Story," in which he delivered a long solo that was closed with a delicate and succinct lesson on how to play a true single-stroke roll. Here he is just before his solo:



The early concert was not a concert but a kind of musical—"Big Man: The Legend of John Henry." Most such endeavors, born of the belief that old legends never wear out, have long credits, and tonight's was no exception. The late alto saxophonist Cannonball Adderley and his brother Nat wrote the music, which has a gospel attractiveness, and it was played by a small jazz band led by Nat Adderley and including Walter Booker (bass) and Harold Vick (tenor saxophone). The lyrics were by Diane Lampert and Peter Farrow, the concert version was by Lampert and George W. George, and the piece was based on a book by Paul Avila Mayer, George, and Farrow. Joe Williams played John Henry, and his performance suggested that he has been wasting his time as a blues and ballad singer and belongs on the musical stage. He would need considerable stiffening—his movements tonight all seemed to involve his stomach and his rear end—but he has an Ezio Pinza stage voice. Denise Delapenha, as the mother of John Henry's child, was commanding. She has an excellent Sarah Vaughan delivery, grace, and humor. Whether contraptions like this belong at a jazz festival is another matter.

JULY 3RD: Nothing Sarah Vaughan does quite fits. She is a popular singer with a voice of operatic dimensions. She is a horn singer whose rococo improvisations would sound ludicrous and showy transcribed for a tenor saxophone or trumpet. She is a singer of

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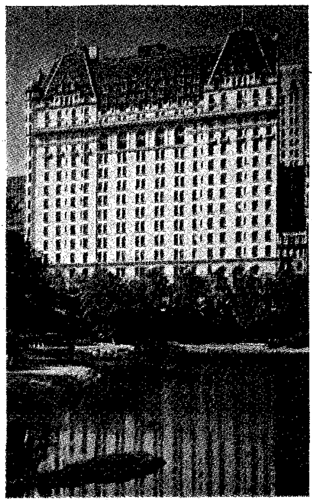
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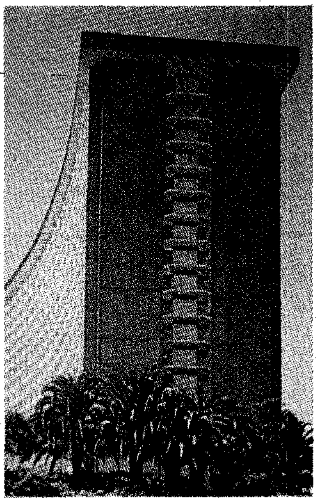
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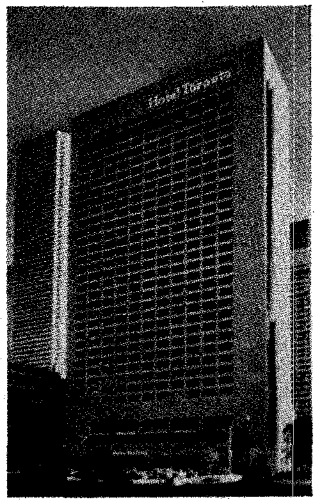
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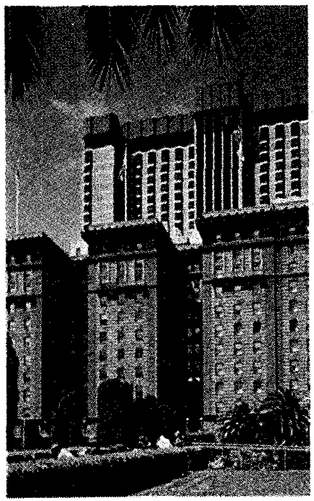
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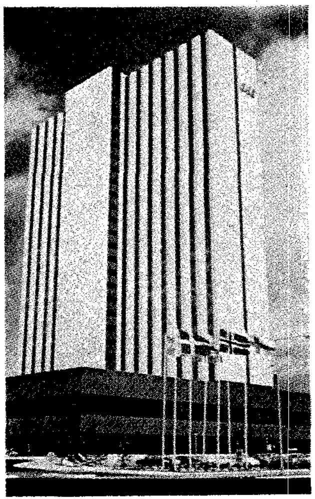
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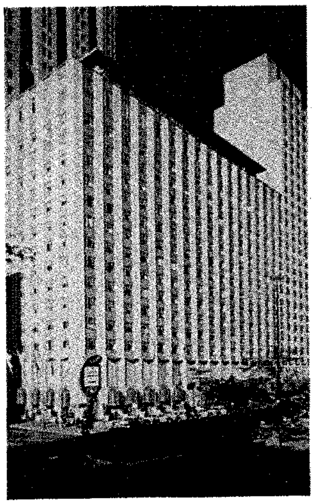
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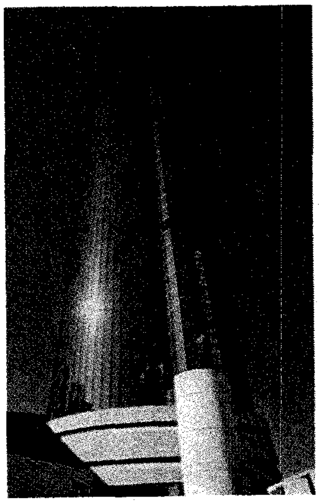
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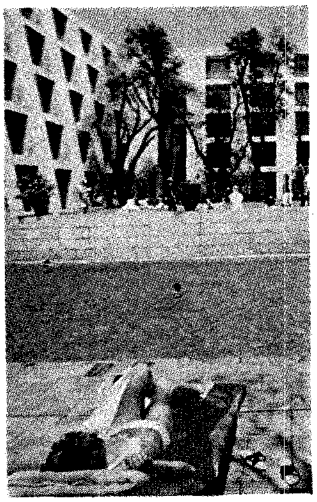
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phenomenal technique who allows that technique to sometimes obscure rather than illuminate her songs: her lyrics, at the mercy of her phrasing, often go by with their faces turned, and one can get so caught up in a long note—which moves from round, vibratoless tones to almost two-note fluctuations—that one loses one's place. She doesn't really need songs; she has a voice whose richness and range (perhaps four octaves) are exhilarating in themselves, and she could simply *sing*, inventing as she goes along. She is a superb freak, whose sum rarely comes into focus but whose parts are perfect—the stately, quaking vibrato, the two-story intervals, the startling turn of phrase when she converts a full vibrato at the end of the second eight bars of a ballad into a whispered note at the start of the bridge. And she never lets up. At the early Carnegie concert (she was accompanied by Carl Schroeder on piano, Bob Magnusson on bass, Jimmy Cobb on drums, and a large string orchestra using arrangements by Marty Paich), she sang in pressing succession a scat version of "East of the Sun," a short, straight "On a Clear Day," an a-cappella "Summertime" done as an intricate lullaby, a direct "The Lamp Is Low," and a lordly "Send In the Clowns." Sarah Vaughan offers herself with a little-girl mien. She winks, rolls her eyes, and grins slyly, and somehow she gets away with it.

Two Basie bands appeared at the second concert tonight. The first was a reunion of the fifties band, and on hand were Joe Newman, Frank Foster, Frank Wess, Billy Mitchell, Benny Powell, Eddie Jones, and Sonny Payne. They played "April in Paris," "Silk Stockings," "One O'Clock Jump," and four Joe Williams blues, including "Every Day." The second Basie band was his present one, and it sounded like the first (some of the personnel were the same)—smooth, aggressive, precise. But there was one difference: Sonny Payne is a ricocheting, lifting, controlled drummer, and Basie's present drummer is a vacuous thunderfoot. Basie presided at both tables, conducting with an occasional raised finger, an almost imperceptible nod, a sudden widely opened eye, a left-hand chord, a lifted chin, a smile. He also took twelve choruses of solo piano on a medium blues which made most of what had come before and would come after irrelevant.

JULY 4TH: A watched climax never boils. The highly anticipated fourth Ellington program, held in Carnegie at seven-thirty and dealing with his 1940-42 period, was a flop. Two things were wrong even before a note had been played. The N.Y.J.R.C. group for the evening had as its drummer David Lee, who is a gifted newcomer but has little conception of the drumming of thirty-five years ago. And its musical director was Joe Newman, who came up through Lionel Hampton and Basie and is not celebrated for his knowledge of Ellingtoniana, either as a player or as a leader. (Dick Hyman or Bob Wilber would, of course, have been just right.) Lee depended on a slogging snare-drum afterbeat—a device that Sonny Greer used crisply and with discretion. And he bungled the three great breaks in "Harlem Air Shaft," simply playing right through the final one. (Would it have been so difficult for him to learn from the original recording how Greer drove Cootie Williams with his stampeding, double-time snare-drum figures?) Beyond that, Newman almost invariably chose tempos that were too slow. These numbers, dragging their skirts, never recovered—"Chelsea Bridge," "Daydream," "Raincheck," "Subtle Slough," "Blue Goose," "Across the Track Blues," "Warm Valley," and "Main Stem." Other things went awry. Selden Powell botched Barney Bigard's solo in "Across the Track Blues," and Lee did the same for Greer in "Jumpin' Punkins." There was no definition, no what for at the brilliant, leaping start of "Jump for Joy," nor was there any in a laggardly "Jack the Bear." To be sure, the beauties of Ellington's voicings came through again and again, and Jimmy Maxwell and Butter Jackson handled Cootie Williams and Tricky Sam Nanton with their customary dispatch. Ellington's 1940-42 period is one of the high marks of American music, and to re-create it for a generation that has perhaps never heard it before demands taste and intelligence, little of which were afoot tonight.

Jim Hall was surprised when he discovered that the guitar concert he had been invited to play in tonight at eleven-thirty was called "Guitar Salute to Tal"—Tal being Tal Farlow, a Charlie Parker guitarist who came along in the fifties with Red Norvo's famous trio (Charles Mingus was on bass) and then, after some success on his own, retired. Hall is our premier guitarist and far from a vain man, but asking him to play second banana to Farlow was like asking Picasso to hold the door for Dubuffet. The insult must have set Hall aboil, though, for he played his last two numbers (the first two, a section of the "Concierto de

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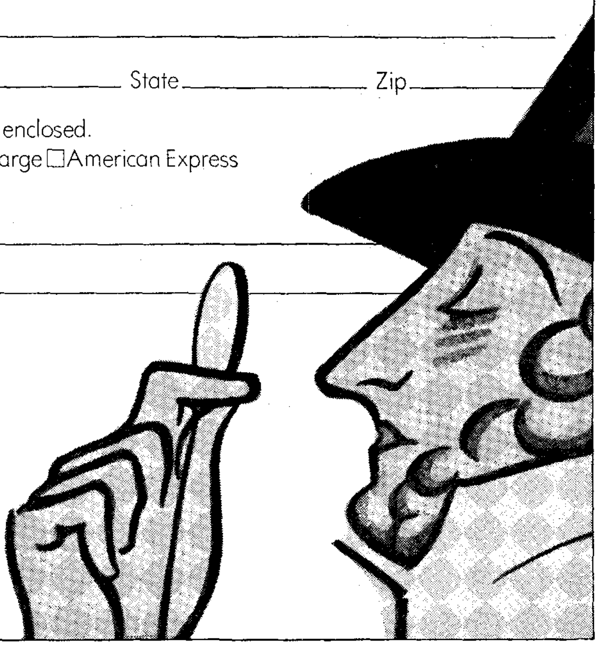

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Aranjuez" and Parker's "Scrapple from the Apple," were marvellous warmups) with an unbelievable delicacy and brilliance. He used his regular electric guitar on "In a Sentimental Mood," making the melody shine in places it never has before and improvising with a legato care and wastelessness. Then he switched to his new unamplified guitar and, sitting two feet from the mike, filled the hall with silvery constructions topped with domes and finials and steeples. The tune was "Bermuda Bye-bye," a calypso presumably written by Hall, and it had grace and charm and wit. A mushy-sounding Kenny Burrell, accompanied by Lisle Atkinson (bass) and the filigreed Freddie Waits (drums), came next, and was followed by the million-noted Farlow, who had Hank Jones (piano), Jack Six (bass), and Roy Haynes (drums). But Hall's superb work remained fixed in the air above them, casting a calm, beneficent light.

JULY 5TH: The last day of this eleven-day Festival began with five hours of street music played at two bandstands on the north side of Fifty-second Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues and at a third near the northwest corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-first. The amplification was balky or too loud, no lists of personnel were posted, and it was slow going through the crowds. Worse, it was a sneaky affair that squeezed into the Festival groups that deserved regular Carnegie concerts but had been bypassed. Some of them: Beaver Harris, Hannibal, Sam Rivers, Zoot Sims, Charlie Rouse, and Sonny Stitt. The Festival ended with a dance at Roseland Ballroom presided over by Count Basie. What a fine, tough, timeless New York place, with its bouncers and deaf waiters and dreadful acoustics.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

HOW TO BEAT the mob at its own game: Don't play in the street.

That's the theme of an ad blitz launching Massachusetts' new legal numbers game with half-price coupons for the first dollar bet. The game starts Saturday. An estimated one out of every six adults in the state currently bets between $750,000 and $1 million daily on illegal numbers games.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

You should see what the five others are up to!

•

PRESIDENT SWEARS IN SCRANTON
—*Headline in the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

He travels too much anyway.

THE RACE TRACK

Matters of Weight

CARRYING 111 pounds, the lightest weight of the lot, a sleek gray runner with the curious name of Quiet Little Table was an easy winner of the Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday. The race, which used to be called the Brooklyn Derby, was an anticlimax to this season's series of stakes events for three-year-olds. For reasons best known to his stable, Honest Pleasure, who has been resting since his defeat in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness Stakes, did not run. Nor did the much talked-about Zen. And Norcliffe, winner of the recent Queen's Plate in Canada, who did run, was fifth. But Dance Spell, who finished third, enlivened things for the 28,763 spectators by giving his handlers quite a time saddling him in the paddock and by unseating Cordero, who rode him, in the parade to the post. To cap it all, Cordero lodged an objection against Quiet Little Table after the race, charging crowding at the first turn, and the stewards mulled nearly ten minutes before dismissing the claim. As for the race itself, Quiet Little Table, a Meadowhill Stable gelding by Mr. Leader out of Grey Table, took the lead from Norcliffe after the halfway mark and went on to finish two and a half lengths ahead of Sir Lister. The time for the nine furlongs, over a fast track, was 1:49.

THEY say there are a thousand and one ways to lose a horse race. The best way to win one is to lead from beginning to end, as Foolish Pleasure, thanks to a nine-pound advantage in the weights, did in beating Forego by a nose in the Suburban Handicap at the Big A on July 5th. There were only four starters—matching the record for the fewest, which was set in 1945—in the ninetieth running of the fixture, because a number of other tracks were offering substantial purses for softer spots, and because the better horses are spread pretty thin these days anyway. But the Suburban is always a good show, and Foolish Pleasure galloped the first six furlongs in 1:11⅖. (I'm sure he's gone much faster in morning workouts.) The finish was a smasher. Forego, carrying 134 pounds, began slowly, as he usually does, went into high gear in the stretch behind Lord Rebeau, to whom he gave eighteen pounds, and passed him on the post. But he couldn't quite catch Foolish Pleasure. Observers agree that Forego never made a more gallant try. This year, the distance of the Suburban was shortened from a mile and a quarter to a mile and three-sixteenths, and I can't help thinking that if it had been at the old distance Forego would have won. The defeat also ended his stable's hopes that he would sweep the Big Three. (He'd already won the Metropolitan at Belmont on Memorial Day; and the Brooklyn, coming up on the twenty-fourth, at a mile and a quarter, looks to be his cup of tea.) Winning the Big Three is harder than winning the Triple Crown. Only three horses—Whisk Broom II in 1913, Tom Fool in 1953, and Kelso in 1961—have brought it off, while nine have won the Triple Crown in approximately the same period. One reason, I'd say, is that the Big Three are handicaps, which means that the horses are assigned weights on the basis of their past performances, with the best carrying the highest weight, so that more often than not the lighter-weighted ones kick over the applecart.

The Big A's holiday-weekend program started off, on Saturday, with the Sea High Stable's Erwin Boy winning the Tidal Handicap, at a mile and three furlongs over the turf course, from Trumpeter Swan, Yvetot, and seven others. It was Erwin Boy's sixth straight victory on the grass—the last three of them stakes races. Trained by Jim Conway, one of this department's favorite trainers, the five-year-old gelding, by Exclusive Native out of Indian Call, was no great shakes at two, three, or four. But last winter Conway tried him on the grass one afternoon at Hialeah, and he ran as though born for it. Now Conway is going to rest him up and point him for the big stakes in the autumn. One of the surprises next day (the Fourth) was seeing Honorable Miss, the even-money favorite, run last in the Grey Flight Handicap.

FARTHER afield, Majestic Light, who brought off a 20–1 chance for Ogden Mills Phipps in the $165,450 Swaps Stakes at Hollywood Park several weeks ago, didn't have as good luck in the American Derby at Arlington Park in Chicago on the Fourth. Last

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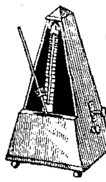

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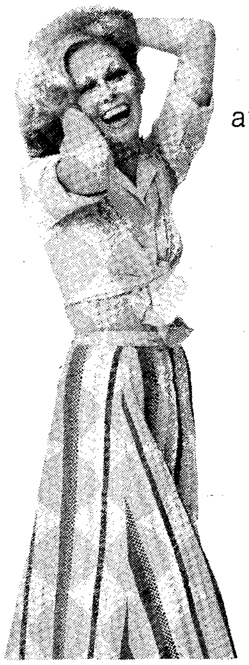

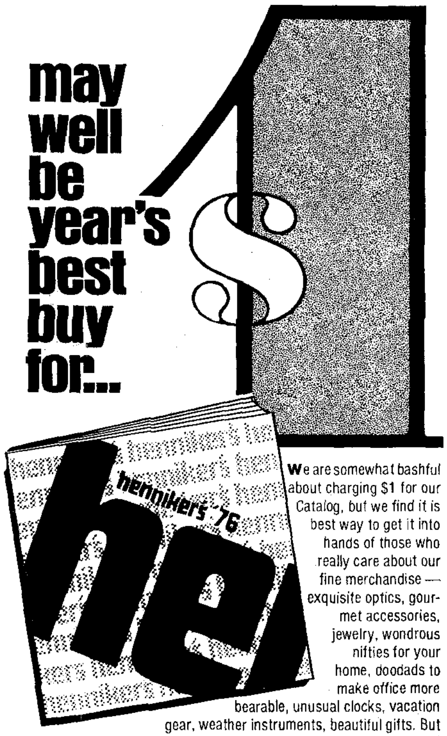

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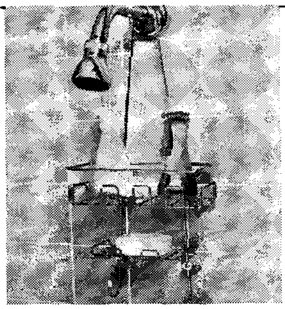

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of the eleven runners in the first quarter of the nine-furlong gallop, he picked his way through the pack but could finish no better than second, a length and a half behind Fifth Marine. Play the Red was third. Fifth Marine, winner of five previous races, among them the Hill Prince Handicap at Belmont last month, was an even-money favorite. Next day, the Stars and Stripes Handicap, an old fixture at the track, went to something named Passionate Pirate. At Hollywood Park on the Fourth, King Pellinore and Riot in Paris, both saddled by Charlie Whittingham, ran one, two in the American Handicap. Caucasus was third and Ancient Title fifth.

A FINANCIAL WORD: According to statistics compiled by the *Daily Racing Form*, 112,046 people went out to Hollywood Park during the three-day Independence Day holiday and bet $14,316,349. Aqueduct was second, with 91,673 customers and a $10,714,038 pari-mutuel handle. At the thirty-three tracks listed in the survey (thirteen of which did not operate on Sunday), the attendance was 890,501 and the wagering added up to $87,040,703—grand totals indeed.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

GOD'S IN HIS HEAVEN, AND THINGS ARE PRETTY GOOD IN FRANKLIN COUNTY, VIRGINIA

[*From the Rocky Mount (Va.) Franklin News-Post*]

NO ELECTRICITY
PURLOINING HERE

Customers of Appalachian Power Company (APCo) in Franklin County are not stealing electricity from the company by removing or tampering with meters, a spokesman for the company said Wednesday.

There have been reports in other Virginia communities of such power thefts occurring recently, such as the case in Roanoke where a man was convicted of unauthorized use of electricity.

"We haven't had any particular problems such as that in this area," commented Raymond Martin, manager of Appalachian's Franklin County office.

Meanwhile, there were no reported bank robberies in Franklin County during the past week.

Good news also comes from the state police, who report that the county's highways have been relatively accident-free, with few injuries and no deaths.

No drownings have been reported this week at either Smith Mountain Lake or Philpott Reservoir, although a six-year-old child who fell out of a second-story window of an apartment over Greer's Gun Shop near the Roanoke County line broke his ankle about 11 a.m. Wednesday morning.

BOOKS

A Woman Young and Old

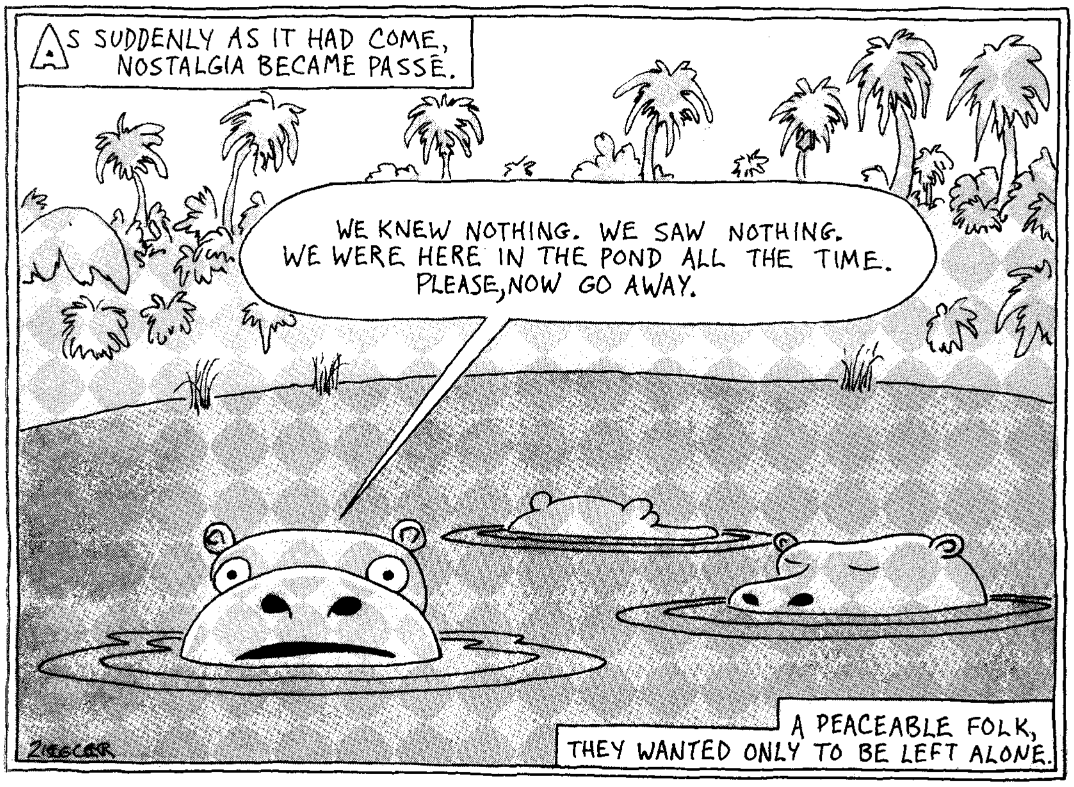
FAMILIES, especially Irish families, have a way of mislaying valuable papers, and we need feel no surprise that a bulky autobiography by someone so well known as Lady Gregory should have remained unpublished and more or less forgotten for forty years after her death. When it turned up—in an old croquet box, one would like to think—it was at once put in order by Mr. Colin Smythe for inclusion as Volume XIII of his stately Coole Edition of Lady Gregory's writings. The English edition (1974) contained a rather large number of misprints, even by our slovenly modern standards; many, though by no means all, of these have been corrected in the recent and handier American edition, "Seventy Years" (Macmillan).

The seventy years of the title run from 1852, when Lady Gregory was born, to 1922, when with the help of W. B. Yeats she put the manuscript into its final state. During the remaining decade of her life, she seems to have vacillated over its publication, sometimes regarding the work, improbably, as a kind of posthumous investment to help support her grandchildren and secure the doubtful future of the family home at Coole, sometimes pillaging its chapters in search of material for articles, and allowing possibly John Murray and certainly Constant Huntington, of Putnam (her regular publisher), to examine it. Huntington, none too enthusiastic at first, proposed abridgment, and enlisted the editorial help of T. Sturge Moore, an old friend of the author, but nothing came of the idea, and after spending some years in Putnam's office the typescript was eventually returned to Mrs. Gough, the remarried widow of Lady Gregory's only son.

Can the resulting volume be called, in Mr. Smythe's phrase, "an event of major importance in the field of Anglo-Irish literature"? Hardly. Having already given the world her account of the genesis and early history of the Abbey Theatre—of which, with Yeats, she was the co-founder—in "Our Irish Theatre" (1913), and also written extensively about her nephew Hugh Lane and his struggle to establish a gallery of modern art in Dublin, Lady Gregory has relatively little to say on these two important topics. Nearly half the book is concerned with her life and travels during her husband's lifetime, long before her momentous encounter with Yeats in 1895. It is just this early period, in fact, that supplies the most interesting matter.

"How did that little thing get the big man?" asked a candid Galway neighbor when the engagement was announced. The little thing was the twenty-seven-year-old Isabella Augusta Persse, youngest daughter of a large, old, cheerfully philistine family of Co. Galway gentlemen farmers; the big man was Sir William Gregory, a neighboring landlord of nearly sixty-three, formerly a Liberal M.P. and Governor of Ceylon (where his adored first wife "went out imprudently in the sun, and died"), and generally reckoned to be about the most amusing and agreeable company in London. He knew everyone worth knowing in the world of politics, literature, and art, and it must have been an ordeal for his shy young bride, coming from "a home without a Shakespeare"—a girl whose parents rarely set foot outside their own broad acres—to find herself plunged into the hospitable round of London in the eighteen-eighties. That was a world in which a plentiful supply of small talk and social graces was required; it was also one in which her neighbor or guest at dinner might easily prove to be Gladstone or Browning, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt or Henry James.

Sir William's instinct had been sound. After a brief initial period of timidity, she began to hold her own, quietly but firmly, in the most brilliant gatherings, to reveal a naturally good and rapidly cultivated taste in literature, even to blossom into a lively talker on her own account—a faculty that was to stand her in good stead, long afterward, as a dramatist. The twelve years of her marriage were ideally happy. Although she was not quite forty when Sir William died, she seems never to have contemplated remarriage but continued, after the old Victorian manner, to wear a widow's weeds for the remainder of her days. Generous and practical, eager and ready to learn, with a good sense and simplicity of manner that charmed persons as different as Bernard Shaw and Theodore Roosevelt, she managed the often tempestuous affairs of the Abbey Theatre with the unobtrusive tact that she had once brought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WE KNEW NOTHING. WE SAW NOTHING. WE WERE HERE IN THE POND ALL THE TIME. PLEASE, NOW GO AWAY.
A PEACEABLE FOLK, THEY WANTED ONLY TO BE LEFT ALONE.
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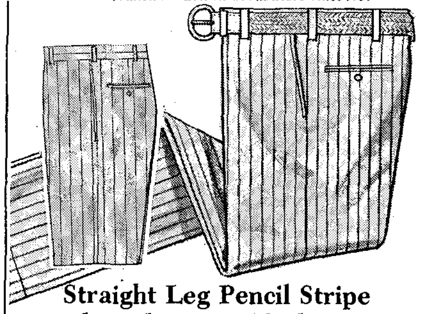

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to her husband's dinner table. Although Frank O'Connor, a later director of the Abbey, wrote of her, "If there is one word that sums her up it is complacency," that is a verdict that would probably have surprised those who knew her best, and will surely astonish the reader of these memoirs. Their tone is far removed from complacency; nor do I believe that the most gifted of authors could have succeeded in concealing such a trait, were it really present, through more than five hundred pages of personal recollections.

There are many good stories and specimens of table talk. Browning escapes from a vexatious bore with the courteous words "I must not monopolize you any longer." Lord Randolph Churchill calls one night on George Buckle of the *Times* to confirm his previously threatened but always disbelieved resignation from Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, and Buckle instantly has every door of the building locked and allows no one to leave until morning, lest any other paper should get hold of the story. A member of the Athenaeum Club, on being spoken to by another member, to whom he has not been introduced, rings the bell and says, "Waiter, I think this gentleman wants something. He is speaking!" A more momentous Athenaeum episode concerns the renowned archeologist of ancient Greece Heinrich Schliemann, an Anglophile up for election to that club, who innocently proffered a tip to the head porter. When that scandalized employee reported the gaffe to the committee, they blackballed the discoverer of Troy, thereby causing his fabulous collection of antiquities to go not to the British Museum but to Berlin—and thence, one may add, after the Second World War, into thin air.

For all its incidental merits, however, there is something about "Seventy Years" so odd as to be disconcerting; namely, that it should be so little shaped, so little a work of art. Successful playwrights have to learn the arts of construction, but in this book Lady Gregory has made no attempt to achieve anything comparable to her finely wrought and eminently stageworthy comedies and dramas. She herself was sure that the result lacked movement and a sense of direction. "It seems," she said despondently to Yeats in 1922, "in lumps without harmony, I don't know how I shall ever get it right." What harmony it eventually achieved is that of her own nature, not of literary skill.

Although she read each chapter in turn to Yeats for his generally outspoken comments—a procedure that has the incidental value of providing vivid glimpses of their sometimes mutually teasing conversation—she never did get it right. The reader comes to feel that he is not so much reading a book as spending long days in the attic of some old house stuffed with fascinating letters, diaries, relics, and memoranda of every kind. He has to learn to skip what the author should herself have cut, and to suppress his irritation when he reads, for instance, "I dined with Lady Lindsay, only Henry James there, cheery and pleasant as usual," and then no more; or, still worse, when he encounters vague or unilluminating comments about some merely initialled personage whom the editor can't—or, at any rate, doesn't—identify for us. In an extreme example we read, "Lady X. gave me but a poor account of Sir X., interspersed with complaints of his obstinacy in not giving her a new kitchen range." That is the first and the last we hear of the X.'s and their troubles. A few pages later, Lady Gregory tells us about one of her own dinner parties: "Grant Duff, Leckys, Bret Harte, Lady Morris and Fischer Williams and ——, whose dullness is poison. I don't think I will have more than six again that I may keep them all in hand myself!" (Well, just a touch of complacency there, perhaps.) No clue whatsoever to the identity of poor ——.

Having wondered why at any time this experienced writer should have thought it worthwhile to transcribe into her memoirs from the pages of her old journals and letters comments so bald as these, and how they then escaped Yeats's verbal blue-pencilling, one might further speculate on Mr. Smythe's motive in retaining them intact. As editor of a "complete" edition of her writings, he may not have felt justified in making cuts of his own. If so, that is perhaps the path of pure scholarship but it is also the way to insure that a book will not reach many readers who might otherwise have enjoyed it. Would it not have been enough to deposit the full text in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library (which already holds a very large and well-kept hoard of Lady Gregory's papers and journals, including earlier drafts of the autobiography), with arrangements for it to be microfilmed, if necessary, for the use of scholarly inquirers?

Of these there will probably be many

over the years, for interest in that strange and sudden flowering of talent which is called the Irish Literary Revival, and in Lady Gregory's vital and many-sided part in it, though somewhat stagnant during the generation that followed her death, is evidently on the increase. Besides the Coole Edition of her works, there has been Elizabeth Coxhead's admirable biography ("Lady Gregory: A Literary Portrait;" 1961, revised 1966), which includes a very just and penetrating appraisal of Lady Gregory's dramatic output and her creative retellings of Irish mythology. No doubt the best of her theatrical productions are the one-act comedies and dramas which for long remained the most popular features of the Abbey Theatre repertory, and of which the obituarist of the London *Times* wrote, "It is not too much to say that her one-act plays—so humorous, so wise, so moving, so poetical even when most homely—are among the best in the language." Although the fashion for curtain-raisers and after-plays is in abeyance, these little pieces are capable of holding their own, whenever given, by their quick sense of character, their neat, Molière-like construction, and the charming lilt of their partly observed, partly stylized Anglo-Irish dialogue. As Miss Coxhead has suggested, they might almost have been designed for television.

ALTHOUGH I have tried to give an honest and objective account of "Seventy Years" and its author, I must at this late stage "declare an interest," as the politicians say. Lady Gregory was my great-aunt. Coole lay not far distant from my family home, but my parents, as unintellectual in their tastes as her own had been, saw little of her, and I daresay little *in* her, either. "Your Aunt Augusta is hand in glove with the rebels," they would say of this former opponent of Home Rule who had become a convinced Republican, and they were not above repeating the foolish gibe "Lady Yeats: that's what the country people call her, you know." On the surface, however, relations were cordial enough, and when my mother and I used to travel across Ireland by train for a few days' shopping and theatregoing in Dublin on my way to another penitential term at my English school, Lady Gregory would sometimes turn up in the same compartment, carrying the vast and famous Coole barmbrack (*Anglice* currant loaf) with which she used to ply the hungry actors during the long hours of rehearsal, and offer us tickets for the Abbey. At the age of ten or thereabouts, I went in dread of my mother's accepting these, lest we should be obliged to see "John Bull's Other Island" instead of the latest farce at the Gaiety, on which I had set my heart; luckily, my mother was too tactful, or perhaps too little drawn by the idea herself, to do so.

Years passed, and by the time I had got to Oxford, read a lot of Yeats and George Moore, and been profoundly moved by Sara Allgood and Arthur Sinclair in Sean O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock," I reopened lines of communication with my great-aunt, and was rewarded by a visit to Coole. That was a memorable and delightful experience. As I told Miss Coxhead when she was writing her book, the house seemed to me not unlike the setting of a Russian play, grown a little shabby over the years, with intimate, trusted old servants who had been there for decades, and with Yeats as a typical Russian *ami de la maison*. There was nothing formidable about our hostess unless you thought of quiet dignity as formidable, and there was nothing grand about the house or its contents unless you counted as such the fine and well-stocked library. George Moore, when asked whether his own house had been something like Coole, was shocked at the suggestion: "Moore Hall was a *place!*"

Though not quite "a place," Coole, in its unpretentious comfort, was ideally conducive to work or conversation, or to long walks through the woods and by the lake. A few months ago, the BBC showed on television the film called "Young Cassidy," based on O'Casey's autobiography (which describes a visit there during his very early days as a playwright); though that exquisite actress Edith Evans gave what was in its highly individual way a curiously truthful impression of Lady Gregory, it was quaint indeed to hear harpsichord music played on the sound track as a director's symbol for eighteenth-century "gracious living" while the shy visitor climbed the staircase. It wasn't like that at all.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ORDINARY PEOPLE, by Judith Guest (Viking). An admirable first novel, set in suburban Illinois, about an adolescent boy's cautious recovery from an attempted suicide and eight months in a mental institution. Miss

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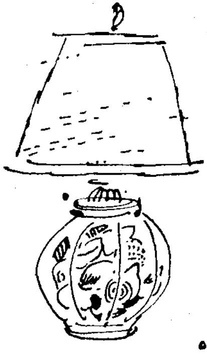

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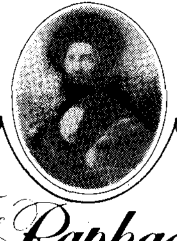

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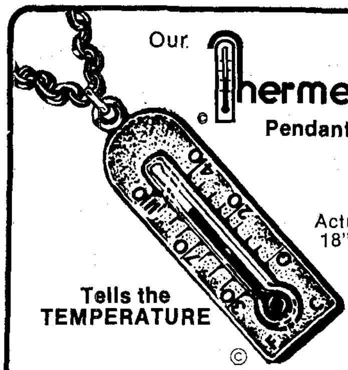

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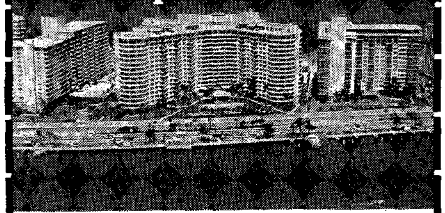

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Guest steers a brave and fearless course through the potentially hazardous waters of nervous breakdowns, suburban neuroses, and the angst of high-school life with hardly a ripple in her sails. The boy's memories of a worshipped older brother who died in an accident that the boy alone survived, his terror of reëntering the world, and his glacial mother and fearful, solicitous father, a lawyer, are all described so sharply and economically that one forgets that one has been in these waters many times before. The boy's encounters with a charismatic psychiatrist, despite gallant efforts at an original note (the psychiatrist says "kiddo" a lot, serves his patients coffee, and is very nimble and hairy), are something of a trial, as are the little flags that the author feels compelled to send up from time to time to signal that the boy has just taken another step forward. But, despite these impediments, an interesting and readable book.

GENERAL

MEN AGAINST MCCARTHY, by Richard M. Fried (Columbia University Press). This exceptional book applies common sense as well as scholarship to the historical phenomena of Senator Joe McCarthy and his ism. Professor Fried (history, University of Illinois) finds that the issue McCarthy employed to attain prominence—a Communist conspiracy in the executive branch of the federal government—was raised by the Republican Party in an attempt to regain the power it had lost nationally in 1933. There was a degree of sincerity in the Republican belief—much of the Party's right wing thought the New Deal was Socialism, if not outright Bolshevism—and some plausibility accrued to McCarthy's claims from revelations that Russian spy rings had been active in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. Even so, Professor Fried says, public-opinion polls taken from 1950—when McCarthy first aired his charges—on through Eisenhower's first term practically never showed that the voters considered domestic Communism a serious problem. The author thinks that at the outset the Democrats handled McCarthy's charges ineptly: by taking him seriously and trying to rebut him, they gave him a forum where he could exercise his genius for publicity. With a Republican in the White House, the Democrats altered their strategy and decided that McCarthy was "a Republican problem." Indeed he was, and Professor Fried explains his decline thus: "His contemporaries exaggerated his personal grip on the American political pulse, for he was as much the product of events as their shaper."

THE BIRD HAS NO WINGS: LETTERS OF PETER SCHWIEFERT, edited by Claude Lanzmann, translated from the German and the French by Barbara Lucas (St. Martin's). Peter Schwiefert, the son of a Gentile playwright and a free-spirited Jewish woman, left Germany in 1938, at the age of twenty-one, in revulsion against Nazism. Stopping first in Portugal, then at other way stations of a rootless life, he wrote fierce, youthful letters to his mother, who hoped to remain in Germany, and who eventually escaped, through a marriage of convenience with a Bulgarian, to Sofia. In Mr. Lanzmann's words, the letters "show us a Jewish mother being ardently questioned by her half-Jewish son—a mother passionately loved yet ceaselessly challenged, interrogated, called on to make a choice, called on to show herself equal to a situation she was unable or unwilling to bring herself to face. The son turned his back on compromise and took on himself the responsibility of being a Jew, whereas the mother seemed to vacillate; the son was led to a radical refusal, and lived out its consequences." In December, 1940, Peter enlisted with the Free French forces and fell out of contact with his family. In November, 1944, huddled in a tent in France, he wrote a long and luminous letter, deploring his silence, wondering about their lives, and looking forward coldly to the Nazis' destruction. Five weeks later, he was killed by an artillery shell. One wants to resist letters like Peter's, for the evil of the times was so extreme and the writer so fortunate in his innocence that his virtuous sentiments seem to come almost too easily. But one can't resist, for Peter Schwiefert was a gifted youth, both handsome and articulate, and his letters are piercingly beautiful.

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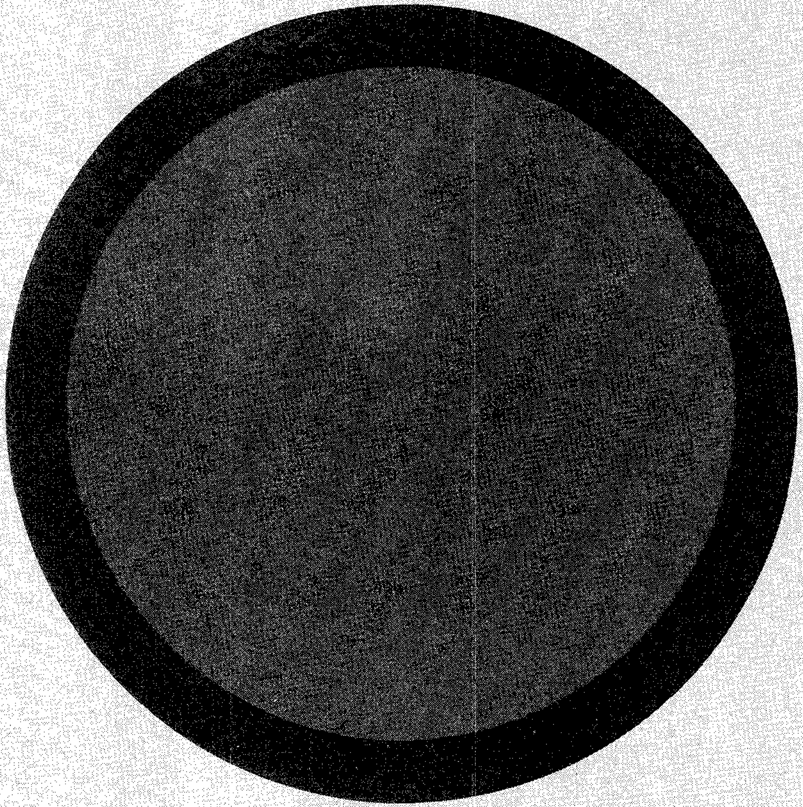

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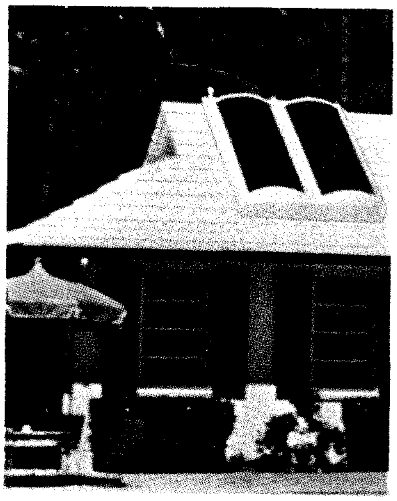

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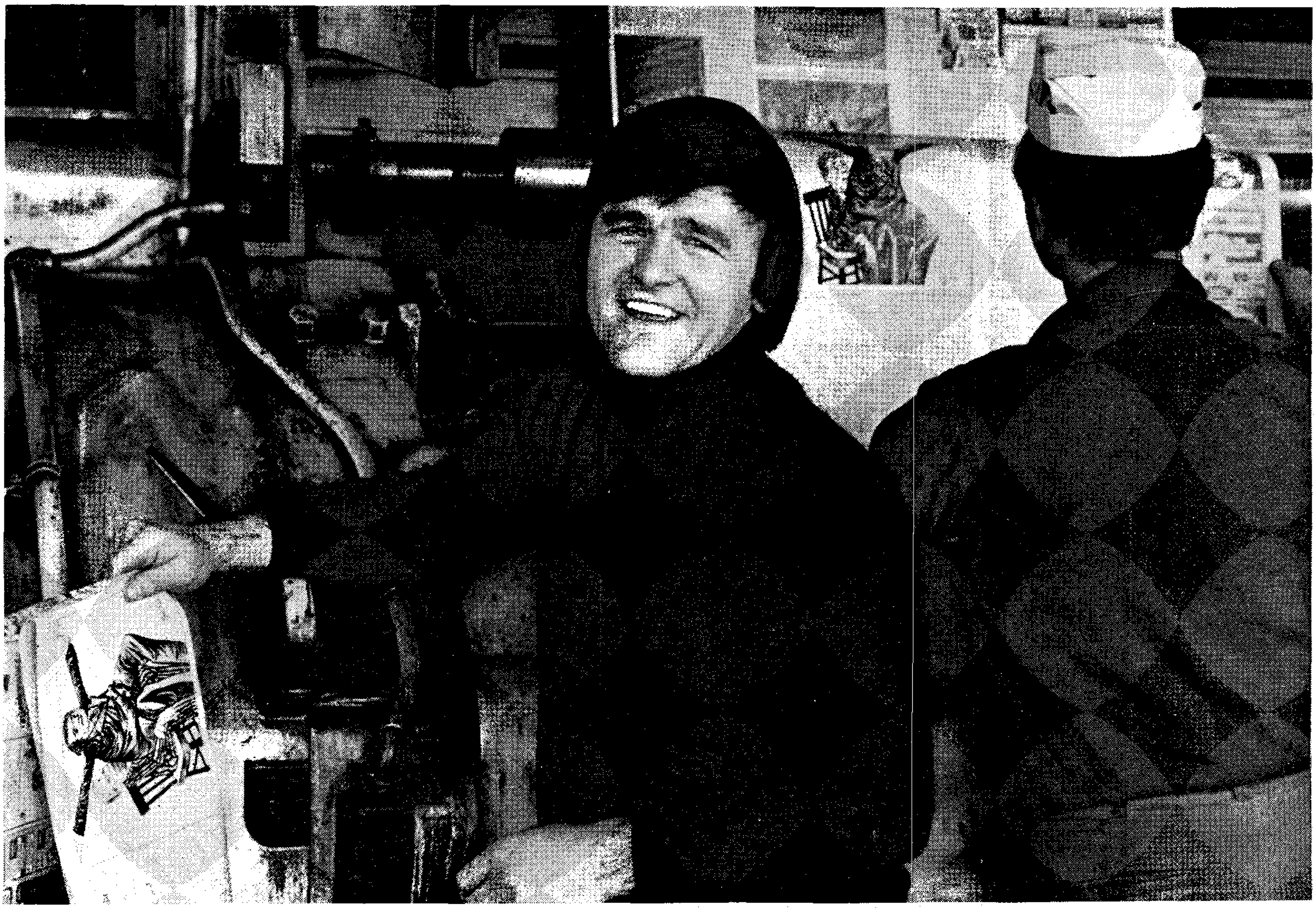

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PAUL SZEP

HOME: Scituate, Massachusetts

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Nationally syndicated editorial cartoonist

HOBBIES: Lithography, golf, classical music

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: Lenny's Autobiography

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Won the 1974 Pulitzer Prize for editorial cartoons.

QUOTE: "The satirist is an extremely important person in a society that takes itself far too seriously and is incapable of laughing at its own frailties and insignificance."

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